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HIGH SCH.

THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 1 BROOKLINE, MASS., OCTOBER 11, 1928 TEN CENTS

FOOTBALL SEASON OPENS WITH VICTORY

HAGENBURGER RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT OF CLASS OF '29

Litman and Muldowney Lead Sophomore and Junior Classes

Thanks to Mr. Jewett who counted ballots all Monday night we are able to print the results of the class elections which, with the exception of the Freshman, were held that day.

The Senior elections were very interesting. Chandler Hagen-Burger evidently has the confidence of his class for this is the third time it has chosen him to be its standard bearer. Last year's Freshmen also re-elected their president and Chester Litman may again be introduced as leader of the class of 1931. The Juniors, however, elected a dark horse, but we trust Francis Muldowney will not be borne down by the weight of the newly felt hand of fame.

(Continued on Page 2)

THE COURT OF JUSTICE

This organization is the Judicial department of the Teacher-Student Council. Its purpose is to provide judgment on cases of student misbehavior which may be called to its attention. The Court is made up of nine students and one faculty adviser. The Chief Justice is elected every spring from a list of Juniors presented to the student body of the Teacher-Student Council. As in the case of the Council, the Presidents of the four classes automatically become members of the Court. The marshals of each class likewise elect their representatives. The faculty chose as its adviser for this year, Miss Hannon, a member of the English department. The Chief Justice, elected last spring, is Joseph Donahue. The presidents of the different classes have not been chosen, but the marshals have chosen their delegates. The Senior class is represented by Chandler Hagen-Burger and Sophomores by Phyllis Green. The Junior class vote resulted in a tie between Eleanor Thomas and Francis Muldowney. There will be another ballot cast by the Junior Marshals to decide between these two.

SENIORS! ON YOUR TOES!

Every year, at graduation exercises, certain coveted honors are given to outstanding members of the senior class. Among these, the most fought-for prizes are in the form of the Harvard, Schick and Floyd Cups.

The Harvard Cup is given to a boy of the Senior class for joint excellence in scholarship and athletics. Each year, an outstanding senior in athletics and scholarship has won this cup.

The equivalent to the Harvard Cup is the Schick Cup, given in honor of the late Katherine Bradburn Schick, a member of the class of '31. It is awarded to that girl of the graduating class who has been among the first in her studies and who has been a foremost figure in athletics.

The third and most sought-after honor is the Floyd Cup, awarded only to a student of the Honorary Society. To that member of the Senior class,

(Continued on Page 3)

SENIOR GIRLS WELCOME FRESHMEN AT PARTY

The Senior Advisers of B.H.S., as the eldest daughters of the school "family," welcomed their younger sisters to the school by giving them a birthday party, held in the lunch room on Friday, September 28.

A committee, headed by Pauline Miller, was chosen to welcome the girls.

Betty Jacobs, assisted by ten girls, planned a score of well-known games, such as "Farmer in the Dell," "Going to Jerusalem," and "Little Sally Water"—games bringing bitter tears of remembrance of the "good old days" to the Advisers, but great glee and fun to the Freshmen.

Estelle Friedman and her helpers transformed the lunch room into a veritable palace. Doris Smallman and her committee effectively performed the duty of cleaning up after the party.

We come now, perhaps, to the most interesting part of the entertainment—the eats. Ruth Quimby, aided by a group of girls, after much thought and deliberation, finally decided upon animal crackers and lolly pops as refreshments. And, the refreshments surely "made a hit."

Alice Colby, chairman of the Senior Advisers, Miss Poland, and Miss Sawyer also did their bit at the party by helping in many ways, but aiding most in the consumption of animal crackers!

Brookline Defeats Boston College High 13-6

CRONIN, B.C.H., RUNS NINETY YARDS FOR TOUCHDOWN

An alert Brookline High School team under the brilliant generalship of Acting Captain Roberts swept the Boston College High team off its feet last Saturday at the Brookline High Field in the opening game of the 1928 season. Brookline's superiority in every department was much more marked than the score of thirteen to six indicates. The Red and Blue outrushed the visitors 3 to 1 and made twice as many first downs. Every member of the varsity backfield displayed a great deal of class, with Hootstein and Roberts outstanding. Harry Fink, fullback, did a great job in the kicking department. Ventura and Redmond were the outstanding linesman on the field, continually opening up large holes for their backs, and stopping the opposing backs on the line of scrimmage. The longest run of the game was turned in by Cronin of the visitors, who ran back a kickoff 90 yards for B. C. H.'s only score of the game.

Captain Roberts won the toss and elected to protect the west goal. Roberts received the kickoff and ran it back fifteen yards. Hootstein reeled off 10 yards on the first scrimmage. Roberts advanced the ball five more yards on a plunge through center. Hootstein then carried the ball for 8 yards and a first down.

After Brookline was penalized 15 yards for holding, Sally Robinson made up the distance on a fake kick formation. Hootstein then took the ball for an other first down, and after two ineffectual line plunges, he hurled a beautiful forward pass of twenty-five yards to Fink, who raced across the line for a touchdown before the first quarter was five minutes old. Barrett Roberts added the extra point with a neat drop-kick.

Roberts kicked off and B. C. H. had the ball for the first time during the game. After advancing to midfield, they were unable to make any impression against the Red and Blue forward line and Brookline took the ball on down. Brookline tried several passes, both laterals and forwards, but was unable to gain much yardage. Fink then kicked to B. C. High's 2-yard line, where a Brookline player downed the ball. Then there followed an exchange of kicks between Fink and Boehner of B. C. H., with Fink gaining about ten yards. As the first

(Continued on Page 2)

MARSHALS FOR 1928-29 ELECTED

This important branch of our school government is well-known to all in Brookline High, but a few words about the organization will not be out of place here.

Some may not realize that to be a marshal is to have one of the highest honors which can be given to a student. He is being given the authority to handle any trouble or delay which may occur. The members of the squad are placed in the corridors to facilitate traffic. They have full power in a class room when a teacher does not appear, and take lunch room duty to maintain order and cleanliness. To keep his position, a marshal must sustain a satisfactory average in scholarship. Show your school loyalty and help this worthy group!

The marshals of the three upper classes are presented below. Those of the Freshman class have not been elected at this writing. The Captain of the Marshals for this year is Edward Hannon of the Senior Class, assisted by Jacqueline Densten.

Marshal Lists

Seniors: Chandler Hagen-Burger, Jacqueline Densten, Barrett Roberts, Eleanor Roach, Edith Greenleaf, Gertrude Lakson, Alice Colby, Joseph Donahue, Pauline Miller, Florence Nelson, Elliott Hurwitz, Vivian Parker, Melvin Anshen, Edward Duane, Ed-

(Continued on Page 2)

ORCHESTRA COMMENCES SEASON UNDER MR. COOK

At the first meeting of the Orchestra the members became acquainted with their new leader, Mr. Cook. He plans to enlarge the Orchestra to fifty members, or as near that as possible. No officers have been elected as yet.

THE TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

This Council is an organization of the teachers and the students, which was formed and still exists for the purpose of running the school in the best possible way.

Our organization is made up of three parts, similar to the divisions of the United States government: Judicial, Legislative, and Executive. The Judicial department is represented by the Court of Justice, the Legislative by the Council itself, and the Executive by the Marshals. The Council is made up of nine students and nine teachers. The four class presidents automatically become members, as does the Captain of the Marshals. The Marshals of the various classes, acting in separate groups, elect one of their number to serve on the Council. The faculty elect nine from their ranks to serve with the nine students mentioned above. Those of this latter group who were elected before the close of school last year are: Mr. Packard, Miss Bliss, Mr. Downing, Miss Liden, Mr. Harbour, Miss Ricker, Mr. Jewett, and Miss Sawyer. The marshals elected from the different classes thus far are Edith Greenleaf, Alvin Weinberg, and Alice Werner.

The Council meets regularly on the second Wednesday of the month. The first meeting of the year was held on October 10.

THE ART CLUB

In the election conducted by the Art Club on its first meeting, officers were chosen as follows:

President ..... Estelle Friedman
Vice-President ..... Edna Friedman
Secretary and Treasurer
Leila Barclay

Winifred Hurst, Blanche Taylor, Katherine Plakias and Jean Alexander constitute the hospitality committee.

A party welcoming the new members was held last Tuesday.

AERO FLASHES

The Aero Club has made an important step forward in the election of a powerful cabinet of officers. That veteran of Aero Clubs, George Mason, has been chosen as the pilot for another year. Arthur Horn, last year publicity agent will fill the Vice-Presidency. Robert Stone was re-elected Secretary and William Corbett will assume the duties of guardian of the purse-strings. The year's success is assured in the choice of Mr. Downing as faculty adviser for his second term.

Plans were discussed for the club airplane flight which will be made in a body on Saturday, October 20. The field selected is Muller Field, Revere, where the boys will fly in a Ryan Brougham.

It was also suggested that the Aero Club co-operates with the new Girls' Aero Club, with which the former organization has no affiliation.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS B.C.H. IN OPENER— SCORE 13-6

(Continued from Page 1)

quarter ended, Brookline had the ball on Boston's thirty yard line, the result of Robinson's 8-yard thrust off tackle.

With each backfield man carrying the ball once, a series of four line plunges brought B. H. S. to the seven-yard line; and then Fink smashed through for the second touchdown. Harvey blocked Robert's try for goal. On the very next play, Cronin caught the kickoff on his 10-yard line and raced around the entire Brookline team for a touchdown.

At this point Mr. Hines substituted an entirely new backfield except in place of Roberts, who played the whole game. Mr. Hines also substituted a couple of men in the line.

Most of the substitutes were playing in their first game, and owing to their over-eagerness, Brookline lost a good chance to score when a Brookline player picked up Lillis' fumble on B. C. H.'s 30 yard line, as the Red and Blue was penalized three times for a total loss of fifteen yards. About one fourth of the remaining plays in the first half resulted in penalties and consequently the play was very slow.

B. C. High showed its first flash of offensive power at the start of the second half when Lillis and Cronin combined to make B.C.H.'s first first down of the game. With Lillis and Cronin alternating again, the maroon and gold tried to make another first down, but failed and had to give up the ball on downs. Roberts ran back one of Boehner's kicks 20 yards, receiving good interference from Hootstein, who had returned to the game with the rest of the original lineup at the beginning of the half.

As the last quarter drew to a close, B. C. H. opened up with a flashy aerial attack, but a fifteen yard penalty practically nullified their gains.

The game ended with Brookline in possession of the ball in midfield.

One of the features of the game was Robert's shifty running back of kicks. He managed to elude at least one or two tacklers each time.

The ends covered Fink's kick very well, B. C. H. having hardly any opportunity to run them back.

Boston College High's defeat was entirely unexpected, as they have taken Cambridge Latin's measure already this year.

There was a large crowd out for the first game, but there ought to be a larger turnout at the holiday morning game with Watertown. This game will also be played at Tech Field.

The lineup follows:

Brookline	B. C. H.
r.e., A. Lewis	McCann, l.e.
r.t., Redmond	Harvey, l.t.
r.g., L. Walsh (Jerome)	Ehrle (Blieler), l.g.
c., Ford (Hurley, Naylor)	Blanchard, c.
l.g., Ventura	Kelly, r.g.
l.t., Feinberg (Kelly, T.)	Graham (Burns), r.t.
l.e., Wolek (Dexter)	E. Walsh, r.e.
q.b., Roberts	Boehner, q.b.
r.h.b., Robinson (Kelley, J., Horn)	Ott (McCough), l.h.b.
l.h.b., Hootstein (Woodward)	Lillis, r.h.b.
F. B. Fink (Bellingham)	Cronin, f.b.

Touchdowns: Fink, 2; Cronin. Point after touchdown: Roberts (dropkick). Referee: Murray. Umpire: Donohue. Head Linesman: Mitchell.

ORAL ENGLISH

Of the manifold attributes to which man is heir there is none more wonderful than his power to give voice to his ideas, his emotions, his ideals. For him speech is his distinguishing and potentially noblest faculty; potentially, because its worth must, ultimately, be measured according to its performance. In the course of which inexorable law few failures are more ironic, more poignantly tragic than those wherein a fine spirit eager to give of his best to the world of men and women gropes for the means to express himself—only to falter into silence, baffled and inarticulate.

It is to enable our students to use this supreme gift of speech effectively, tenderly, powerfully, and reverently that we are initiating this year the course known as Voice.

Louise A. Hannon, Instructor

GIRLS' SPORTS

The Fall schedule is on! All the girls interested in athletics should come out for at least one of the many teams this fall. If any girl is on the lookout for an old English B or an extra Honorary Society point, this is an easy and pleasant way to get it. Register at once, as the attendance is an important asset in making a team.

The program is as follows:

Monday: Tennis for beginners, speedball, and hockey.

Tuesday: Archery for Juniors and Seniors, and hockey.

Wednesday: Archery for Freshmen and Sophomores, intermediate tennis and hockey.

Thursday: Hiking and hockey.

Friday: Hockey.

The advanced tennis players will have four class tournaments which are to be played off any time within three weeks. When these tournaments are over, an elimination tournament will be held, the outcome of which will determine the varsity team.

Why Is It

That a college student
Won't put
More than twenty minutes
On a calculus problem
But will spend an hour
And a half
Trying to get
The speedometer
Off of
A Drive-it-yourself
Flivver.

—Penn State Froth

CLASS ELECTIONS

Freshmen Lead by Herbert Jacobs

(Continued from Page 1)

Below is a complete list of the officers of the three upper classes.

Seniors

President, Chandler Hagen-Burger
Vice-President, Edith Greenleaf
Secretary, Edward Hannon
Treasurer, Henry Humphries

Juniors

President, Francis Muldowney
Vice-President, Eleanor Thomas
Secretary, Esther Graham
Treasurer, Marion Myers

Sophomores

President, Chester Litman
Vice-President, Alice Werner
Secretary, Barbara Richey
Treasurer, Winslow Robart

The Freshmen officers for the year of 1928-29 were nominated in the Auditorium during music period. On Sept. 25 they were elected by ballot held in the home rooms. All the victorious candidates won by a large majority. Herbert Jacobs is President, David Levinsohn assists him, while Stanley Cohen takes the job of Secretary and Everett Morgan has charge of the money bags.

This is the first time in a good number of years that all elected officers of a class are boys.

MARSHALS

(Continued from Page 1)

ward Beck, Charles Record, Eleanor Goodspeed, Mary Finan, Nicholas Larkin, Harry Fink, Eleanor Unscheid, Marjorie Norwood, Dorothy Gay, Betty Jacobs, Virginia Seavey.

Reserve List: Anne Reynolds, David Barry, Francis Hall, Helen Hewitt, Pauline Pierce, Harold Small, Dorothy Bruce.

Juniors: Eleanor Thomas, Alvin Weinberg, Ruby Brettler, Betty Richey, Evelyn Densten, Bernice Cohen, Francis Muldowney, Alice Hewitt, Esther Graham, Winchester Dermody, Alice Dawson, Herbert Fox, Helen Cooper, Blanche Taylor, Robert Goldman, Elizabeth Myers, Maude Hastings.

Reserve List: Eleanor Pike, Louis Watson, William Glaser, Charles French, Kenneth Goodyear, Sally Lanagan, Elaine Skidmore, Anna Martin.

Sophomores: Alice Werner, Donald Broadbent, Chester Litman, Barbara Richey, Charles Nayor, Florence Freedman, Fred Sherry, Betty Greenleaf, Phyllis Green, Winslow Robart, Helen Dawson, Lamson Kerrins, Rosalyn Badarracco, John Chase.

Reserve List: Helen Johnston, Andrew Madden, John Prendergast, Ernestine Rosenbush, Charles Wood, Florence Dawson, Milton Green, Helen Collier, Edgar King.

R COLYUM

We see that there is another gym period to our programs. Anyway, this voice class certainly seems like one.

* * *

Can anyone imagine a dignified Senior like Chandler Hagen-Burger moving his neck all over the place, and then breathing deeply before a mirror. Well, he has to do it, and if his mother or father asks him what in-the-name-of-all-that's-sacred he's doing. Chandler has to reply: "Sir, I'm doing my English homelesson." Call the wagon!

* * *

Well folks, we see where the year has opened with the Freshmen. It's a funny thing, but this species is what the year always seems to open with.

* * *

A Sophomore recently directed a Freshman, seeking for knowledge in the form of Room 4, to the basement. Sophomores are like that!

* * *

There doesn't seem to be as many pretty girls around the school as there used to be.—**Adv't.**

* * *

Let's get rough and speak of football! As usual, the main objective is the Newton game. Incidentally, however, the team is also going to try to win a few games in between.

* * *

Watch young Hootstein go! His main trouble is in tackling marks and hardboiled homelessons. It's a funny thing, but that's the same way we all feel.

* * *

Mr. Taylor is looking pretty tired these days. Ye scribe has learned that little Edwin Herbert is the principal reason.

* * *

Edwin Herbert, it appears, has a foul habit of waking up at four in the morning and letting everyone else know it.

* * *

Mr. Taylor's slippers must be worn out by now. Still, all is not so bad. Mr. Taylor, upon being awakened the other morning, put the baby to sleep with a method that exhibited rare foresight and habitual intelligence (ahem).

* * *

He tried to teach his son the ways of logarithms and other insects. Little Edwin fell asleep while Mr. Taylor was expounding the theory of the right angle.

* * *

And did you know that: Ed Hannon has a new suit? Jackie Densten has grown a little taller? Everyone seems to be getting up acts for the Senior social? Miss La France is back exhaling French? Some Seniors can't get away from the school, in re that there are plenty of P.G.'s? Vergil was a harmful fellow who wrote most disgustful Latin? The Sag room looked like the girl's dressing room during the reporter tryouts! Many old Seniors came back to patronise the school before departing for college? Jimmie Webster's ambition is to be a football player? Sammy Jacobs has shrunk? Marjorie Tager is still looking for somebody to walk home with? Dave Barrie still fools around in class and keeps one eye peeled on the art room, as he sits in 320? Olive Morse has a corking profile? I haven't seen Hope Gavagan around?

* * *

If you don't see your name here this week, jump in the river and you'll surely see it the next.—**Adv't.**

SALE OF SEASON TICKETS OPENED AT ASSEMBLY

On Tuesday, October 2, the School held its first football assembly. The strains of "Hit the Line" resounded through the hall as the pep and enthusiasm mounted. Mr. Woodlock, Faculty Manager of Athletics, introduced our coach, Mr. Hines, who spoke about the prospects in a very optimistic vein. Dick Werner, who came back for the day, and acting-captain Barrett Roberts told us of the inspiration that a good turn-out of fans afforded. Manager Robinson told us of the bargain that was to be had by every purchaser of a season ticket. Mr. Jewett and Mr. Akers concluded the program. And with their advice still lingering in our ears, let's get behind that team and boost it on to victory.

FACULTY NOTES

Miss La France and Miss Florence Perkins have resumed their teaching this year after a year's leave of absence.

Miss Pease and Miss Marshall are in Europe on their year's leave of absence.

During Mr. Godkin's continued absence, Mr. Newson is taking charge of his classes again this year.

Four teachers have been added to our teaching staff:

Miss Ethelinda Rice, a graduate of Simmons, is now substituting for Miss Pease. Before coming to B.H.S. Miss Rice taught in Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Miss Miriam E. Nichols, who is a Radcliffe graduate, is teaching the Ancient History courses. Miss Nichols taught formerly in West Bridgewater Mass.

Mr. Benjamin D. Roman is a Latin teacher. Mr. Reman graduated from Brown University in 1925. Before coming to Brookline he taught in The Peddie School, Hightstown, New Jersey.

There is special interest in regard to Mr. Louis Keegen, a member of the English staff. Mr. Keegan graduated from this high school. He received his college training at Tufts College, and taught at Tufts several years. At first he was assistant Professor in English and History. Later he taught English only. For many years he has been Secretary to the Tufts Alumnae Association.

SENIORS BEGIN EARLY WORKING FOR AWARDS

(Continued from Page 1)

whether boy or girl, who has made Alpha Pi and who, in the judgment of the Headmaster and the Faculty, has done the most for the high school, is given the Floyd Cup. No Senior may receive both the Harvard and Floyd Cups or both the Schick and Floyd Cups.

The time to struggle for these honors is right now, in the beginning of the year! No time may be lost in the fight; each graduation has seen those cups go to only **three** of about three hundred. Students, expectant of some prize, have been bitterly disappointed because of their failure to buckle down the first month. Every commencement sees boys and girls who should get a cup. However, the awards are few in comparison to the merits of those students who have been leaders of the class.

So remember, Seniors! Now's the time to start working!

LIBRARY LINES

Interesting Articles in Magazines

Flying in the Future—by Fitzburgh Green. In Century for October.

What's Right with the Colleges—by Arthur H. Quinn. In Century for October.

Knights of the Air—a Series—by Lieut. Lester M. Maitland. In World's Work for October.

High Schools in New Russia—by Lucy W. Wilson. In High School Service. Red Cross Magazine for September.

New Books

Dyke—Aircraft Engine Instructor.
Johnson—Essaying the Essay.
Bellinger — Short History of the Drama.
Boardman -- Modern American Speeches.
Gray—New Manual of Botany.
Remsen—Organic Chemistry.
Sargent—Corn Plants.
Swope—Lessons in Practical Electricity.

We welcome Miss Tuttle, our new Assistant Librarian. She takes the place of Miss Strout, who has gone to the Public Library.

GIRLS' AERO CLUB

The recently organized Girls' Aero Club held an election of officers with the following results:

Eleanor Pike ..... President
Mary Crowley ..... Vice-President
Rosalind Badaracco ... Secretary-Treas.
Ethel Feinsilver ..... Librarian

Mr. Packard has been appointed Faculty Adviser. The club has at present close to seventy-five members and the membership is to be opened again in February.

A novel and interesting year is promised. Although the plans are not definite, slide lectures and an exhibition will constitute part of the program.

ECONOMIC EDUCATION

The Brookline School Committee has authorized a new feature in education in the Brookline schools this year, and it is interesting to note that it is the first time in the history of the country, if not in the world, that Money Management as a definite subject has been taught in the public schools.

The objectives are obvious, for a clear understanding of how to use money to advantage insures getting the maximum benefit of one's income (whether large or small) during the earlier years, and financial independence during the later years of life.

Since 1915, school savings have been encouraged and stressed in many cities and towns throughout the country, and with remarkable results. Millions of dollars that would otherwise have been wasted, have thereby been turned into productive channels.

But saving is only one element in the acquirement and usage of money, and so should not be given disproportionate importance. In order to manage effectively, one must understand all the phases of economic experience and their relations to each other.

The facts concerning these are simple, and easily understood.

WORK is the basis of all wealth, and work well done can be measured not only in dollars and cents, but in joy and satisfaction, or happiness. (Some very young people do not find this out until they have tried it.)

To EARN is the material reward of work, and we may always associate the word "learn" with the word "earn". One goes to school to learn and there may earn a letter, or diploma, or a degree. He is then enabled to earn money in maturity, but if he ceases to learn after he has begun to earn, his earning capacity cannot grow.

Working and earning supply the money reservoir. Then SAVING should come first, for it keeps the reservoir continually supplied.

GIVING in proportion to one's income is important in money usage, for it is a self-respecting discharge of one's obligation to family or society.

After the above have been attended to in logical order, the joy of HAVING can be realized to the full.

The way one manages money is an index to character, so while cultivating right habits in money usage, one is also cultivating character qualities.

The character of the individual citizen determines the standard of citizenship of any community or nation, wise management of money by the individual, not only insures success and happiness for the individual, but leads to the welfare and prosperity of the State.

A door of opportunity is being opened to the pupils in the Brookline schools. Who can be so short-sighted as to fail to enter therein?

Sag. Room Open at Two Every Day

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

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BEGINNINGS

A man usually has three periods in his life which he can truly call the great periods of his existence. They are: the beginning, when he learns what he is later to put into practice; the middle, when he tries out and experiences what he has learned; and the end, when he sits back with a satisfied look on his countenance and thinks over what he has or has not done. Of these three great eras, the most important is the first, for there it is that the foundations for the future life are formed. It is next to impossible to build a successful future on a dismal past.

This time of our school year is, in a way, the formative time in our lives; the beginning of things. This is the time for us to plan for the future, not two years hence. The old motto holds good: "Do it now." Those who have been in the school before know the importance of a good start, of getting off on the right foot. To the Freshman Class, gathered in this school for the first time as a body, we offer this word of counsel and advice. Don't wait till some years from now to begin planning your future; don't even delay the outline for the fulfillment of your High School course. Make the first year a standard for all your future work, so that your paths will be upward, and not in the reverse direction.

With every wish for a great and successful stay at B.H.S., we welcome the new addition to the school, the class of 1932.

THE DESIRED RESPONSE

The manner in which you approach others has everything to do with the result you receive. Here is a field where it is better to begin by examining the desired ending. Ask yourself at what final object you are aiming, the final response, the attitude you want to arouse as a result of your effort. Here, if your own thinking is clear, your difficulties are half over. If you know what the result should be and feel fully justified in seeking it, the method can almost always be found. Remember that only one emotion can hold any mind at one time, if the desired result is effective acting. If one is torn between hope and despair, between desire for self-betterment and the recognition of the delights of laziness, the result is a deadlock. Nothing is accomplished until the balance is tipped in favor of one feeling or another.

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SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE FICKLE SEX

By Josiah Lewis

Rudolph Briggs and Reginald Robins were first attracted to each other by the knowledge that both had purchased their garters at the same emporium downtown. The only bone of contention between them was the fact that Reginald wore horn-rimmed glasses while Rudolph insisted on wearing a monocle.

They had come to Tate University as Freshmen, blossomed into Sophomores and then joined a quiet fraternity.

If Reginald had a sporty 1903 model roadster, built for speed, then Rudolph, or rather his family, had a radiola 30. Every Friday night, Rudolph would take his companion to supper at his house while Reginald would reciprocate by treating the other to a spin down the avenue.

These two were known to the campus as the two inseparables; they roomed together, ate together, studied together and held the female sex in contempt. Rudolph's monocle was a landmark to be avoided and Reginald's car was an unavoidable disaster. The class would regulate their timepieces by the movements of these two. They invariably came into first recitation at 8:45 sharp. They would greet each other on the walk outside in the same way every morning.

"How, how," Rudolph would say nonchalantly.

"And how," would murmur Reginald carelessly.

After which, they would saunter into class to gaze moodily on the teacher's freckles, reading from left to right.

It was usually Rudolph's custom, in biology class, to ponder on the instructress' ugliness and wonder if there was a remedy. Today, however, he suddenly became aware of peculiar scent of lilacs in his vicinity; on looking up, he perceived a vision in pink. His heart started to function rapidly and his Adam's apple began to turn double somersaults on the protesting tonsils. He realized he had met his twin soul and immediately began making plans for the future.

Reginald, on the other hand, decided to install new brakes on his car after catching sight of the one in pink. A fellow couldn't be too careful of his life nowadays, especially when there might be a family to support!

When She looked at Rudolph, Reginald experienced the nethermost fires of Gehenna; when She shot a shaft of turquoise at Reginald, Rudolph was cast into the lowest depths of Iblis.

Outside, after class, Reginald fumbled uneasily and made a sound in his throat like the chirping of two contended alligators.

"Er—did you notice that girl?" he asked.

"Yes," said Rudolph absently, "I first became aware of her when I perceived a dainty pair of feet beneath the desk."

"So pink," breathed Reginald.

"No, brown," said Rudolph positively.

"What?" Reginald was shocked. You could see that he was shaken. "She was dressed in pink—you sap!"

"Oh," exhaled Rudolph, looking like a dying calf. "I thought you meant the desk—you nincompoop!" He cleared his throat nervously. "What made you first like her? I mean, what do you like about her?"

"I like the way she wiggled her ears!"

"I liked the way she swallowed." Rudolph gulped ecstatically. "But say, she doesn't wiggle her ears!"

"Is that so?" Reginald asked austerely. "Well, she doesn't swallow."

"What? You're crazy!"

Reginald said nothing; he just scowled and bit his lip, greatly to his regret. Both were silent for awhile. Then, absently forgetting to attend the rest of their recitations, they walked home slowly.

At the fraternity house, they parted. Reginald had originally intended to show his comrade a new Latin trot, but now he thought the idea very frivolous. He wanted to see about those brakes. Rudolph, for his part, desired no company at the present time; on the way home, he had discovered that "pearl" rhymed with "girl." He muttered a hasty adieu and shot upstairs, abandoning his calculus to write sonnets.

Next day, as usual, Reginald and Rudolph met, outside, on the walk.

"How, how," said Reginald sunnily.

"Her name's Cynthia," returned Rudolph triumphantly.

"How'd you find out?"

"Sent a pledge around."

"You did?" Reginald was stung to the quick. "Who said you could?"

"Nobody, I just did!"

"It says that pledges aren't to be ordered about for the pleasure of ladies," returned Reginald coldly.

"Well, who ordered them around for the pleasure of anybody?"

"You did!"

"You're crazy!"

Both gazed abstractedly at the infinite; Reginald frowning disapprovingly at the sidewalk, Rudolph looking like the angel Gabriel.

"Cynthia," sighed Rudolph.

"Don't hiss at me," said Reginald nastily.

"Who, me?"

"Yes."

"You must be daffy. I wasn't hissing. I just said 'Cynthia'."

(Continued on Page 5)

THE FICKLE SEX

By Josiah Lewis

(Continued from Page 4)

"Don't tell me," returned Reginald frigidly. "I heard you hiss."

Had Rudolph been less heated, he would have realized that the word Cynthia, when sighed by him, certainly sounded like a hiss to the prejudiced ears of Reginald. But he didn't stop to ponder this. He merely felt a little sorry for Reginald. How could any girl in her right mind love a fellow with a face like that?—especially when there was a fellow like him around?"

As for Reginald, he was comparing the other to a babboon he had once seen in the zoo. Reginald sympathized with Rudolph, but thanked God that the latter had been born with such large ears and fishy eyes.

The striking clock brought them to earth with a start. Gathering their books, they sauntered into the biology class as happy as two youths can be at their own funeral.

It soon became evident to the college that the fellow who took Cynthia to the Prom would obtain a decided advantage over the other. Thus far, neither Rudolph nor Reginald had reason to think he was favored over his rival. If Rudolph invited the girl to his family's for dinner, Reginald drove her around the next day.

The odds were slightly in Reginald's favor, a large part of the money being covered by the co-eds. The girls favored Reginald because they had once seen him sporting an orange tie; possibly a few rooted for him because of his car. However, even a girl with the loosest morals would have indignantly spurned the idea as unworthy. Reginald's car was something no self-respecting girl would like to be seen in; it resembled a sewing machine and two enormous headlights, combined with something that looked like a cross between a steam engine and an old Buick. It had recently been showing signs of asthma.

Rudolph saw the vehicle parked on the curb outside the house, when he returned from calculus recitation. He became immediately suspicious; he took the steps, two at a time and arrived at the moment when Reginald was admiring a pink shirt. It was the shirt which confirmed Rudolph's premonition.

"Where you going?"

"Got a date with Cynthia," murmured Reginald carelessly. "Going to take her for a ride. Going to ask her to the Prom."

Rudolph bore up bravely. His left eyelash flickered but he soon regained control over himself, repressing an urging desire to strangle the other. He laughed discordantly.

"Some car," he sneered. "What gets me is how she rides in it."

Reginald flushed and was about to try and excavate Rudolph's face with his fist, when he recollected that time was flying. He hurriedly put on his coat and bounced downstairs like a ton of bricks. Cranking the car two and one half times, he pulled up in front of Cynthia's sorority house. The poor girl winced slightly on catching sight of the auto, but she bravely allowed Reginald to escort her inside.

Together, they rode out to the country, nearly running over the Dean as they whizzed down the main boulevard at the terriffic speed of seven miles an hour. Reginald parked the car beneath a sad-looking oak tree which had the decency to jump back in fright on seeing the vehicle.

Reginald turned to Cynthia and cleared his throat, making sounds that closely resembled a city of frogs at a track meet.

"Cynthia," he breathed fervently, "will you go to the prom with me?"

"Well, I don't know." She looked at him out of the corner of her eyes. "I haven't quite decided yet. What about Rudolph? Don't you think he's handsome?"

"Wha-a-at!" The oak tree shuddered and swore frightfully.

"Isn't he?" she asked innocently.

"Listen Cynthia," said Rudolph, "There are reasons why you should go to the prom with me."

"What reasons?" she asked.

"Well, we use the same tooth paste, don't we?"

"No, we don't. But I tell you what. Come around tomorrow night and I'll tell you."

And with that, Reginald had to be content. He drove carefully back to town, avoiding all temptations to bump into the biology teacher. When he came back to his own rooms, he found Rudolph trying on a new flask.

"She told me to come around tomorrow night," he announced triumphantly.

"Ditto," stated Rudolph.

"She did?"

"Uh, huh. Yesterday." Rudolph paused. "I tell you what. One of us has got to withdraw."

"All right with me, old man. When are you leaving?"

"Who, me? I'm not! You are!"

Reginald frowned. "I have an idea. Let's have her decide without her knowing it. Ask her which subject she likes, calculus or Latin. If it's calculus, she goes with you and if it's Latin, she goes with me."

Rudolph looked at his friend in admiration. "I didn't give you credit for so many brains," he candidly admitted. Reginald smirked coyly.

"Let's find out now!" Rudolph reached for his hat and ran to the corridor, where he tripped and fell downstairs. After changing his pants which were streaming with good liquor, he joined Reginald and they both stopped at Cynthia's sorority house. A girl answered and stated that Cynthia was downtown, shopping, at the emporium. They jumped into the auto and were soon headed for the business district.

(Continued on Page 6)

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THE FICKLE SEX

By Josiah Lewis

(Continued from Page 5)

"Let's wait until she comes out," suggested Rudolph, as they pulled in to the curb.

A crowd quickly gathered about the car, curiously examining it, and wondering what it was.

"It's a car, that's what it is," shouted a newsboy triumphantly. The crowd pressed closed and confirmed the report with an astounded stare, this time, asking itself why anybody rode in such an object.

"They're college boys," shouted someone else.

"Oh," said the crowd as if that explained. The mob quickly drew away as if from a pestilence; it scattered and nothing remained but a curious poodle and her devoted St. Bernard.

Cynthia finally appeared, carrying a dainty bundle. Both sprang forward, but Rudolph reached her first, owing to the fact that Reginald had tripped on the St. Bernard and was having a slight disagreement with that offended canine.

"Oh, you can take me home now," said Cynthia. "How nice of you to come for me. Professor Simkins will be out in just a minute."

"Professor Simkins?" Rudolph asked. Reginald succeeded in tearing himself loose from the dog, minus a little haberdashery located somewhere around the rear.

"Yes." She smiled sweetly. "He just asked me to the Prom and I consented."

"Yuk!" stammered Rudolph.

Reginald turned light green as he watched her departing figure by the side of the professor's.

Rudolph recovered first. "Oh well, I never meant to take her anyway. Now that I do think of it, she is a trifle stout."

"A trifle!" Reginald was shocked. "Absolutely too fat! When I think of what I missed, I could shout with joy. What an escape!"

"Horrible!"

"Ghastly!" Reginald laid an affectionate arm on Rudolph's shoulder. "Old man, I have a new tin trot at home. Would you care to see it?"

"Reginald!" said Rudolph, deeply moved.

"Rudolph!" said Reginald. They solemnly shook hands. Arm in arm, they sauntered towards the car.

: The End :

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ALUMNI NOTES

Among those who entered college in September were nine who were admitted under the New Plan of Examination which calls for examinations in four subjects only. The students are: Marianna McAfee, Gertrude Nisson, Mary Hyland, and Miriam Weinreb at Radcliffe; at Mount Holyoke Kathleen Ure and at Simmons Martha Goldshine. Arnold Dane and Milton Finger are at Harvard. Richard Simmers is at Princeton.

Enrolled at Harvard are: Hervey Armington, John Barnett, George Barrie, Edward Cole, Richard Currier, Irving Diemont, Donald Freedman, Ernest Greenhand, Robert Lett, Eugene Record and Summer Shikes.

Roger Gleason and Henry Myerson of the class of 1927 are also members of this year's Freshman body at Harvard.

Miss Tsuya Matsuki will resume her pianoforte teaching in her studio at 11 Claflin Path, Brookline, on October first, after studying this summer under Tobias Matthay at the Matthay Pianoforte School in London.

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JOXES

The Roman was a rogue,
He erat was you bettum,
He ran an automobile
And smoked a cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
An elegant cravatum,
A maxima cum laude shirt
And such a stylish hattum.
He loved the lucious hic, haec, hoc
And bet on cards and equi;
And sometimes, it is sad to say
He got it in the neque.
He winked quo usque, tandem
Ad puellas on the forum;
And somtimes e'en, the people say,
Made goo-goo oculorum.

"Your answer," said the teacher to one of his pupils "reminds me of Quebec."

Pupil (grinning sheepishly): "Why, sir?"

"Because Quebec is founded on such a tall bluff," replied the teacher.

"What's the matter with that fellow with his hand all bandaged up?"

"Oh, he's a deaf and dumb fellow, and he rooted so hard at the football game that he broke his thumb.

She: You have a basketball nose.
He: How come?
She: It dribbles.

"Jim proposed to me again."
"What did he propose this time?"

Modesty gives way before the modiste.

—Chicago Phoenix

"Have you seen the new show 'The Broken Leg'?"

No, but I hear it was a great cast.

—Jack-o'-Lantern

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MORE JOXES

"I wouldn't drink out of that cup," interposed little Johnny to the well-dressed young man who had been introduced to his sister the night before.

"That's Bessie's cup and she's very particular who drinks out of it."

"Ah," returned the young man, draining the cup. "I feel honored to drink out of Bessie's cup. She is your sister, isn't she.

"Not much, Bessie is my dog."

As the Senior Recites It

Little Jack Horner
Sat in mural intersection
Masticating pastery
He inserted his polex
Exclaiming, "I am astonishingly precocious!"

Willie: Mother, may I go out an' play?

Mother: "What, with those holes in your trousers?

Willie: No'm, with the boys next door.

She: And would you put yourself out for me?

He: Indeed I would.

She: Then do it, please. I'm terribly sleepy.

Evolution of a Student

Freshman: "Please, ma'am, I did not understand the question."

Soph: "Give me the question again."

Junior: "I don't get you."

Senior: "Huh?"

The Lone Ballad of a Freshie who never studied English:

Be she went or am she gone?
Has her left I all alone?
Will her never go to I,
Nor I ever come to she?
It cannot was!

Female Capes

Cape of Good Hope—Sweet Sixteen.
Cape Flattery—Twenty.
Cape Lookout—Twenty-five.
Cape Fear—Thirty.
Cape Farewell—Forty.

What has become of the budding genius?

He turned into a blooming idiot.

The Sophomores saw a patch of green,
They thought it was the Freshman Class;
But when they nearer to it drew,
They saw it was a looking glass.

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Second pupil: I did, but the faculty encored me.

He: "Do I understand that you reject my proposal and refuse to marry me?"

She: "Yes, I refuse."

He: "Well, let me take you down a bit, let me tell you that you are by no means the first."

Toast to the Joke Editor: May she live to be as old as her jokes!

A woodpecker lit on a Freshie's head,
And settled down to drill,
He bored away for half a day,
And then he broke his bill.

If an S and I and O and a U
With an X at the end spells Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spells I
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H, E and D spell side—
There's not a thing for a speller to do
But to go and commit
SIOUXEYESIGHED

How to Serve a Kiss

To one part of the front porch add a little moonlight; press in two strong hands and a soft one; sift lightly two ounces of attraction, one of romance and add two measures of folly; stir in floating ruffles and one or two whispers; dissolve a half dozen glances in a well of silence; dust in a small quantity of hesitation, one ounce of resistance, two ounces of yielding. Place the kisses on a flushed cheek, or two lips; flavor with a slight scream and set aside to cool. This will succeed in any climate if the directions are carried out.

All lost freshies may be found at the office.

A Doggerel

Fido and I took a journey,
We went across the sea.
Fido was the dearest dog
He was all the world to me.
But, alas and alack! I lost him,
I will tell you how:
We inspected a wiener wurst factory,
And Fido's a hot dog now.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, No. 2 BROOKLINE, MASS., OCTOBER 26, 1928 TEN CENTS

A DRUID FESTIVAL

Being the Story of All Hallows Eve

Fairies have left their hiding places to trip lightly o'er the glades. Witches and evil spirits are conspiring against mankind. Ghosts are hovering o'er head. He who ventures forth on All Hallows Eve must be brave, courageous and daring. Are ye ready my friends? Dare ye face the ordeal? Good—come with me in search of a creepy thrill. Be prepared to encounter witches, ghosts or His Satanic Majesty. Expect to have a bean blown into your eye. Do not be dismayed if you get snatched at. Don't forget to hold your breath if someone ducks your head in the pail of water when bobbing for apples. If someone grabs you with a clammy hand, faint not; it most likely is the small brother aiding the goblins. If you are especially good at jumping for doughnuts, remember there are other persons present and refreshments will be served soon. If you are bashful or sensitive have your fortune told in private. When playing the mirror game in which you walk backward several rods in the moonlight with a candle in one hand and a mirror in the other, do not go alone—it is dangerous on such a treacherous night; besides two is company and opportunity knocks but once. No matter what else you do, have a good time. You have risked much in venturing out—if there is any fun to be had in superstition you are entitled to it. If you are not thrilled, speak to the person you came with or get someone to read spooky ghost stories in a dark room. Under

(Continued on Page 2)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL MEETING

The initial meeting of the Teacher-Student Council for the year 1928-'29 was held in room 33A October tenth. Elections for the ensuing year were held. Mr. Packard was re-elected president, for his third year in that office. Chester Litman, Sophomore representative, was chosen vice-president, while Alice Werner was elected secretary-treasurer.

Miss Barnard then spoke about her economics campaign. She desired the aid of the teacher-student council in putting over her project. In the meantime, the council is thinking over various means of arousing enthusiasm for it.

Miss Sawyer spoke of a large, student-governed study-hall in the East Technical High School of Cleveland, Ohio. A committee, appointed to consider carrying out a similar plan here, is composed of Miss Sawyer, chairman, Chandler Hagen-Burger, Francis Muldowney, Chester Litman and Miss Bliss.

RED CROSS ASSEMBLY

At the assembly on Tuesday, Oct. 16, the speaker of the day was Mr. Arthur Sullivan, a lawyer and ex-service man. He informed us briefly what the American Red Cross is and does. An approximate definition of the purpose of this society is "American Red Cross shall act as a medium of communication between the people of the United States and the American army and navy, and shall act as a voluntary relief in all disasters." Thus the charter stated, which was signed by Theodore Roosevelt in 1905. The president of the United States automatically becomes the president of the American Red Cross.

Although this organization made history during the war, in peace time it is as occupied as during the times of political strife. Last year the Red Cross sent immediate relief to 88 disasters, among which were included the Mississippi and Vermont floods, the St. Louis tornado and the Florida hurricane. At present there is a great deal of reconstruction being done in the West Indies. The Red Cross cares for the injured veterans still being treated

(Continued on Page 2)

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB HOLDS ELECTION

The Glee Club at a recent meeting elected officers, with the following results:

President: Ruth Tannen; Secretary-Treasurer: Mary Finan; Librarian: Alice Colby.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Cook, it is felt that the club will accomplish much this year. Prospects are very bright, as about two-hundred fifty girls reported with intentions of joining. All members from last year who wish to continue have places assurred them.

The first appearance of the Glee Club will probably be the Christmas performance. Mr. Cook is planning a very delightful and novel program, which will include some unusual medieval music. There will be Latin, French, and German songs. Programs of this type have been arranged and conducted by Mr. Cook before.

The Glee Club wishes success to its new officers and leader.

BAND PREPARES TO PLAY AT GAMES

The Band, under the direction of Mr. White, has been meeting regularly and preparing to play for the football games.

It is also hoped that a band concert will be given in the spring, and, under the direction of the present leader, Mr. White, it is quite probable that this will materialize.

BROOKLINE DEFEATED BY EVERETT IN HARD FOUGHT GAME—18-12

TEAM SCORES ON WATERTOWN 6-0

In one of the most exciting games ever played at Brookline Field, Everett High's undefeated team defeated Brookline last Saturday by the score of 18 to 12. Brookline's great fight against Everett's admittedly superior team deserves great deal of credit and gives promise of future victories. Everett has now won three Suburban League games and seems to be well on its way towards the title. Brookline scored all its points in the first half, but lack of good replacements proved to be the main cause of the Red and Blue's defeat. Everett's substitutes wore down the Brookline regulars and the first team then ran quickly over them. In every one of its games this season Brookline has got the jump in the first half and then weakened towards the close of the game.

The game was full of thrills and excitement, every touchdown being the result of a long run or pass. As Pagluccia of Everett scored the last touchdown on a fifty-five yard run from scrimmage, a large crowd of spectators surged onto the field and mobbed the players. Time had to be called till the police could drive the fans from the field.

Hootstein and Fink were outstanding in the Red and Blue backfield, the latter's good kicking pulling his team out of many a critical situation; Wolek, at left end, played a great defensive game, smothering the Everett backs before they could get started and hurrying their passes and kicks. Ventura played his usual steady game at guard. For the visitors, Collins, the dusky flash, Capt. Digby, Pagluccia, and Brunke, their best kicker, excelled.

Hurley Kicks Off

Capt. Robets won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. "Red" Hurley kicked off to Digby, who ran the ball to his own 40-yard line. On the second play after he had made a first down at midfield, Harkins fumbled a bad pass from center and was thrown for a 10-yard loss. Harkins then kicked to Brookline's thirty-yard line when Roberts was dropped in his tracks. On the very first play Fink tossed a long forward to Roberts, but the ball was called back because a Brookline player was offside. Harkins made twenty-yards off left tackle and Pagluccia made six more in two rushes at the same place. Everett was penalized 5-yards for offside, and then attempted a forward pass. Bernie Hootstein

(Continued on Page 3)

Instrumental Club Formed By W. Dean

Several years ago Brookline High School possessed an Instrumental Club. It played at the Sophomore-Freshman Reception and other gatherings, but was discontinued.

There has been a movement to reinstate this organization, however, and it is well along the highway to success. It is sponsored by William Dean, and at present there are close to twenty-five members.

Drums, banjoes, string, and reed instruments are greatly in demand and if you play any of these instruments, get in touch with the club.

This has the distinction of being the one musical organization in the school which devotes itself to popular music.

No faculty adviser has been appointed by Mr. Akers yet, but as soon as this matter has been attended to, officers will be elected.

This new and yet old venture is being heartily fostered by the school, and, as such, deserves support.

FRESHMAN FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

Although not many of us are aware of the fact, the Freshman football season is well in progress and the prospects for this year's team, although not startling, seem to be up to the standard set by the Freshmen teams of the last two years. Each year the Freshmen at our school seem to become smaller and smaller. However this isn't true of all of them, and Mr. Hines can at least be thankful that there are about thirty "young brutes" in the class of 1932 who will be of some help to him during the next three years.

There seems to be some real spirit in this year's Freshman class, for a large number of "would-be" athletes reported to the call of Mr. Ball, their coach. So far Mr. Ball has not picked any real first team, being too busy trying to find out "who's who." The team, as this article is written, has already played three games and has lost every one, but they all have been practise encounters and were played against teams much older and bigger than they are. The first game was with the St. Marys' aggregation and the last two have been against the Collegian Juniors. However, when they

(Continued on Page 2)

"R" COLYUM

For Red Cross Representative in room 319. Ed Hannon nominated Walter Murphy. When Walter woke up, he was the official Representative and the pennies were flying about his head.

* * *

That was quick work. Al Smith ought to hire this fellow Hannon as his campaign manager for Alabama.

* * *

The 1929 edition of "WE" seems to be Jacquelyn Densten and Shakford Dexter.

* * *

The only thing that puzzles us is: Who is the editor of this edition and who is the traditional ball and chain?

* * *

Lawrence Cohen made a bet that he could swallow a cup-cake at one gulp. Lawrence certainly gulped when he tried to fullfill that bet.

* * *

At the Everett football game, we swallowed our tongue when Hootstein and Fink ran for touchdowns. We got our tongue back though, when Everett scored 18 points in the second half.

* * *

Now that we have girl cheer leaders, we're waiting for a girls' football team.

* * *

At the game last Saturday, there was an annoying crowd of girls in the stands who absolutely insisted on cheering the team in their own special way. Their cheers followed the Mother Goose pattern.

* * *

At the next gridiron conflict, keep you eye on Lou Wolek. There isn't much to him in size but oh boy; how he can tackle!

* * *

If you have any dirt to throw, bring it to the Sag Room and we'll help you throw it!—Adv't.

* * *

Carol Paine is a slight source of pain to Warren Lothrop. Every last period, Carol comes blithely skipping into 320 to deposit her books in her desk. Warren Lothrop happens to be sitting at this desk; he obligingly lifts the cover of it for her. Warren is now suffering from a sore finger nail caused by this violent exercise.

* * *

Last Friday night, we went to see the "Silent House" at the Majestic. After the show, we met Miss O'Brien outside. We asked her if it was her contralto voice that had predominated during the most thrilling parts; she modestly admitted that it was . . . . Our Master's Voice.

* * *

And did you know that:—Eddie Duane shows a marked partiality for red and green ties? The swimming pool is very crowded on Wednesday morning gym periods? Syl Solomon and Bee Rittenberg would like to see their names in print? Arnold Silverman says he learned how to dance this summer? Evelyn Densten does not use hydrogen dioxide on her hair? We're looking for a red headed girl with green eyes?

YE TALE OF ALL HALLOWS EVE

(Continued from Page 1)

no circumstances must one scream. This would encourage the goblins and evil spirits and dire results would surely follow.

When you finally get home safely be exceedingly grateful and thank your lucky stars you were born in this century and not a few hundred years ago. Then their Hallowe'en had an entirely different significance, and I fear it would be much like a church service in comparison with our frolicking entertainments. The Druids, as these people of whom I am speaking were called, gathered at the altars on October 31. In the dead silence of the night the priests solemnly extinguished the old fires and kindled new ones. As the flames leapt to the heavens the people raised a mighty shout. They carried burning embers home and rekindled their hearth fires. This being done, the house was supposed to be protected from evil as long as the fire burned.

As the Druid faith waned and finally died in the light of Christianity, the heathen festivals lost most of their grandeur and significance, and assumed a different character.

The stately customs and solemn superstitions of ancient times have been changed to customs and nonsense of a lighter nature. Ghosts or no ghosts, no one with a spirit of fun and impishness would want to forego the thrills of Hallowe'en.

ORCHESTRA

At the tea and reception for the Freshman girls and their mothers, the Orchestra played and acquitted itself very creditably. This is the first time it has played for this organization, although it has performed at Prize Speaking, Dramatics, the Senior Social, Graduation, and other equally important affairs.

It is now under the leadership of Mr. Clark, who is replacing Mr. Zanzig. The officers for this year are: William Dean, President, Al Levin, Secretary and Treasurer, and Cyril Blackwood, Librarian.

The orchestra is progressing rapidly and will surely retain its former position.

RED CROSS ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

in hospitals; it keeps in touch with every service man in the United States, soldier, sailor and marine; gives courses in first aid and life saving so that the future citizens of the United States may be prepared in all emergencies.

Mrs. John Derby, head of the Junior Metropolitan chapter, said a few words before and after the speaker, first to introduce him and lastly to corroborate and enlarge his statement concerning the many homeless in Porto Rico.

MOTHER'S TEA HAS A LOT OF PUNCH

The annual tea given for the Mothers of Freshmen and new girls on October 18 was managed by the Senior girls of B. H. S. The first part of the entertainment was held in the auditorium, where representative pupils familiarized the guests with the various activities of the school. The audience was furnished an idea of the High School's musical ability when it listened to the tail end of the Brookline High School orchestra's weekly rehearsal, conducted by Mr. Cook.

Edith Greenleaf, as president of the Girls' League and chairman of the tea, welcomed the mothers. Mr. Akers told them a little about the requirements of a successful high school girl and suggested how to start well the steady ascent from a Freshman to a Senior.

The first student speaker was Janice Levy, representing the Sag. She told the advantages of having a School Paper. "The Sagamore", she said, "gives an opportunity for pupils to know of all that is going on in school. It offers excellent practice for literary students who write articles for it, and it gives aspiring business men and women a taste of the business world when they do work on the business end of the paper."

Jaquelene Densten, assistant head marshal, acquainted the audience with the Student Government at B. H. S. Brookline High has the honor of

(Continued on Page 4)

CHEMISTRY ESSAY CONTEST

The American Chemical Society, through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Francis P. Garvan of New York City, has been enabled to conduct its National Prize Essay Contest for the sixth successive year. The Society has just distributed booklets containing the regulations of the contest to all the High and Secondary Schools of the United States. These booklets may be obtained from any teacher of the Science Department in Room 31. The contest is open to every pupil in the school, whether he is taking chemistry or not, and the Science Department hopes that a large number of students will enter the contest.

There are six national prizes each of which consists of a scholarship paying the winner free tuition for 4 years at any college or university he desires to attend, and also $500 cash each year for expenses. The total value of the scholarship is approximately four thousand five hundred dollars. In addition to this, there are six prizes of $20 gold pieces given in each state and territory of the United States. These prizes are worth the time and trouble of anyone in our school, and all the students are urged to procure the booklets and start to work immediately. Futher detailed information may be obtained from the booklets and the science teachers.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Surprises and spooks; Whoopee, let's go! Whoever says that the Girls' League is not a jolly organization has no conception of real society. Anyway don't miss the Hallowe'en Party on November the second in the lunch room at two-thirty o'clock. It is in the charge of the Junior class, which is our assurance that it is going to top all its predecessors. The committee chairmen who have already been chosen are in the adept hands of Blanche Taylor. Eleanor Pike has charge of the Clean-up Committee, Harriet Feingold the Ticket Committee, Evelyn Tannen the Decoration Committee, Martha Lewis the Publicity Committee, while the Entertainment Committee is under the supervision of Darleen Thurber.

This promises to be one of the outstanding events in the history of the Girls' League and if every girl is present there will be no regrets following. Don't forget to join the revelry on Friday the second at two-thirty, and help make this party the talk of the school.

PROSPECTS OF FRESHMAN FOOTBALL TEAM

(Continued from Page 1)

start their regular season with teams of their own size and age, they will do much better. Games have been scheduled with the Belmont Freshman team and St. Thomas, and negotiations are on with Newton and many other large high schools of the state for games.

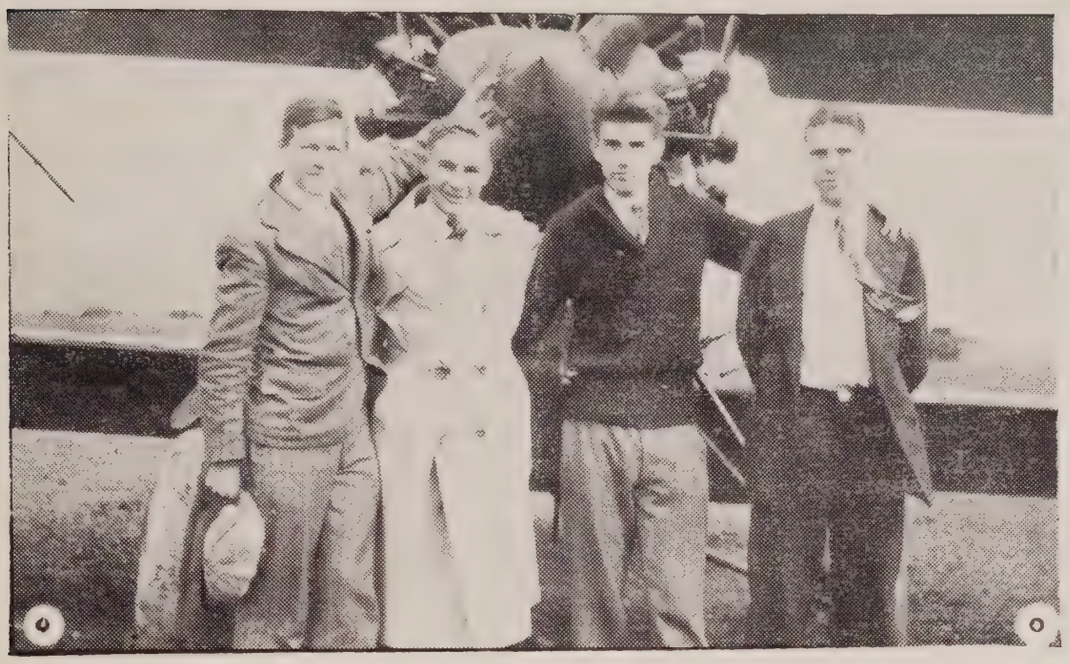
The quarterbacks on the squad are Richards, Rae, and Robinson, with Rae probably the most outstanding. The boys out for the half back jobs are Enwright, Hansen, Fox, Castro, Croney and Lind. Enwright and Hansen most likely will be the regulars. Hansen is probably the star of the team and he looks as if he has a great football future before him. At full back Loune and Good are fighting it out with neither so far having much of an advantage. The two end positions are well taken care of by Covich, Gordon, Fay, Gitten, Chell and Sumner. Fay is the best one among the bunch, but just now he is out with a torn ligament. At tackle Mr. Ball has Horn, Sherdel, Mullen, and Ryan, and the fat men at guard are Coleman, Sturita and Levine. The pivot position is well taken care of by Johnson and Leydon.

Now for a little sermon to you Freshman boys. Most of you like to play some sport and are somewhat proficient in it. Why don't you follow the example set by some of your fellow classmates and come out for your favorite pastime? If you never get into a game, nevertheless you will have had the fun of playing under a coach and on an organized team.

Maybe I shouldn't have brought this thing up," murmured the aviator as his plane began to fall.

Avoid the rush—
Hopewell Jail is Opened to Public.

AERO CLUB SOARS OVER HUB



The Officers of the Aero Club taken at the Boston Airport before the flight of the Club a week ago. They are, left to right: Arthur Horn, Vice-President; George Mason, President; Robert Stone, Secretary; William Corbett, Treasurer.

GIRLS' SPORTS IN FULL SWING

NO CASUALTIES REPORTED AS YET IN ARCHERY CLASS

A gratifying number of girls have presented themselves to participate in the various fall activities, and up to now the girls have greatly enjoyed the sport curriculum.

Speed Ball

The four class Speed Ball captains have been chosen. Such a great number of sophomores have reported for practice, that it was necessary to have two captains for that class. The Senior captain is Mildred Bell, the Junior, Alice Dawson, the Freshman, Libby McGrail, while the two Sophomore captains are Janet Helman and Jean Goodale.

Tennis

The four class tournaments are swiftly progressing. The Junior players have finished their second round, and the honors thus far have been carried away by Captain Eleanor Pike, Betty Richey, Evelyn Abbey, and Gertrude O'Donnell. These four winners are to play in the semi-finals at the Dean Road tennis courts Monday, the twenty-second of October at two o'clock.

Archery

Every Tuesday the Juniors and Seniors assemble in the triangle to try their hands at this favorite sport. Last week Barbara Wallace was elected to the position of manager of the teams. The following girls are to be divided into two teams, and the captains are to be elected after the teams are formed. The Senior girls are Barbara Wallace, manager, Daisy Copeland, Dorothy Ehrlich, Betty Lee, Barbara Hoffmann, Helen Finnerty, Nancy Lee Van Sweringer, Mildred Bell, Miriam Perry, Charlotte Currier, and Virginia Seavey, while the Junior girls are Virginia Price, Martha Lewis, Elizabeth Miller, Gloria Housen, Anna Martin, Gertrude Pekorny, Beatrice Stone, Estelle Bernhardt, Katherine McKenna, and Irma Johnson.

Freshman and Sophomore Archery takes place every Wednesday afternoon, although this archery has not yet been organized to the extent of choosing regular teams.

The Outing Club

The last hike of the outing club was forced to be cancelled because of the Girls' League party. However, the hikes will be resumed next week according to schedule. A mistake was made in announcing the president of the club for the coming year, who is Barbara Richey.

Hockey

Every week now members are joining the Field Hockey squad, and the following schedule has been arranged:

October 25—Brookline vs. Waltham at Brookline.

November 1—Brookline vs. Needham at Brookline.

November 8—Brookline vs. Winchester at Winchester.

November 13—Brookline vs. Wellesley at Wellesley.

November 22—Brookline vs. Newton at Newton.

AEROGRAMS

The Aero Club's booth was one of the chief features of the New England Radio-Aero Exposition, held at Mechanics Hall recently. Besides the pictures exhibited there was a structural member of a dirigible, a rudder of a Navy Curtiss Racer, a propellor, several instruments, and many other trophies symbolical of aviation. Another booth, consisting of an exhibition of models was also sponsored by the Aero Club.

The Aero Club Headquarters are at present in Room B6 but are soon to be changed to the Brookline Public Library.

At a regular meeting on Oct. 11, 1928, Lt. Robert L O'Brien, assistant registrar of motor vehicles for aviation gave a very interesting lecture on "Commercial Aviation," consisting of a talk on the manufacture of airplanes. Arthur Horn spoke about his experiences at Atlantic City.

Fifty-one members of the Aero Club visited the Airport on Friday, Oct. 18, for the purpose of taking a ride in a Wright Whirlwind Engined Stearman airplane and Challenger OX5 airplane. The flights, twenty in number, were made without casualty. Two stunt flights were made for exhibition purposes. In the first flight the passengers were: Robert Stone, George Mason, and Arthur Horn, and in the second, Leslie Small and James Wooding.

These events have assured the excutives of the club that a successful flight to fame is certain during the current year. Watch this column next issue for an "ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY."

HOOTSTEIN INTERCEPTS PASS AND RUNS 65 YARDS

(Continued from Page 1)

plucked the ball out of the air and ran seventy-yards for a touchdown. Fink's attempted kick after the touchdown was wide. The play for the rest of the first quarter was confined to the middle of the field, neither team being able to make much headway.

Fink Makes Touchdown

On the very first play of the second quarter, Ward fumbled and the ball shot into the hands of Harry Fink who shook off two tacklers and ran fifty-five-yards for Brookline's second touchdown. Robert's dropkick was blocked. Hurley kicked off to Paglincca, who reeled off fifteen-yards before being stopped on his 38-yard line. Hootstein was hurt on the next play and Horne took his place. Ott and Digby combined to make a first down. An offside penalty halted Everett's march and they lost the ball on downs. After two ineffectual line plunges Fink kicked to Collins, who side-stepped and wriggled his way through half the Brookline team for a gain of twenty-five-yards. Another offside penalty and a fumble by Ott which resulted in a twenty-yard loss forced Brunke to kick to Brookline's 5-yard line. After two short gains Fink returned the kick to midfield. Ott threw a long pass to Collins, who caught the ball while lying at full length on the ground for a gain of 35-yards. Everett advanced the ball to within 5-yards of the local goal, but a disastrous fumble by Ott threw away their chance to score. Standing right in front of his goal Fink got off a nice kick to midfield. A forward pass gained 10-yards for Everett as the first half-ended.

Dunnan Stars for Everett

Everett's first big break came just after the start of the second half, when Borden rushed in fast as Horne was attempting a pass and deflected the ball into Dunnan's hands, while the latter ran half the length of the field for Everett's first touchdown.

A short kick by Horne paved the way for Everett's second touchdown as it gave Everett the ball on the Red and Blue 25-yard line. Three attempts to gain were stopped by the Brookline defense, but on the last down a pass from Ott to Borden made 15-yards and a first down. On the next play Ott passed to Collins for the touchdown which tied the score.

To start the 3rd quarter Fink kicked the ball offside at the Everett 35-yard line. Lou Walek tackled Bleiler for a yard loss, and Everett kicked to midfield. Two long forwards by Horne were incomplete and B. H. S. was penalized 5-yards. Horne kicked to Everett's 20-yard line, and after Ott was twice stopped Brunke kicked back. Brookline players' inability to catch forwards cost them the game at this point, as Horne tossed two long and accurate passes which bounced right out of the arms of local players. An

(Continued on Page 4)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

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MOTHER'S TEA

(Continued from Page 2)

being one of the first institutions to place its government in the hands of the students. To belong to the Council Court or Marshal body is a great honor and requires, dignity, courtesy, and good scholastic standing.

To interrupt the inevitable monotony of a long list of speakers, the B. H. S. Campfire Girls gave an illustration of their Council Fire. Their colorful Indian costumes, together with their campfire songs to "Wohelo" made the scene very atmospheric.

Barbara Wallace then spoke about athletics. She enumerated the games offered at High School, and emphasized the importance of athletics, not only in developing physique, and sportsmanship, but also in putting one in line for the School Cup, presented to a Senior who has proved herself outstanding both in scholarship and athletics while at High School.

The Senior Social, four minute speaking, and prize speaking were the topics taken by Betty Jacobs in her speach. Poise and grace are received by participation in each of these activities.

The Scout troop of B. H. S. gave the Scout Code: Kindness, usefulness, obedience, honor, thrift, loyalty and truthfulness.

Gertrude Lakson, the last speaker explained meaning and requirements of the Honorary Society. To belong to this society is the greatest honor which the High School offers. Admittance to it is attained by prominence in scholarship and outside activities.

Miss Sawyer, Dean of Girls and general trouble healer, told the mothers what was expected of their daughters both at college and high school. She urged all the Freshmen to begin immediately the storing up of good character, originality, alertness, and refinement.

The party was then transfeed to the lunch room, where mothers met teachers and the senior advisers of their daughtes, and talked about the excellence of the afternoon's speaches.

The Domestic Science Club furnished excellent punch and cookies, and evidently, the cookies wern't the leaden Maggie Jiggs type (if "the proof of the pudding is in the eating") for they disappeared like "hot-cakes."

Baffled Heroes—The blaze was extinguished before any damage was done by the local fire department.

—Literary Digest

EVERETT FANS RUSH ON FIELD AS PAGLUCCIA RUNS 60 YARDS TO TOUCHDOWN

(Continued from Page 3)

exchange of kicks netted Everett a slight gain and Brookline's passes again failed to function. Horne kicked to Everett's 35-yard line. Pagluccia crashed through center for 5-yards. On the next play Pagluccia broke loose and gave a wonderful exhibition of brokenfield running through the entire Brookline team for a touchdown. The Everett fans rushed onto the field as their backfield star finished his 60-yard jaunt and swept him off his feet. Brookline desperately tried to stage an aerial rally in the closing minutes of the game, but Everett played defensively and kept off the Red and Blue threat until the final whistle blew.

The summary follows:

EVERETT	BROOKLINE
Bleiler, Davis, le.	re, A. Lewis
Brunke, lt.	rt., Redmond
Digby, Loveless, lg.	rg., Walsh
Helein, Green, c.	c., Hurley, Ford
Dunnay, Yaverow, Dellsola,rg.	lg., Ventura
La Court, rt.,	lt., Jerome
Borden, Coviello, Harper, re.	le., Wolek, Dexter
Harkins, Collins, qb.,	qb. Roberts
Pagluccia, lhb.	rhb., Robinson
Baldwin, rhb.	lhb., Hootstein, Horne
Ward, Ott, fb.	fb., Fink, Hootstein

Touchdowns made by: Dunnen, Collins, Pagluccia, Hootstein, Fink. Officials: McDonald, referee; Duffy, umphire; Murphy, head linesmen.

Time—four 10-minute periods.

Brookline Blanks Watertown

An alert Brookline team, quick to take advantage of the enemy's misplays, defeated a hard-fighting Watertown aggregation by 6 to 0, at Brookline Field on Columbus Day a week before. The home team, though not quite as impressive as in the opening game against Boston College High, gave evidence of having a scrappy line and a talented back-field which is going to give the other teams in the Suburban League plenty of trouble before the fall is over. Watertown put a team on the field of a much higher calibre than we had expected from her, and the Brookline eleven had to fight every second to gain the verdict. Defensive work by Fink, Ventura, and Wolek, was the feature from the Brookline stand-point.

Brookline won the toss and Roberts, our newly-chosen captain, elected to kick off. Redmond booted to Watertown's 20-yard line and the ball was run back 10-yards by Garland. Two line bucks netted only two yards and then Johnson made a very poor kick which went to about mid-field and then rolled off-side. Kink made 8-yards for Brookline on a wide end run, but a penalty and a five-yard loss nullified it. Fink got off a nice punt to Watertown's 20-yard line, when the receiver was dropped in his tracks. Watertown could not make any headway, and it was again necessary for them to kick. The boot was practically similar to the previous one, and again it rolled off-side at mid-field. On the first play by Brookline a rush was attempted by Hootstein through center. He fumbled and Watertown recovered. Watertown was not able to gain on her first two downs and on the third play the center got away a bad pass. Walsh and Wolek were in like a shot and Walsh took care of the Watertown full-back while Wolek pounced on the ball on the 35-yard line. From here, by good rushing by Robinson and a pass from Hootstein to Fink, Brookline reached the enemy's 20-yard line. Roberts signalled for a pass and a long floater from Hootstein to "Luke" Lewis, resulted in our first and only touchdown of the day. The try for the point by Roberts failed. Brookline kicked off again and Watertown soon punted back to mid-field as the quarter ended.

At the start of the second quarter Brookline could do nothing in her set of downs and Fink punted to the Watertown 25-yard line. Watertown soon punted to their own 40-yard line. Hootstein plowed through tackle for 3-yards and then Robinson made two beautiful center bucks of 10 and 15-yards respectively. After two passes and a line plunge had failed, Fink got off a nice kick to the Watertown 3-yard line, and before the Watertown quarter-back could take a step, Wolek was on top of him. Watertown was now in a tight place, but Johnson got off a good kick to the 35-yard line as the half ended. So far Brookline had been superior to Watertown and the game.

The Watertown coach must have given his athletes a splendid inspirational talk between the halves, for his team came out in the third quarter full of vigor, and after Brookline had had its chance for a touchdown and had failed, they practically swept us

(Continued on Page 5)

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BROOKLINE DEFEATS WATERTOWN 6 TO 0

off our feet with a splendid passing attack. To start the third quarter Brookline kicked off, and when Field of Watertown fumbled, Coutts, who had taken Redmond's place, recovered on the Watertown 20-yard line. For about five minutes Brookline's second team, for practically the whole first team, had been taken out, battled deep in Watertown's territory but could not seem to push the ball over. After Horn threw a long incompleted pass over the Watertown goal line, the ball was given to the visitors on their own 20-yard line, and then they started a steady march up the field, displaying a very versatile passing attack. At this point Coach Hines rushed the first team back-field men in the game again in an attempt to break up Watertown's passing game. As the third quarter ended a sure touchdown was saved when the Watertown left end got free after receiving a pass from Manteruto. He was stopped only by a flying tackle by Hootstein on the Brookline 20-yard line.

The fourth quarter was almost an exact replica of the third. Watertown was always threating and a touchdown was averted twice by just a hair's-breath, for twice a Watertown end got his hands on a pass when he was over the Brookline goal line, but each time he could not hold it. Toward the end of the quarter Watertown tired, and Roberts intercepted one of their many passes. The game ended before they had another chance to use their offence.

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TWO BROTHERS, BROOKLINE GRADUATES RECEIVE SCHOLARSHIP GIVEN IN MEMORY OF FATHER

Two brothers at Harvard hold the scholarships given in memory of their father who was killed in the World War, according to an announcement of the appointment of the holder of the 1902 World War Memorial Scholarship.

It is rare for the donors of a scholarship to see application made by exactly those students when the gift was intended to aid. Most scholarships are given, therefore, with an alternative list of students to whom the scholarship is open, if their choice students are not found. The hopes of the class of 1902 of Harvard College in establishing the World War Memorial Scholarship have so far expectations that they have now given a supplementary scholarship for the same purpose. In 1923 their original gift was made in memory of their classmates Andre Cheronnet Champallion, Edward Ball Cole, and Elbert Walker Shirk, the first two of whom were killed in the World War and the third who died in 1919. Last year Charles Henry Cole, who graduated from B. H. S. in 1926, received the Scholarship given in memory of his father, and this year his brother, Edward Ball Cole of the class of 1928 at B. H. S., will receive a supplementary scholarship from the class of 1902.

Charles Henry Cole is a sophomore at Harvard. The two young men are nephews of General Charles H. Cole., Democatic candidate for governor of Massachusetts.

The Harvard Club of Boston has added another scholarship to its list of gifts, and Eugene Edwin Record of Brookline is announced as the holder for this year of the sixth Harvard Club Scholarship. Record, who was graduated last June from B. H. S., is a member of the Freshman Class at Harvard and is on the Freshman Football team.

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It matters little whether you are starting out in life and are concerned with the choice of a vocation, or, having reached a certain point in your chosen work, you have stopped to rearrange your perspective and work towards a higher objective than seems to be in the course of your present line of advancement; the need of a definite goal is of paramount importance. Once adopted, the means of attaining success become more apparent, and the methods of procedure take on a more scientific certainty.

The maze of modern opportunities oftentimes tends to bewilder and confuse one about to start on the way to success in life. The choice of a career, the selection of a goal, is the act of laying the cornerstone of the successful life. The right beginning may mean much in obtaining the successful end. It is one of the most important problems with which everyone of us must deal. Working toward a predetermined goal will quicken the pace of your progress, it will lead you more directly to success.

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The Sagamore has been informed that there is a great deal of undiscovered talent in B. H. S. which is either too bashful or too modest to show itself. We feel this to be the time to bring out any latent ability, both for the good of the school and for good of the individual concerned. Moreover there are many ways of bringing improvement to the school. Once assured of these two facts we have decided to kill two birds with one stone. We will give any pupil who has the courage to express his views on paper an opportunity to show what is in him, and at the same time we will give the school the benefit of that constructive criticism which it would otherwise lose.

If you think that anything in the school is not being done correctly; if you know of any practical imporvement that can be made; put it down on paper, address it to the "Vox Populi" editor, and leave it in the Sag room. It is is legibly written, and shows a certain amount of brain power, it will be printed in the following issue. In this way it will be brought before the entire school. Should the matter receive favorable comment it will be brought to the attention of the Teacher-Student Council. You may be the promoter of a great progressive movement in the school, besides gaining the ability to express your ideas clearly and intelligently.

Don't be backward about coming forward. Write your thoughts, address the paper to the "Vox Populi" editor, and leave it in the Sag box. Be sure to sign it with your name and home room number. No anonymous contributions will be printed, although names will not be published if so desired.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV. NO. 3 BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 9, 1928 TEN CENTS

BROOKLINE DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 20-6

Rindge Game, 6-6, Forfeited Because of Player's Inelegibility

An alert Brookline team skidded and slipped through the mud on Tech Field last Saturday to hang up its first Suburban League victory, over Cambridge Latin by the score of twenty to six. Brookline's offensive at the start of the game promised to set up a record score, but after making three touchdowns in the first quarter, the Red and Blue was stopped for the rest of the game. Lally Robinson and Bernie Hootstein were Brookline's best ball carriers, and, as usual, Harry Fink's kicking was a feature of the Brookline play. Fink's kicks were made doubly effective by the fast covering of the Red and Blue ends who did not allow a substantial runback all afternoon. Lally Robinson, Brookline halfback, turned in the feature of the game when he ran 55 yards for Brookline's first touchdown, about two minutes after the opening kickoff. Two fumbles by Cambridge backs were recovered by Brookline and subsequently turned into touchdowns. Cambridge's touchdown came several plays after its line had blocked a Brookline kick.

Robinson Makes Touchdown

Redmond kicked off to Harlow who ran the ball to his 30-yard line. Cambridge was unable to gain and kicked to the B. H. S. 40-yard line. Robinson made five yards through center, and, on the next play, he dodged half the Cambridge team and galloped 55-yards for a touchdown. Fink plunged over for the extra point.

Cambridge ran back the kickoff 5-yards to her forty-yard line, and was finally forced to kick to Brookline's 20-yard line. In four plays Robinson and Hootstein advanced the ball 25-yards. Fink got off a beautiful spiral which the Latin quarterback fumbled on his ten-yard line. Luke Lewis recovered for Brookline. Fink plunged through for five yards and then Hootstein crashed through for the second touchdown of the period. Fink failed to rush the ball over for the extra point.

On the second play after the kickoff, a Cambridge back fumbled a lateral pass, and Teddy Ventura, who came in fast, fell on it. Two rushes netted fifteen-yards and Hootstein plunged over for Brookline's third and last touchdown. Robinson ran the total up to 20 by catching a pass from Fink over the goal line. Mr. Hines substituted his second team at this point and, as the quarter ended, the entire Cambridge line broke through and

(Continued on Page 3)

FRESHMEN HAVING MEDIOCRE SEASON

As this article is written, our Freshman have played two games of their regular season, and seem to be having the same luck that the varsity has received, having lost one game and tied one. The tie game occurred with the Belmont Freshmen at Belmont, and the contest had a little "Frank Merriwell act" in it that seems worth speaking about. "Nautsa" Nolan, a substitute Freshman end, had his chance in this game and he certainly took advantage of it.

It all happened on Belmont's 40-yard line where one of the Belmont backfield men fumbled. "Nautsa" was in like a flash, scooped up the ball, and was off on a jaunt of 40 yards and a touchdown. As Nolan finished the run, angry Belmont backs tackled him, and he broke his wrist in three places. However, he was over for Brookline's first and only score of the game. This touchdown enabled Brookline to secure a tie, the final score being 6 to 6.

The other game was with the Watertown third team, and was also played on the opponent's field. The whole Brookline team played well in this encounter, but the Watertown aggregation was too strong, and we were beaten 20 to 0.

Mr. Ball, as far as we are able to make out, has arranged only one other game for the season, this being with St. Thomas, Nov. 15. However, he is trying to schedule a game for next week, and if he succeeds, the class of 1932 will have two chances to redeem itself instead of one.

SOPHOMORES RECEIVE FRESHMEN IN FIRST SOCIAL EVENT OF SEASON

Exceptional Array of Talent on Stage

EL CIRCULO ESPAGNOL OPENS SEASON

In the first meeting of the Spanish Club, which took place last Friday, general plans for the year were discussed. A nominating committee, consisting of Florence Buxton, Marjorie Norwood, Ralph Shikes, and Beatrice Finn, was elected.

At present, a student of Junior or Senior Spanish automatically becomes a member of the club. A student of Sophomore Spanish who has attained a B by the end of the first quarter may also be a member. Formerly, a Freshman Spanish student, on achieving a B by the first half of the year, was admitted to membership, but it was found that if people were admitted who had studied the language for only a half-year, it was imposible to maintain a Spanish atmosphere.

The Sagamore regrets to announce that Louis Nash, a former mathematics teacher of the Brookline High School, died recently of pneumonia. We wish to tender our most heart felt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Free—Free to all Freshmen applying—one speech, one pantomime, two other peppy acts, one parody, a dance, and eats. In other words the Sophomores are giving the annual reception to the Freshmen class. Freshmen, here is your chance. Take it, for opportunity knocks but once. No other social will be in your honor alone, and therefore at no other social will you be able to feel so much at home.

No high and mighty Seniors, no lordly Juniors will be present to slam you or to dance with that good-looking boy or girl with whom you were just anticipating dancing. Just you and your Sophomore friends who will do everything in their power to give you a dandy time.

Winslow Robart, that curly headed class treasurer, will have a group of snappy-looking ushers there to escort you to your seats. Then you can sit back and be thankful you're not up there on that stage with Chester Litman, most worthy class president, delivering the welcoming address.

Then the real fun will begin. The curtain will go up and there will be a beautiful red-headed girl, namely Helene Dawson, ready to do a song and dance act. This will be followed by a pantomime, "And the Lamp went Out." Enough said except for the characters. The part of Evelyn Devere will be taken by Miriam Helpern and that of Ralph Grayson by Dorothea MacMillan. Audrey Price will be Mrs. Devere for the occasion, and Esther Sussman will impersonate Herbert Vanderslice. The parts of two very unusual stage hands

(Continued on Page 2)

ANDERSON TALKS ON TALENT AT SENIOR SOCIAL ASSEMBLY

The Assembly of October thirtieth was devoted to the Senior Social, the red letter occasion on Brookline's social calendar, to take place on December twenty-first. The committee in charge of the affair this year consists of Arthur Anderson, Chairman, Ted Hannon, Barbara Richardson, Dorothy Gay, and Isadore Paisner. Miss Hannon and Miss O'Brien are the faculty advisers.

Following Mr. Ackers' introduction, Chandler Hagen-Burger, Senior class president, spoke briefly about the very gratifying success of last year's Senior Social, and expressed the wish that this year's be even bigger and better.

Arthur Anderson, in pointing out the superiority of spontaneous talent over

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL 1928-29
Teacher-Student Council

Class Presidents		*Marshals*
Chandler Hagenberger	Senior	Edith Greenleaf
Francis Muldowney	Junior	Alvin Weinberg
Chester Litman	Sophomore	Alice Werner, Sec., Treas.
Herbert Jacobs	Freshman	Robert Hall

Capt. of Marshals—Edward Hannon

Dean of Girls—Miss Sawyer

Athletic Director—Mr. Hines

Teachers by Election

Mr. Packard, Chairman

Mr. Downing	Miss Bliss
Mr. Harbour	Miss Liden
Mr. Jewett	Miss Ricker

Court of Justice

Chief Justice—Joseph Donohue

Capt. of Marshals—Edward Hannon

Faculty Adviser—Miss Hannon

Class Representatives

Chandler Hagenberger	Senior	Jacquelyn Densten
Francis Muldowney	Junior	Eleanor Thomas
Chester Litman	Sophomore	Phyllis Green
Herbert Jacobs	Freshman	Franklin Fox

R Colyum

The favorite amusement of B. H. S. students before school seems to be watching Eddie Duane park his flivver. According to our statistics, the movements of Eddie during one week are as follows:

Monday: Tries to motor into new parking space by running over the enbankment. Nearly kills himself.

Tuesday: Narrowly misses collision with a Cadillac, while backing up.

Wednesday: Missing. Later found chewing the steering wheel.

Thursday: Cleans his Ford with his overcoat.

Friday: Gets new overcoat. Bumps into wall of new building.

* * *

Another amusement is watching certain students pedal around on the board track before 8:15. The crowd usually gathers, hoping to see someone tumble and spin on his ear.

* * *

We hear that various members of the football team are being nicknamed. They call Ted Ventura "Ramona."

* * *

According to Arthur Anderson, there's plenty of talent in the school for the coming social. The funniest things in life though, are those impromptu acts of extemporaneous humor that occur in classrooms every day.

* * *

The other day, Al Weinberg found a pigeon reclining on a fire escape. He was going to pick it up when he found it dead. He decided to refrain; a dead pigeon might bite.

* * *

Not long ago, we saw Mr. Jewett, during second recess with a large glass bowl devoid of all water. He seemed to be looking for something . . . goldfish perhaps.

* * *

Adv's:—Will the girl who takes art the last period, and who attracts Dave Barrie's mind from History, please see Mr. Kepner? We'd like to know who it is that makes all the boys in 320, last period, gaze steadily at the art room.

* * *

Someone should dub Stanly Lewenberg "The Milk Hound." He imbibes no less than three bottles a day.

* * *

A week ago last Monday, pupils in the vicinity of the 300's heard a baby walking about and yelling raucously. That infant must have been a very precocious child; anyway, he was certainly eager for knowledge.

* * *

We learned that Mr. Jewett had a wonderful time at the Hallowe'en party last Friday. According to reports received, he's quite a juggler of raisins.

* * *

Hugh Cave, '27, former Sagamore Short-Story writer, is rising in the world. At present, he is the poet and feature writer of the Boston Young Men's News. Hugh has had articles, illustrations and poems in a number of publications, among which are The Open Road and the Boston Globe.

SOPHOMORES ENTERTAIN FRESHMEN

(Continued from Page 1)

will be filled by two characters as yet unknown.

After that James Keary will favor you will a few popular songs. Do you know him, anybody? Can he sing? I thought so! Then a very clever parody on Julius Caesar will be given, with Winslow Robart as Caesar. The part of Cassius will be played by Wesley MacLeod, Lester Popkin will act as Casca, and Paul Deane will impersonate Trebonius.

After this there will be dancing in Shailer Hall. Donald Broadbent is chairman of this committee, and leave it to him to pick out a good orchestra. He has chosen Zakon's Music Masters. Sounds professional anyway!

The refreshments will be then taken care of by Florence Freedman and her committee.

Well, all this sounds pretty good to me. How about you? I wish I were a Freshman so I could go free, too, but if I were a Sophomore believe me, I'd be willing to pay a good bit for that afternoon's entertainment.

SENIOR SOCIAL ASSEMBLY

(Continued from Page 1)

professional ability, said that the day would come when the school would be like the good old "Nut Club" in New York, where every one has to be able to perform.

Miss Hannon announced that the tryouts will be held in the Auditorium, November 14 at two o'clock, and that the acts must be complete and in perfect form in order to be even considered. Scholastic standing, as was pointed out, is of the utmost importance, and any student who is not "up" will be dropped from the show.

In closing his part of the program, "Art." stated that last year's Social brought the class a profit of $600 with which they purchased a set of scenery for the school. The Social will commence at eight o'clock, opening with two hours of entertainment, and ending with two hours of dancing to the strains of the Crimson Ramblers. The tickets, soon to be on sale, will be priced at $.50, $.75, and $1.00; dancing $.25 extra.

A solemn conclusion to the Assembly was provided by Mr. Akers, who announced the sudden death of Mr. Nash, a former member of our faculty.

COLLEGE BOARD RESULTS

There seems to be a general rumor around school that a good number of our students who took the college board last spring failed to pass. This impression is quite false. In fact, Mr. Akers stated that the results were unusually good. Of those recommended to take the examinations, 95.7 per cent passed, and of those who took them with the consent of their teachers, 78.4 per cent passed. These percentages are a credit to the school and will compare very favorably with those of other schools.

HUGH CAVE '27 ADDED TO STAFF OF BOSTON Y. M. NEWS

The latest star reporter to be added to the staff of the Boston Young Men's News is Hugh B. Cave, writer and illustrater, class poet of '27 and former Sagamore short-story writer. He is the fifth of five young men, all of whom have marked newspaper ability, to join the staff of the paper, in addition to the reporters of certain clubs, who are proffering their services.

He has written verse, short-stories and feature articles which have appeared in several publications such as the Los Angeles Times, Providence Journal, Pawtucket Times and Open Road.

When Hugh was asked how he wrote, he replied: "Emotionally. On the things that cause a definite reaction to me."

The editor of the Forum says of one of his stories, "It is vivid, intense and well told."

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Who would have thought that our own innocent lunch room could be made to resemble the haunts of the Hallowe'en hobgoblins? No one, of course, nevertheless that is what the Junior members of the Girls' League transformed the lunch room into on Friday November the second. From the time the doors opened until the time the clean-up committee took charge, our place of mastication was one huge bubble of fun.

Many of the faculty were present, and Mr. Jewett proved himself to be "the life of the party." Much to his distress, Miss Poland turned out to be the hungriest in the race for the raisin on the string. However, his feelings were greatly pacified when he succeeded in fetching the penny up from a pan of flour.

Thanks to Mrs. Gordon and Mary Allen almost everyone was able to get a glimpse into the future. The party imparted great knowledge, as everyone now knows the description of her future husband, the college he is to be graduated from, and his business; but alas for those future old maids who blew out the orange candle. Even those who have sworn never to marry, tried these things. The crystal ball was another means of telling the future.

Possibly the greatest attraction of the afternoon was a clever pantomime put on in the room opposite the teachers' lunch room. The cast is as follows:

Kokobola—a Wizard ....Eleanor Thomas
Tamatoka the Fair ..... Marjorie Delle
Edward Mortimer—a Skeleton Freak, Helen Marden
Mumbo Jumbo—the Cannibal King, Nathelia Markau

Esther Graham read the lines in a very realistic manner. I'm sure we're all very anxious to find out what this "missionary meat" that was mentioned so many times tastes like. The cast is to be congratulated on its superb performance.

At four o'clock the party came to a close and everybody felt that the afternoon had been well-spent.

YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER

Ye Crier makes a belated appearance in this year's Literary Field (That's one for Miss Lewis.)

* * *

It is to be noticed that Art Anderson is Senior Social Chairman. For about the fourth year has Art been a "big help" in cases like this.

* * *

We don't need to remind you to come that night prepared to "make whoopie."

* * *

According to a recent assembly we understand there is talent in Brookline High!

* * *

Ye Brookline Mud Horses scored plenty touchdowns and swamped Cambridge Latin. Watch out, Newton!!

* * *

Ye Crier missed the first B. H. S. game in four years Saturday and saw the Hebron-Exeter struggle.

* * *

While there many old B. H. S. fellows greeted me. Bob Marshall (he of the flaming ties), Frank Neer (A near "Red" Record), Johnny White (famous for that smile), "Ollie" McTigue (one of our sea-horses and a scholarship man), Henry Lynch (our "Ira" Flagstead), Blaine Enyon (he of the flips and flops in the tank), Danny Rollins (our fleet football captain in '27)—all these and many others were eager for news of this ivy-covered institution.

* * *

Ye reale olde spirit of sympathy is extended to Miss Hannon, who besides having 6 periods of "voice" per day is now confronted with prize-speaking and the Senior Social.

* * *

Ande once again does ye noble studie of mathe call our heroe.

Hear Ye! Oyez! Hear Ye!

GIRLS' SPORTS

Archery

The Junior and Senior archers have chosen Barbara Hoffman to lead the blue team, and Martha Lewis to captain the red. There will be three team competitions held before letters are awarded. However if your name is on the list it does not mean that you receive your letter unless you are present each Tuesday. Remember that the attendance is very important.

Tennis

The class semi-finals have been played off, and the winners are to participate in the finals to determine the champions of the respective classes. If the weather continues to be as cold as it now is the finals may have to be either postponed or called off entirely. The winners of the Senior semi-finals were Frances Delaney and Eugenie Goullaud, the Juniors Betty Richey and Evelyn Abbey, and the Sophomores Pearl Levin and Janet Helman. For some reason the Freshman tournament has not been played off as yet, so that the winners are not known.

CAMBRIDGE SCORES IN THIRD QUARTER OF GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

blocked Horne's kick, W. White recovering for Latin. Robinson intercepted a pass on his 15-yard line and after an exchange of kicks which resulted badly for Brookline, and two penalties against the Red and Blue, Cambridge came into possession of the ball on the Brookline 20-yard line. McFadgen reeled off Latin's first 1st down of the game and K. White dodged through a broken field for Cambridge's six points. The two teams engaged in a kicking duel for the rest of the half, with neither team gaining much ground.

The first part of the third quarter was marked by Cambridge's steady advance toward the local's goal, with McFadgen and Harlow running wild through the Brookline second team. The first team was sent in just in time to check the Cambridge advance on the B. H. S. 15-yard line. An exchange of kicks left the situations unchanged. After Fink's gain of 12-yards was called back because of an offside, he kicked to midfield where Harlow again fumbled the wet, slippery ball and Wolek recovered for Brookline. Hootstein reeled off 10-yards as the period ended.

Fink kicked to the Cambridge 10-yard line as the last stanza opened. The fog was so dense that the players could hardly be distinguished by the spectators. Harlow cut off tackle for 8-yards and then, Cambridge kicked to midfield. Brookline was on the defensive now, and Fink kicked back after making a nice gain around right end. Cambridge made desperate attempts to start a rally by unleashing a passing attack. They couldn't penetrate the Red and Blue defense and the game ended with Brookline leading 20-6.

Brookline Ties Rindge Tech 6-6

Playing superb defensive football on the numerous occasions when Rindge threatened its goal, and repulsing every attack but one, the Brookline High team battled to a 6-6 tie with Rindge Technical High of Cambridge on Saturday, October 27, at the latter's field. Brookline was saved from defeat early in the first quarter when a Rindge touchdown was not allowed because of holding by one of their players. In the last half of the game, the Brown and White had the ball inside of the Brookline 15-yard line on three separate occasions and lost the ball on downs each time. Rindge's most effective offensive weapon was a well executed forward pass from Boyle to Burke, which scored their touchdown and made many substantial gains throughout the afternoon. Gilgun, a third member of the Cambridge backfield, ripped through the Brookline line for long gains, but was never able to get free across the goal line.

Robinson, Hootstein, and Fink did great work in the Red and Blue backfield, Fink's passing and kicking helping Brookline many times. Robinson was all over the field in the first half especially, and his brilliant work was a decided factor in Brookline's touchdown. Redmond's kicking-off left nothing to be desired and his work in the line, combined with that of Ventura and Ford, helped to keep Rindge from scoring more heavily.

Redmond kicked off for Brookline and Rindge began a steady march up the field. In three plays Gilgun made a first down and on the next one he caught a long pass for a gain of 30-yards. This placed the ball on the Brookline thirty-five yard line. Burke caught a forward pass in the end zone, but the touchdown was not allowed because a Rindge player was detected holding his opponent, and Rindge was penalized 15-yards. Phillips, fullback on the Cambridge Team, broke loose on the next play and made forty-yards around left end before he was stopped by Robinson's flying tackle. This run put Rindge in scoring position, but the Brookline line held for 3 downs and then Bellingham intercepted a Rindge pass and run to his 25-yard line before being tackled. Horne kicked to his 40-yard line. Again Rindge failed to gain in 3 plays, and again one of their forwards was intercepted, this time by Robinson. After a 15-yard penalty and an ineffectual lateral pass, Horne kicked offside on the Rindge 43-yard line. Gilgun made 30-yards in two rushes. Robinson and Redmond broke up the next play, but a rush from a fake kick formation gave Rindge a first down on the Red and Blue 8-yard line. Three rushes advanced the ball only to the five-yard line, and then Boyle tossed a short pass to Burke for the touchdown. Hootstein and Woodward replaced Bellingham and Home at this point.

Brookline again kicked off, but Rindge could not gain and punted to the Red and Blue 38-yard line where Roberts was downed in his tracks. A fifteen yard penalty gave Brookline a first down. Roberts and Robinson combined to give Brookline a first down. Robinson made 4 more yards, but then a pass and a line buck failed to gain. A beautiful forward from Harry Fink to Barrett Roberts gained 25-yards. Two line plunges gave Brookline a first down on the 1-yard line, and Robinson smashed through left guard for a touchdown. Robert's dropkick fell short.

After the kickoff play was confined to the middle of the field until the first-half ended.

Brookline's goal-line defense was sorely tested in the second half as Rindge continually threatened to score. Brookline received the kickoff, but was unable to gain, and Fink punted to Burke. Rindge made forty-yards in 3 plays, but was held for downs on the B. H. S. 10-yard line. Fink punted to midfield and Rindge had to come all the way back again. Two forwards from Boyle to Burke, one of 9-yards and one of twenty, and several line plunges by these same two players brought the ball to the Red and Blue 5-yard line this time, but again the Brookline team took the ball away on downs.

Fink's short kick bounced in the wrong direction and was finally downed on the Brookline 12-yard line. Boyle and Burke, Rindge's deadly pair, advanced the ball to the four yard line as the quarter ended. The minute rest put new fight into the tired Brooklineites and they again held for downs. Fink got off a nice spiral to his 40-yard line, and Rindge finally lost the ball on downs. A forward from Hootstein to Fink gained 40-yards for Brookline, but then their aerial attack was stopped dead.

Several plays later Hootstein gave Brookline an opportunity to score by intercepting a Rindge pass and running it back 20-yards to their 20-yard line, but a lateral pass lost 10-yards and Brookline was forced to give up the ball on downs. The play for the rest of the game seesawed between the two 40-yard lines with neither team making much headway.

ECONOMIC EDUCATION ASSEMBLY

Another assembly in the interests of economic education was held October 24th, when Mr. Daniel Sylvester, head of the Massachusetts Mutual Savings Banks, and an alumnus of Brookline High School, addressed the students.

Mr. Sylvester stressed the importance of the careful planning of one's income, no matter how small, so that a little may be set aside each week to be put into the bank.

He stated that all Nature instinctively saves and conserves for "hard times," but that it took generations to teach man the wisdom of saving his money.

Mr. Sylvester believes that the boys and girls nowadays are spending money just as fast as in the old days, but not as wisely. Money goes to buy inconsequential things—luxuries—when the income should be planned to include necessities, a sum for the bank, and *then* luxuries.

A money-saving system is being introduced into Brookline High School, and it is hoped that 100 percent of our students will become depositors.

ARE YOU AN I. W. W.?

Brookline High's first taste of Economic Education was received Tuesday, October 9 in the form of a lecture. Mr. Daniel Bloomfield, a member of the Retail Trade Board of the Chamber of Commerce was the speaker.

Mr. Bloomfield emphasized the importance of thrift in our lives. He attributed the success of men and women to their knowledge of how to utilize most thriftily their resources and how to prevent waste of time energy and finance. There are too many I. W. W.'s (Industrial Wastes of the World) in the United States, too many people who know not how to save.

One of the chief purposes of the Retail Trade Board is to create a more intellectual attitude on the part of the purchaser, because, if every person knows how to buy, there will be less waste and fraud in the world.

"To know the art of spending is to know the art of saving."

THE FRENCH CLUB ELECTIONS

The annual elections of "Le Cercle Français" have just been held with the following results: Alice Colby, President; Wilfred Bouvier, Vice-President; Dorothy Gay, Secretary; and Betty Richey, Treasurer. They are all students who have done extremely well in French.

The French Club has been one of the most successful and most interesting of the school organizations. The requirement for membership is an A or B in French.

There are usually about five or six meetings a year. The first one this year is to be held on the afternoon of November 20, at which a play will be presented.

Wallace Fowlie, former president of "Le Cercle Français" who has distinguished himself in French at Harvard, addressed the Senior French classes on today.

LIBRARY LINES

Interesting Articles in Magazines—

"Our Conquest of the Pacific."
Kingsford, Smith, and Ulm.
National Geographic—October.

In Popular Science Monthly for November:

'Are You Physically Fit to Fly?"—by L. H. Barer, W. D.

"Odd Equipment of Byrd's Men"—by E. W. Leak.

"What Good is Football, Anyway?"—by Edward J. O'Brien.

In Scholastic for October 6:

New Books

Hastings—Contemporary Essays
Schauffer—Arbor Day
Barker—The Young Man and Medicine; For those who plan to be doctors or who are planning their vocations.
Willoughby—Essentials of Electrical Work.
Stephenson—History of American Immigration.
Osgood—History of Industry.
Lowell —Selected Poems of Amy Lowell, edited by John L. Lowes.
Hamburg—Beginning to Fly; the book of model airplanes.
Fairchild—Immigrant Backgrounds.
Carter's Ink Co.—Little Known Boston; a collection of landmarks from drawings by Francis Hight.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ORGANIZATION

The two principal bodies of our student government are the Teacher-Student Council and the Court of Justice. The former is comprised of the four class presidents, a marshal from each class, the captain of marshals, the dean of girls, the headmaster of boys, the boys' athletic director, and six teachers. The members of the judicial body are a chief justice elected by the students, the captain of marshals, a faculty adviser, the four class presidents, and four other representatives from the staff of marshals.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXV NOVEMBER 9, 1928 NO. 3

IN VINDICATION OF B. H. S.

A week ago, when marks came out, the rumor started around school that nine of the best football players on our team were "down", and therefore ineligible to play during this month. This of course was a terrible blow and we all thought that our remaining games were to go into the records as ignoble defeats. Just about the time that our gloom was worst, the news came around that the ineligibles had by some remarkable means become eligible. This was wonderful news and our gloom immediately was wafted away. Some of us perhaps thought it was rather peculiar that our team was ruined one day, and again intact the next day; but most of us gave this latter idea no worry. Your writer, however, thought that something should be said and so, after various discussions, was closeted with Mr. Akers and Mr. Jewett for a few minutes with the result that you have this attempt to show the inaccuracy of the abovementioned rumors, instead of the intended scathing criticism.

The idea was abroad, that last month's marks were being averaged with this month's and thus, fellows who should have flunked, passed. That is perfectly true, but it is just exactly as is required by the rules of the State Association. The rules state that eligibility must be determined by a passing mark from the beginning of the school year up to the date of the game. As an example of the fact that Brookline is living up to the letter of the law, we know of several fellows who played in the Cambridge Latin game, who were previously ineligible because last year's marks did not present a satisfactory total. Again we have another fellow, who, when he discovered that he had not been eligible to play, reported this fact, even though it resulted in the loss of several much desired victories by forfeit.

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Inanimate material, in itself, is not wealth. Only when properly utilized by human beings does it become so.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

NIGHT WATCH

A play in one act
by Melvin Anshen

(The curtain rises upon a shallow set; it is the narrow alley upon which the stage door of the Embassy Theatre opens. The whole back wall is made of reddish black brick. There is a door at the left center back with the inscription "Stage Door", and above it two cryptic syllables "Keep Out." The scene is dimly lighted by two flickering lamps, one over the door, and the other adorning a street lamp pole at the lower right. The back wall is in shadow. At intervals during the action of the play the sound of klaxon horns is rather faintly heard from off right. For a short time after the curtain rises the stage is empty; then the stage door is pushed outward by a slow but determined movement. Keefer, the door tender, steps out, carrying a three-legged stool which he places at the right of the door against the wall. He takes a short walk down right, looks meditatively at the street lamp, then up in the sky, chuckling; this survey completed, he strolls back to his chair and sits down. Again rousing himself, he fishes a pipe from his pocket, sighing luxuriantly; once more settled, he lights his pipe and puffs happily. There is the sound of laughter from within. Then he is startled by the noise of footsteps off right.)

Keefer: Hullo. Hullo . . . Who's there? I say . . . Who's there? (An old man enters at the right, plodding towards Keefer. He is shabbily dressed, from what can be seen of him in the half dusk in which the stage is shrouded.)

The Old Man: Good evening. (He speaks in a soft cultured tone which does not harmonize with his general appearance.)

Keefer: The same to you.

The Old Man: Could you tell me the time? I . . . Seem to have mislaid my watch.

Keefer: Why certainly. It is (business of looking at watch) . . . a quarter to eleven. Rather late for you, isn't it? Old men are pretty safe targets for hold-up men.

The Old Man: Don't worry yourself, sir. What harm could be abroad on a night like this? That moon is so beautiful . . . a triumph in silver. But I'm wandering . . .. We were speaking of—

Keefer: Hold-ups.

The Old Man: Yes, we were. Well they won't. I'm pretty well-known around these places. At least—I was.

Keefer: How long ago was that? I've been here for quite a number of years and I can't say that I've—

The Old Man: Don't you know me? Haven't you ever seen me?

(Continued on Page 5)

THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER

by Josiah Lewis

Dear Ma,

I suppose you'd like to know why I'm a freshman again. Well, I can explain. It was all the school's fault though suppose you get a letter sayin' that it was my fault. Well ma, you mustn't believe all the things that you read. I would of been a Sophomore but the sub-master here, Mr. Jewett's his name is, said I was a Freshman. Well ma, it's bad policy to talk with a submaster especially when he has a sort of different opinion than you.

But I tried anyway. I went up to him to speak about my program card which didn't suit me. I figured that he would change it but I guess I figured wrong. I never met such a hard-boiled guy in all my life. He just stood there and looked at me from my head to my shoes and then back again until I began to feel funny along the spine. Then he coughs and roars at me. "Want to change? What for?!!!" By this time I was feelin' sort of weak so I just coughed and shook my head. "Me? I don't want to change, Mr. Jewett. What gave you that idea?" Then I ran out. Say ma, I never want to meet him again. He has a funny way of lookin' like he's right all the time. It's very disgustful.

Listen ma, I was carryin' a mesage around the school the other day and I happened to walk into a chemistry class where the teacher was telling the class that in one square inch of space, there was countless billions and billions of atoms. Well ma, you know I felt kinda sorry for that guy when he said that. I've heard whoppers but this one beat everything I ever listened to. I just looked sorry for him until he asked me if I was sick. But I just gave him a look and then beat a hasty retreat, as they say in the books. Everything would of gone off perfect too, if I hadn't stumbled on a stool and fell on my nut.

Then ma, they have a history teacher here which teaches American history. His name is Mr. Kepner. I was speaking to a couple of them and they tell me that a guy simply can't argue with Mr. Kepner. For instance a fellow gets up and says something different from what the teacher says. What's more, he backs up his statements with a history book. Mr. Kepner just keeps lookin' at the guy, sorrowful-like, and shakes his head mournfully. "Let's see that book you've got there," he says. The student holds out the book and the teacher looks at it. Then he looks at the pupil and barks: "Why don't you get an up-to-date book? That one you've got there is as old as the hills." Well ma, I'm askin' you. What can you do with a guy like that? Nothing!

(Continued on Page 5)

NIGHT WATCH

(Continued from Page 4)

Keefer: No. I don't think so . . . I'm sure I have not seen you before.

The Old Man: How long have you been here?

Keefer: Eleven—no, twelve years. Ever since the fire.

The Old Man: God. Twelve years. I remember the fire; but . . . I . . . never . . . It seems so short . . . and so long.

Keefer: You look tired. Here, sit down. (Gets up and offers the chair) No, don't mind about me. I'll sit right here on this ledge. It's rather comfortable to get out here o'nights, and smoke. Seems as though the world were rushing by, and we were standing still.

The Old Man: Yes.

Keefer: The autos pass over there, but it's quiet almost down the alley here. And when there isn't any play here, but just a rehearsal, as there is now, it's even stiller.

The Old Man: Yes. I was wondering . . . wasn't all the house burned down in the fire? I understood it was . . . and yet this part still looks the same . . . Same old banged-up light here. (Gestures over his head.)

Keefer: It was remodeled, but on the whole the company followed the plan of the old place in it's architecture, so that it is almost the same. Were you connected with the Embassy? You seem so well acquainted with it.

The Old Man: I was rather—closely connected with it. I . . . held a position . . . did you ever hear of John Alden?

Keefer: I believe . . . I did. Alden . . . John . . . I have it. Wasn't he a matinee idol before the war?

The Old Man: Yes. Before the war. Before this theatre burned. I tell you . . . I am John Alden.

Keefer: No. But—

The Old Man: You mean my age? How old do you think I am?

Keefer: Well, I should judge you were on the poor side of fifty.

The Old Man: Wrong.

Keefer: I can't be. Your appearance . . .

The Old Man: My appearance be hanged. I am forty-three. Do you hear that? Forty-three. And they told me I was too old. Twelve years ago. Why? I had lost my appeal. But they wouldn't tell me that. They were polite; those sleek cats. They advised a vacation, and when I came back there were no openings. I went from door to door, earning small pay in plays that couldn't last. I couldn't even get that at length. When you start to drop you drop fast. They had nothing for me. I had been the idol of Broadway; the toast of scarlet lips and flashing eyes; I had women beg to be seen in my company. Offer money for the privilege. (He rises and paces down stage, then back, but does not sit down.) I had a daughter; a beautiful, talented child, but I couldn't face her, or my wife. I left them both; left the city; and I haven't seen them since. I . . . (he breaks down, weeping with great, dry sobs. Keefer, in a spirit of great compassion, lets his hand slide across Alden's shoulder; it lingers, catches firm hold, clasping the old man firmly. Suddenly Alden throws off the protecting hand, gets up, and paces down right, standing in the shadow behind the lamp post. The stage door opens and a young girl comes out. She smiles at Keefer.)

Keefer: All through with the rehearsal, Miss Alden?

Miss Alden: Why yes. Just about. And I'm tired. It was a long session wasn't it?

Keefer: It surely was.

Miss Alden: And what have you been doing out here by your lonesome?

Keefer: I? . . . oh, counting the stars.

Miss Alden: And how many did you find there to be?

Keefer: I found one extra and I can't see where it fits in.

Miss Alden: But they all fit in somewhere. They were made that way.

Keefer: Are you sure? By the way, Miss Alden. Did you ever hear of your father after he disappeared?

Miss Alden: No. We never did . . . oh, why do you ask? You—know?

Keefer: I don't know a thing. (Suddenly noticing that Alden is slowly coming back.) It's late, my dear. It's better if you get home. These night rehearsals are bad for young beauty.

Miss Alden: Oh, not so bad that it won't be noticed. You men are so observant. (She laughs.) Good night.

Keefer: There's your car at the corner. Good night . . . and . . . good night. (Keefer comes back to his seat as The Old Man strolls up.)

The Old Man: Who was that girl?

Keefer: Did you enjoy your walk? The night air is gorgeous.

The Old Man: (He speaks in a terrible voice.) Who was that girl?

Keefer: What girl?

The Old Man: The girl . . . God, man, who was she?

Keefer: A member of the company. She has a very minor part. I told you they were having a rehearsal. She was on her way home. Why?

The Old Man: For the moment, she recalled to me a familiar figure. I fancied . . . never mind. It's of no importance.

Keefer: (Greatly relieved.) No.

The Old Man: I was just thinking of my daughter; she would be about twenty-two now I wonder what she is doing. It was in her blood to turn to the stage. I would rather think of her that way. It helps surprisingly.

Keefer: It must be rather comforting. In the blood, eh? (A buzzer rings inside.) Just a minute. (Goes in through Stage Door. Alden sits on the ledge, his head in his hands. For a moment there is silence. A policeman, flashing a bulls-eye lantern, comes on right. Seeing Alden, he walks over to him and shakes him)

Policeman: You can't be loafing around the Stage Door this way. Get up.

Alden: I'm not . . . .

Policeman: When the Captain sends me out, he says, "Clean up them back-alley loafers", and if you ain't a back-alley loafer I miss my guess. Come along. I guess the charge'll be vagrancy.

Alden: I tell you, officer, I am not loafing in this alley.

Policeman: No, of course not, you were counting the stars. Get along.

Alden: But—

Policeman: Vagrancy it is, and vagrancy it stands. (They go as far as the street lamp.) Hold a minute. I'll take a peek about here. (Alden stands facing offstage. The Policeman flashes his latern along the back wall. It strikes upon a theatrical poster saying, "Louise Alden, the phenomenal young star, in a drama of the soul entitled 'Night Watch.' The Policeman's lantern goes out. Alden has seen none of this; he is still staring off right into the night.) Not a thing there. At least nothing worth noticing. Only a poster advertising some fool show. (He pushes Alden off stage. Then whistling follows. The derisive toot of an automobile horn is heard.)

The Curtain Falls

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THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER

(Continued from Page 4)

Not a thing! So that's what them seniors do. They don't do anything, not even their homework.

It's a funny thing, ma, but every time two old Brookline students meet, they start to sigh over Mr. Kepner. Especially the girls. They just clasp their hands and sort of breathe: "Oh, he's so cynical, don't you think so?" And the fellow just says: "Yeah.'

Say ma, I been lookin' over the women at this here place. They ain't so bad. I was speakin' with a couple of them the other day. Say ma, do I look like Lindbergh? And listen, am I like Julius Ceasar used to be? Or do you think them girls was kiddin' me? I don't think so. They looked too dumb to kid anybody. Anyway, all women are fickle.

This thought sort of saddens me. But I decided to bear it like a martyr. I was doin' pretty well too; I managed to put a very martyrish look on my face when Miss Ricker told me to come back at one-thirty. She said I was makin' faces at her in class and when I tried to explain to her that I was lookin' like a martyr, she said I was a born fool. And Miss Ricker, ma, is another person that you just can't argue with.

Then, they have a new-fangled English period called voice culture, but so far, the only thing they've cultured is the diaphragm. I know a fellow what got a crick in his back only last week from practisin' his English. He said it was because his posture exercises didn't agree with his breathin' exercises when he tried to do them

(Continued on next page)

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THE FRESHMAN'S LETTER

(Continued from Page 5)

both to-gether. It seems that there was a slight mixup in his left lung.

Our football team got a tough break at the first suburban league game of the season. After makin' two touchdowns, they sort of weakened, so the other team made three. I nearly fell off the stand though, when our fellows ran the length of the field for our two scores. And say ma, whether we lost or won, I certainly get my money's worth. I never felt so many thrills in my life as I did then. But say, we only got started. Wait'll the team really gets goin'. Besides, the main idea is to lick Newton, and if our team isn't any better than Newton's I'm a four-eared liar, which I ain't.

Of course, ma, you may think that I'm not gettin' an education since I'm still a freshman, but don't fool yourself. Right now, I know how to ask for money in four different languages. My French teacher might not recognize what I wanted if I asked her for money in French, but then ma, you yourself never recognize me when I ask for money in English. But don't you worry about me gettin' out of this school. It's bound to happen sooner or later; they can't keep me here forever. Besides, ma, all big football heroes stay in school a long time. It's a habit that you can't break. Of course, I'm not a football hero yet or even on the team, but I got expectations.

Furthermore, when school started, I felt like a regular sophomore anyway. At least, I knew my way about school. Honest ma, it made me laugh to see them new guys. They didn't even know where they were. One fellow asked me where Room 420 was and I directed him to the basement. It seems though, that a teacher heard me and gave me detention. That teacher ain't got no sense of humor. But anyway ma, none of these teachers here have any senses of humor, so I don't see why I should pick on that particular teacher.

Well, I suppose you're votin' for Will Rogers. That's about the safest thing to do these days. If you tell a fellow you're votin' for Smith, he slams you in the face; if you say you're Hoover, someone knocks you in the back of the head and says he's for Smith. The way I look at it, I guess I'll vote for Will Rogers. He looks like he could make just as big a mess of the presidency as the other two candidates.

Your lovin' son,
J. Pluvis Knoggle

P.S. I'm broke. Send me some money.

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Vox Populi

This column has been the recipient of very interesting and pertinent letter. It comes from a graduate of the school who evidently has more spirit than many of the students, in that he is in constant atendance at the football games. He writes a criticism of the comment in the last issue of the Sag which complained of the independent cheering indulged in by a group of girls. He says in part:

"I only wish the rest of Brookline High School had half the wonderful school spirit these girls have. They attend every game, even going on the street-cars for out-of-town games. I should think you would be pleased to have such students go rather than the kind that just sit and look at something they do not understand and never open their mouths once unless to comment upon something entirely out of the present occupation.

"These spirited students cheer when the poor fellows on the field are fighting with their backs to the wall, which is more than the cheerleaders do."

Although the Sag in printing this comment wishes it to be understood that it is strictly impartial, this column is open for further debate. Surely there are two sides to the question. If you have any opinion at all, either favorable or adverse, put it on paper and leave it in the Sag Box. Do you think the cheering could be improved? How would you go about improving it? What suggestions can you offer? What opinions have you about any other school matter?

The prime object of this column is to serve as a clearing house for all school debate. It can only serve this purpose if it receives the support of an interested body of students. An institution grows only by constructive criticism. Do your bit.

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"Out of Babyland into here."
Why are your poor eyes so glassy green?
"T'is through the eyes the soul is seen."

Why do you dodge around the wall?
"For fear I'll meet a Senior tall."
How came you to us, freshie, dear?
In a go-cart—Ma brought me here."

Smelt Much Powder—We are not greatly concerned over the fact that American girls in 1927 spent three times as much for cosmetics as Uncle Sam did for his army. The girls won more battles than the army did.

Getting on the Band-wagon——"Women are superior in Tibet." Well, that makes it unanimous.

So Careless—
Lies of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us,
Letters that we ought to burn.

A Sad Story—
"You keep a waif from me."
"O Kay, I'll see you orphan' on."

"How long is it since you have been in a police court?"
"Twenty years, your worship."
"And where have you been since then?"
"In prison."

Hell, for garage mechanics, will be a land of abundant grease and no steering wheels to wipe it on.

OH!

He: "Now that we are married, perhaps I might venture to point out a few of your defects."

She: "Don't bother, dear; I'm quite aware of them. It was those defects that prevented me from getting a much better man than you.

Open Season

"Now, remember, my dears," said Mother Raccoon to her children, "you must always watch your step, because you have the skin that the college boys love to touch."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River." —Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 4 · BROOKLINE, MASS., NOVEMBER 28, 1928 · TEN CENTS

Annual Gridiron Battle on Holiday

Newton Team is Prepared for Battle

Invades Brookline Tomorrow

Norman E. Harris, '29

The Newton High School football team will dash out onto the greensward at Brookline, Thanksgiving Day, with seven veteran warriors who have previously faced the Wealthy Towners. These sturdy men will carry all the pep and confidence of the Newton backing right into the Brookline camp. Newton is undismayed at the forthcoming tilt and feels it has the power to produce the winning points. With players such as Captain Scheinfain, Gilligan, Andres, Payne, Harrington, and Robblee to bear the brunt of the attack, Newton fans have little to worry about.

Coach John L. Sullivan will have his entire squad on hand, unmarred by injuries. Captain Scheinfain will hold down left end with plenty of skill. Normie Payne on right end will offer a rugged figure to pass. The center of the line will be watched over by the alert Dan Harrington. Among the guards and tackles—players who will do the real fighting—we find Robblee, Annese, McEnaney, Siegener, Jack and Dick Gardner. Robblee's past experience will help greatly.

Joe Gilligan heads the backfield men who will carry the ball. Brookline bitterly remembers that drop kick of last year and Joe will be carefully watched. With Andres tackling hard and backing up the line, Brookline won't advance much. Pescosolido, with his speed, will prove troublesome to the ends. The sturdy frame of "Moors" Duane is capable of gaining yardage for Newton. Speedy Johnny Mullen and Frank Perry will contribute their fight and worry Brookline.

BROOKLINE FOOTBALL SQUAD

No.	Name	Position	Age	Weight	Height	Class
2.	T. Ventura	Guard	19	170	5 ft. 9 in.	'29
3.	M. Ford	Center	17	160	5 ft. 8 in.	'29
4.	H. Fink	Back	18	175	6 ft.	'29
5.	B. Hootstein	Back	15	165	5 ft. 10½ in.	'31
6	S. Robinson	Back	17	170	5 ft. 9 in.	'30
7.	J. Hurley	Center	19	172	6 ft.	'29
10.	E. Feinberg	Tackle	17	165	6 ft.	'29
11.	L. Walsh	Guard	17	143	5 ft. 11 in.	'29
12.	C. Jerome	Guard	17	170	6 ft.	'29
13.	A. Lewis	End	18	150	5 ft. 9 in.	'29
14.	H. Redmond	Tackle	19	153	5 ft. 11 in.	'29
15	C. Naylor	Center	16	172	5 ft. 11 in.	'31
16.	B. Roberts (Capt.)	Q. B.	17	150	5 ft. 8 in.	'29
44.	S. Wolek	End	16	153	5 ft. 7 in.	'31
23.	J. Horne	Back	16	172	5 ft. 11 in.	'31
45.	D. Blunt	Tackle	17	155	5 ft. 9½ in.	'30
19.	T. Kelley	Tackle	14	170	6 ft.	'31
20.	J. O'Brien	End	18	155	5 ft. 11 in.	'30
21.	M. Kaufman	Quarter Back	15	160	5 ft. 10½ in.	'31
17.	J. Kelley	Back	16	145	5 ft. 6 in.	'31
18.	J. Bellingham	Back	18	125	5 ft. 5 in.	'31
27.	E. Lewis	Back	17	135	5 ft. 5 in.	'30
28.	E. LeBowich	End	17	145	6 ft.	'29
29.	J. Coutts	Guard	18	160	5 ft. 11 in.	'29
30.	M. Roud	Center	16	173	5 ft. 8 in.	'31
31.	E. McEttrick	Back	16	150	5 ft. 9 in.	'31
35.	F. McCone	Back	17	145	5 ft. 9 in.	'30
36.	G. Racheotes	Tackle	17	165	5 ft. 11 in.	'31
37.	J. Woodward	Back	17	150	5 ft. 5 in.	'30
49.	P. Goldman	Guard	16	165	5 ft. 10½ in.	'31
54.	D. Wheeler	End	19	145	6 ft.	'30
55.	J. Taylor	Tackle	17	155	6 ft.	'30
57.	I. Canner	Center	15	139	5 ft. 9½ in.	'31
58.	J. Goldin	Guard	14	140	6 ft.	'31
59.	H. Levenson		16	135	5 ft. 7 in.	'31

NEWTON FOOTBALL SQUAD

No.	Name		Age	Wt.	Height
19.	Payne	Right End	18	165	6 ft.
27.	McEnaney	Right Tackle	18		5 ft. 10 in.
22.	Annese	Right Guard	18	149	5 ft. 8 in.
20.	Harrington	Center	17	155	5 ft. 10 in.
9.	Robblee	Left Guard	18	145	5 ft. 7 in.
13.	Siegener	Left Tackle	17	146	5 ft. 5 in.
17.	Scheinfain	Left End	19	140	5 ft. 6 in.
26.	Perry	Quarter Back	17	150	5 ft. 10 in.
4.	Duane	High Half	19	170	5 ft. 9 in.
15.	Giligan	Left Half	17	156	5 ft. 9in.
10.	Pescocolido	Forward			

Substitutes with their numbers: E. Reynolds, 8; T. Gardiner, 32; G. Farquhaar, 5; C. Chamberlain, 16; G. Mullen, 7; H. B. Bell, 18; F. Andres, 14; F. Ham, 21.

Red and Blue Leads Newton in League

Dope Picks Brookline To Win

Brookline High and Newton High, keen but friendly sports rivals for years, meet at Brookline Field on Thanksgiving Day morning for their annual Suburban League gridiron battle, play starting at ten o'clock. The game shapes up as one of the leading schoolboy contests of the holiday as it will bring together two aggressive and alert teams in an objective battle for each. It will be the thirty-second in

(Courtesy of the Brookline Chronicle)

Captain Barrett Roberts

(Photo by Roud)

the series of gridiron meetings of the rivals, which now stands at ten victories for Brookline and eighteen wins for Newton and three ties with the locals having captured two of the last three games.

Brookline has the better record for the season and tops Newton in the Suburban League competition with two wins, a tie, and one defeat, to one win and three defeats. The comparative scores give the Red and Blue sufficient advantage over the Orange and Black to send thm into the game a favorite and they should emerge a winner if

(Continued on Page 2)

Songs, Cheers and Score Card on Page Seven

Take The Sag To The Game with You

Brookline in Battling Trim

Team in Fine Shape and "Rarin" to Go

(Continued from Page 1)

the contest is decided on the brand of football played rather than breaks. It is sure to be a stubbornly fought game, however, for the rivals are always at their best in this annual clash and despite the poor showing to date the visitors will be a worthy foe that will force the locals to keep hoeing a top speed.

Following his policy of previous campaigns, Coach Tom Hines has brought his charges along gradually in pointing for the big game and the team has shown marked improvement from week to week. It is now a well-drilled and smooth working outfit of the aggressive and alert type equipped with a clever passing and a powerful running attack combined into a well conceived and slashing offensive and a formidable defensive. The team has had only light workouts this week and will have no scrimmaging during the remaining days. Except for minor bruises here and there all the boys are in fine shape for the battle and "rarin to go" and it will be a fighting team that will take the field, determined to give a good account of itself and square accounts for the defeat of a year ago.

Brookline will take the field with Captain Roberts at quarter and Fink, Hootstein, and Robinson in the backfield with Lewis and Wolek on the wings, Feinberg and Redmond at tackles, Ventura and Walsh at guards, and either Hurley or Ford in center. Taken as a whole this is a clever and versatile outfit and in many respects one of the best teams representing the local school on the gridiron in recent years. In Captain Roberts the Red and Blue has a keen and brainy pilot, also a driving carrier and sure receiver of passes and a dependable safety man. Hootstein and Robinson are a pair of fast, hard running backs and once they get under way it takes a good tackler or two to bring them down. Hoostein has a faculty of always being around when a ball is bounding about loose, or is thrown off mark, and his speed enables him to get away when he picks up a fumble or intercepts a pass. He has scored several touchdowns in this manner, and all of them have been instrumental in winning games. Fink is a great performing fullback, who can always be depended upon to pick up a few needed yards on a line buck. He is also a fine kicker and remarkable passer.

The Red and Blue line has plenty of power backed up by unlimited grit and has stood out on both the offensive and defensive. The veteran Ventura is a tower of strength and his guard play has demonstrated that he is a mighty clever forward and a good all-scholastic prospect. Walsh is a veritable dynamo who not only opens up for the backs but turns back thrusts at his sector with gratifying regularity and he can be depended upon to take care of the other guard berth. Redmond and Feinberg are a pair of above-the-average tackles who get into every play and have attracted attention for their work on both the line and down the field. Lewis and Wolek are capable and smart ends, cleaning out for the carriers and covering kicks and passes cleverly and breaking up plays and getting the carrier pretty consistently. Ford and Hurley are clever pivots and pluggers on both the offensive and defensive and each gives the line needed midway strength.

For backfield replacements there are Horne, a capable understudy for Fink as a carrier, a better-than-average kicker, and an outstanding bearer of forwards; also Woodward, E. Lewis, Kelley, and Bellingham, a quartette that has performed well under fire and can fill in acceptably; Jerome, Cloutts, Blunt, Kelley, and Naylor give the team sturdy line reserves; while O'Brien and Lebowitz are extra wingmen of ability. Many of these second stringers are sure to see service and all are likely to get into the play.

(Courtesy of Brookline Chronicle)

VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row: Left to right—Lewis, re Redmond, rt; Walsh, rg; Hurley, c; Ventura, lg; Feinberg, lt; Wolek, le.

Back Row: Left to right—Jerome, t; Ford, c; Robinson, rhb; Captain Roberts, qb; Fink, fb; Hootstein, lhb; Horne, b.

(Photo by "Red" Roud)

TABULAR HISTORY OF BROOKLINE-NEWTON GAMES

1894	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1895	BROOKLINE	22	NEWTON	0
1899	BROOKLINE	11	NEWTON	6
1900	NEWTON	15	BROOKLINE	6
1901	NEWTON	5	BROOKLINE	0
1902	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1903	NEWTON	18	BROOKLINE	0
1904	NEWTON	16	BROOKLINE	5
1905	BROOKLINE	5	NEWTON	0
1906	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	0
1907	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	6
1908	NEWTON	4	BROOKLINE	0
1909	NEWTON	6	BROOKLINE	0
1910	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1911	NEWTON	3	BROOKLINE	0
1912	BROOKLINE	10	NEWTON	0
1913	NEWTON	21	BROOKLINE	0
1914	NEWTON	33	BROOKLINE	0
1915	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	6
1916	BROOKLINE	16	NEWTON	7
1917	NEWTON	44	BROOKLINE	0
1918	NEWTON	39	BROOKLINE	7
1919	NEWTON	34	BROOKLINE	0
1920	NEWTON	13	BROOKLINE	0
1921	NEWTON	12	BROOKLINE	0
1922	BROOKLINE	0	NEWTON	0
1923	NEWTON	16	BROOKLINE	13
1924	BROOKLINE	0	NEWTON	0
1925	BROOKLINE	6	NEWTON	0
1926	BROOKLINE	9	NEWTON	0
1927	NEWTON	3	BROOKLINE	0

Newton, 18 Wins — Brookline, 10 wins

Tie Games, 3

COACH HINES
Seasoned Moulder of Brookline FOOTBALL TEAMS

ASST. COACH FITZGERALD
Who, in his first year is ably assisting Coach Hines

Newton Uncertain of Result

BROOKLINE'S SEASON RECORD

Brookline	14	B. C. High	0
Brookline	6	Watertown	0
Everett	18	Brookline	12
Rindge	6	Brookline (forfeit)	6
Brookline	20	Camb. Latin	0
Brookline	13	Somerville	6
Lynn Classical	36	Brookline	6
		Totals	
Brookline	77	Opponents	66

MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB FORMED

The Brookline Model Airplane Club, a newly formed organization, had as its first official guest and speaker Lou Gordon, famous transatlantic flyer, who spoke on aviation in general and told the Club about the D. H. Wodward airport in New York, where he has his business. The club is now open for membership to a limited number of boys over fourteen years of age who are interested in aviation. Meetings are held every second and fourth Tuesday evening of the month at seven-thirty o'clock in the Parish Rooms of the Brookline New Church on High Street. The object of the club is to interest boys in aviation and its technique. The officers are: presi. Norman LeGacy; vice-president, Sydney Dobbs; secretary Philip Renta; treasurer, William Wooding; senior adviser, Rev. John Daboll.

EXCHANGES

A Kiss Defined.

"A kiss is a peculiar proposition of no use to one yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing. The young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. It is the baby's right, the lover's privilege, and the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl it means faith, to a married woman, hope; and an old maid—charity."

From "Ye Oracle"

A column in "Red and Black"

NEWTON CHEERS

Newton — Newton — Newton	Newton
Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah-Rah	Rah-Rah
TEAM TEAM TEAM	Sheinfein

BROOKLINE HIGH LOSES AT LYNN BUT SPOILS CLASSICAL'S RECORD

Red and Blue Replacements Unable to Cope With Big Green after Regulars Show Well

A stubborn and gallant Brookline High football team was overwhelmed by the powerful Lynn Classical gridiron machine by the score of 38 to 6 in a contest in the Lynn Stadium last Saturday afternoon. Although defeated the Red and Blue covered itself with glory by holding the big green outfit to a respectable score and made a record itself by being the first opponent to score on the home aggregation this season which was a feat worthy of note.

The locals showed plenty of fight and spirit in carrying on against great odds. In the early part of the game the regulars gave the opposition plenty of trouble and held them to two scores, but the replacements which Coach Hines sent in to save the first stringers were unable to cope with home boys in the second half and they piled up twenty points without much trouble. Brookline spoiled Classical's record in the final period when Captain Roberts crossed the Green goal line after completing a beautiful 45-yard pass by Horne. As a whole the team played well under the circumstances with Fink, Robinson, and Horne starring in the backfield.

BROOKLINE KNOCKS SOMERVILLE FROM SUBURBAN LEAGUE LEAD

An inspired and plucky Brookline High eleven upset all predictions and turned in probably the biggest upset of the Suburban League football season by defeating the league—leading Somerville High team at Dilboy Field in Somerville on the holiday by the score of 13 to 6. This defeat pushed Somerville back into a tie for first place with Everett, and Brookline now has a chance of figuring in a three-cornered deadlock, for if both Somerville and Everett lose on Thanksgiving morning while Brookline comes through with a victory, the teams will finish the season with the same number of points.

This contest was easily the most exciting one that the Brookline fans have seen this year, and all those who made the trip to Somerville were amply repaid. The linesmen showed us that without any doubt the team representing us this year is one of the best that has ever upheld the colors of Brookline High. As usual the team was fighting every minute, and although the two touchdowns that we scored weren't the result of long marches, fumbles by the Somerville backfield men being indirectly responsible for both scores, nevertheless, the team showed that it is able to capitalize an error

(Continued on Page 5)

NEWTON FOOTBALL SONG

Newton! Newton! Newton
High wins today!
Newton! Newton! Newton
High, our Team is in fray!
When the sons of Newton
break thru the line,
Our shouts will rend the
sky
Newton! Newton wins today!
Newton High!

PROBABLE STARTING LINE-UP

	No.	Position
Wolek	44	l.e.
Feinberg	10	l.t.
Ventura	2	l.g.
Hurley	7	c.
Walsh	11	r.g.
Redmond	14	r.t.
A. Lewis	13	r.e.
Roberts (Capt.)	16	q.b.
Hootstein	5	l.h.b.
Robinson	6	r.h.b.
Fink	4	f.b.

SUBURBAN LEAGUE STANDING

	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Somerville	3	1	0	6
Everett	3	1	0	6
BROOKLINE	2	2	0	4
Rindge	2	2	0	4
Newton	1	3	0	2
Camb. Lat.	1	3	0	2

NEWTON STARTING LINE-UP

Payne	19	r.e.
Mc Enaney	27	r.t.
Annese	22	r.g.
Harrington	20	c.
Robblee	9	l.g.
Seigener	13	l.t.
Scheinfain	17	l.e
Perry	26	q.
Duane	4	r.h
Gilligan	15	l.h.
Pescossolido	10	f.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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ECONOMIC EDUCATION

The Way to Wealth

Wealth is a relative thing. Many with large incomes are never satisfied, have difficulty in making ends meet, and some even find themselves in bankruptcy. Others with small incomes live in comfort and contentment, and die with an estate.

Management does it, and "Where there's a will, there's a way."

In America, the door of opportunity to enjoy wealth lies open to everyone who formulates early in life a common sense plan, and uses his will power to carry it out.

The accumulation of money is the first step, the foundation and background of real wealth, the means to an end. Its possession frees the individual from fear of want and worry, gives a sense of power, and inspires confidence in self and others. Once acquired one can more easily accumulate real wealth, without which life can never reach its fullest development.

Work is the basis of all wealth and paves the way for leisure; leisure—to read and assimilate the literature of the ages, to associate in spirit and in truth with the greatest and noblest, to draw upon the treasury of the best thought of the best minds of all time; leisure—to play, to enjoy the beauties of Nature, to get re-creation in the great out-of-doors; leisure—to listen to music, "the universal language", to come under the spell of its charm, its refreshment, its uplifting influence; leisure—to travel, to know the world's people, to cultivate their friendship and get understanding of their problems; leisure—to lend a helping hand in service. This is the real wealth that truly enriches and makes life worth living.

Little by little, day by day, we can be storing up both kinds of wealth—the material in terms of money, and the spiritual which "neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal." By choosing the greater values, when the choice is ours, we are accumulating both kinds of wealth.

The Test of Achievement lies ahead. Are you going to be able to "pass the Test"?

BUSINESS NO PLACE FOR THE UNSKILLED

Industry has grown so enormously that the rule-of-thumb methods no longer apply to it. The administration for a business is now a highly specialized field; it tends to become a profession.

It is necessary as never before, for all engaged in business to understand the modern spirit. This is a period of rapid developing scientific business. We must all conform to it—conform or perish.

We have scientific management, a science of marketing; a highly scientific development of salesmanship; advertising is a highly scientific specialty. Systemized research in every phase of business is retiring the unskilled "business" man where he will do no harm. Revolutionary changes in machinery of distribution challenge the attention of every man in industry. There is the vast developments of chain store systems; there are enormous mail-order firms; scores of developments just as important could be mentioned. They are the outgrowth of business engineering, which has given an impetus to the invention of new business machinery.

USE THE SAG BOX

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

DIARY OF THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

by Josiah Lewis

Nov. 23—Things are getting rather uncomfortable around the farm. The proprietor is looking at me with an approving glance and smug eye as if anticipating a fat price for my carcass. This is most discouraging. I remember that it was approximately a year ago when an acquaintance of mine was suddenly taken from our midst to adorn the table and the plate of some gourmand.

This afternoon, the owner fed me a little more than usual, patting my head affectionately during the process. I gobbled to show my good will and did a few stunts such as flapping my wings. But he seemed very solicitous for my health; apparently, he was unwilling for me to suffer an injury by straining a tendon. This, I consider, is another bad sign.

There is no gossip about the place except that a couple of new turkeys have been imported. There was one in particular that I noticed; you could see that she was a thoroughbred by the way she carried her beak and the manner in which she swaggered about the yard.

Nov. 24—The thought that I may soon leave this fair creature saddens me. For leave her, I'm positive I must. We had a visitor today who seemed to have come with the avowed object of purchasing me for a thanksgiving dinner. It appears that the gentleman comes from Brookline and that he wants me to satisfy his sons' hunger.

"You see," he explained to the farmer, "it's the day of the Newton game and Brookline expects to win. We must have a good turkey to celebrate."

Whereupon to my deep chagrin, the man designated me.

"How much?" he asked.

The owner named a price which certainly did credit to my upbringing. It is indeed flattering to know one's intrinsic value; mine was assuredly high. Of course, I will not say that the farmer "gypped" the buyer; still, were I the man, I undoubtedly would not pay so much for a measly turkey.

Nov. 25—I left the farm this morning. After being pushed into a smelly train, I looked about me to survey the motley crowd in the straw-covered compartment. I will say that I considered myself the best turkey there, conceited as it may sound. There were a few silly, bewildered ducks and a couple of chickens, whom I purposely snubbed. But they merely clucked a couple of times and let it go at that.

The cursed ride made me sick; I wobbled considerably on locating my feet on firm ground. A boy met me at the station and took me to my home. During the drive to my new residence, the lad looked at me so longingly that I became nervous, and experienced chill tremors up and down my tail.

They placed me in a back yard where there was a dog house in which resided a ferocious terrier. Having nothing else to do, I explored. Finding nothing, I went to sleep. An exceedingly tiresome day.

Nov. 26—Had a fight with the terrier today. The battle was won, of course, by myself. The dog hadn't a chance after I pecked him in the nose a few times. He was so startled, that he jumped, nearly upsetting the lady of the house as she came out of the back door with a basin of hot water. Some of the water spilled and scalded the terrier. A hilarious sight; I nearly expired from joy.

I had a difficult time falling asleep; I kept thinking of the farm. Especially, the picture of that proud, imported turkey rose before me; it was a hard thing to forget her. She gobbled so beautifully, in such a deep, rotund voice.

Nov. 27—I met Pluvis today. Pluvis is the youngest boy in the family. He is a freshman at Brookline. I would not call him an optimistic chap, that is, from my point of view. In fact, he was alarming and quite pessimistic concerning my immediate future. He came out and looked at me and rubbed his hands and said: "Boy oh boy, won't you look nice up there on the table! I'll certainly enjoy eating you!"

"Maybe," I gobbled, "but so help me, I hope you choke over my wish bone."

But he didn't understand me.

Nov. 28—Here it is Wednesday. The outlook is dark; I guess my days are drawing to a close. I heard the family talking about me; they were discussing the latitude and longitude of my proportions. The freshman wanted to know if I would be enough for a good dinner. His father though, quieted him.

"Don't you worry, Pluvis! There'll be plenty. And if Brookline wins the Newton game, I'll give you a double portion."

All I can say is that while this may be satisfactory to Pluvis, it does not please me. I lose whether Newton or Brookline wins or not.

Nov. 29—The head of the family came out of the house, today, holding a vicious-looking axe in his hands. He approached me but I warily circled about in a hopeless attemp to maneuvre out of reach. But I tired him out anyway. He sat down on the grass, breathing heavily and held out his hand to me in a coaxing way.

"Good turkey," he muttered. "I won't hurt you."

(Continued on Page 9)

BROOKLINE DEFEATS SOMERVILLE

(Continued from Page 3)

by the opposing team. As usual Wolek, Ventura, and Lewis were outstanding in the Brookline line, although everyone did yeoman work. The whole backfield played wonderfully and can't be given too much credit.

Brookline won the toss and Redmond kicked off. Somerville immediately put everything they had into the game, but they couldn't gain through our line. An exchange of punts resulted, and then Somerville started a steady march towards our goal line which finally culminated when Hootstein intercepted a pass on the 8-yard line. Brookline immediately kicked back and Somerville again with her powerful rusher started up the field. On four line plays she reached the Brookline 20-yard mark. However, on the next rush there was an entirely different result. Murphy, Somerville's star left half-back, fumbled, and Hootstein, right on his job, scooped it up. Led by Captain Roberts as his interference, he romped 80-yards for the first touchdown and the most sensational play of the game. An attempted pass from Fink to Robinson failed to gain the extra point. Redmond again kicked off and the period soon ended with the ball in Brookline's possession on their 30-yard line.

A few minutes after the start of the second period Somerville scored their only touchdown of the game. Robinson intercepted a pass soon after Fink kicked the ball out of Brookline's territory. Fink kicked again, and again. Somerville attempted a forward. Again Robinson intercepted it, but this time he fumbled and Somerville recovered From here Somerville put the ball over in three plays, the touchdown being made on a lateral pass similar to the one that Harvard uses. A pass by Graham was incomplete for the extra point. The rest of the half the teams battled around mid-field.

To start the second half, Somerville kicked off. Brookline soon returned the compliment and from then on an exact replica of the last part of the Second period took place, the teams battling around mid-field nearly the whole quarter. Only once did Somerville have any real chance for a touchdown, that being near the beginning of the quarter when she brought the ball down to the Brookline 18-yard line. Brookline was on the defensive practically the whole time during this part of the game.

From the start of the last period Brookline slowly but steadily worked her way up into Somerville territory. The turning point of the game came when a Somerville man fumbled on his 30-yard line and Jerome recovered. Robinson gained six yards on two rushes and then threw a direct pass over the center of the line to Roberts, who plunged over for the winning touchdown. Roberts made the extra point by a drop kick. For the rest of the game Brookline was on the defensive and prevented Somerville from making much yardage by knocking down her attempted passes.

BROOKLINE	SOMERVILLE
Wolek (Hurley), l.e.	Hays, l.e.
Feinberg, l.t.	Bourroughs, l.t.
Ventura, l.g.	Corcoran, l.g.
Hurley (Ford), c.	Dresser, c.
Walsh (Jerome), r.g.	Stevenson, r.g.
Redmond, r.t.	Casey, r.t.
Lewis, r.e.	Rondina (Murley), r.e.
Roberts (Kelley), q.b.	(Sullivan) (Fannon), q.b.
Hootstein, l.h.b.	Murphy, l.h.b.
Robinson (Horne) r.h.b.	Graham, r.h.b.
Fink, f.b.	Peterson (Martins) fb.

Referee, S. White. Umpire, H. Fahey. Linesman, T. Donahue.

Time four 10-minute periods.

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL

The second monthly meeting of the Teacher-Student council was held in Mr. Packard's room, 33A, on Wednesday, November 14.

The new honor study hall system was discussed and it was decided that the printing department of the high school should publish the pledges to be signed by the pupils intending to use the study rooms.

A committee consisting of Francis Muldowney, Chester Litman, Alice Werner, and Alvin Weinberg was appointed to visit neighboring schools to view different systems.

LIBRARY STAFF GIVES TEA

The chairman of the Library Staff for the year is Anna Martin, with Evelyn Pinkerton as treasurer.

The Library Staff gave a very charming tea to the teachers on November 14. Cakes, cookies, olives, peanuts, and tea were served. Because of a very cheerful fire blazing in the fireplace, the library presented an exceedingly cheerful appearance.

On entering, each teacher had the name of a book pinned to his back. He was not allowed to remove it until he had gussed the name of the book from the hints he was given. Mr. Jewett and Mr. Hines respectively were graced with the appelations of the "Beloved Vagabond" and the "Marble Faun." Mr. Roman was a "Sweet young maiden disappointed in love," but not at all depressed by that, he aided greatly in the consumption of olives, ably assisted by Mr. Eldridge.

Those in charge of the party were: Anna Martin, hostess; Beatrice Stone, Invitations and Decorations; Rebecca Brodsky, Preparations; Margaret Holt, Entertainment; Evelyn Pinkerton, Serving, assisted by Evelyn Abbey, Mary Allen, Josephine Capron, Hannah Cauman, Elizabeth Fahey, Ethel Feinsilver Josephine Geohegen, Natalie King, Dorothea Leng, Lillian Levine, Evelyn Landers, Mary McGrail, Josephine Melican, Leona Moss, Irma Pendleton, Pauline Pierce, Helen Reimer, Peggy Swartout, and Ruth Metnick.

The tragedy of the flea is that he knows for a certainty that all his children will go to the dogs.

R Colyum

We hear that during the recent elections Warren Lothrop went around with his car, collecting miscellaneous Republicans to vote. That's one way to gather votes.

* * *

And speaking of elections, listen to this one. Someone asked Joe Melhado what an electron was. "An electron?" inquired Melhado. "How simple. It's one of them fellows what sit in the Electoral College."

* * *

The other day, we saw Janice Levy trying to fill a beaker full of water by putting it to a fountain. She spilled much of the fluid during the process; next thing you know, Janice will attempt to water the fountain itself.

* * *

Anyone see the pictures outside of the art room? They certainly look like what they're supposed to represent!

* * *

During the rehearsals of the recent Sophomore play, we peeped into the auditorium and saw some sophomoric gentlemen skipping about in B. V. D.'s. Some state of affairs!

* * *

Anyway, the leading man looked better in his underwear than he would in a bathing suit. And speaking of such delicacies, Dave Barrie wishes to announce that he has officially donned his spring underclothing.

* * *

The Old Hokum: This year's Sophomore-Freshman reception was the best ever held at B. H. S.

* * *

We have a new Al Jolson in our midst. The way this boy James Carey sings "Sonny Boy" is nobody's business.

* * *

When Fred Glover wants a main dish, he calls for some "sop." When he wishes soup, he demands for some "slop." This is what we call revolutionizing the English language.

* * *

At the assembly two weeks ago, we got a terrible shock. When the students were asked to sing the Star Spangled Banner, they rose and lifted their voices and . . . oh miracle of miracles! . . . everyone appeared to know the words.

* * *

We hear that Al Dane and Sid Limberger got kicked out of the Soph reception. They wandered into the dancing disguised as a couple of Freshmen, but they looked too simple for that species so they were shooed out.

* * *

When "Red" Miller opened an ink bottle in Mr. Kepner's class, the ink spattered out and covered his face to a great extent. "Red" looked as if he had been done in water colors; the red of his hair contrasted well with the black of his face.

* * *

When Dr. Barker spoke at a recent assembly, he stated that he was not a doctor but a traveling salesman. Whereupon, we heard somebody ask in a whisper why he didn't tell a few jokes.

* * *

Ralph Shikes wants to know why the "British shipped shome veshels on the Mishishippi." He didn't look drunk when he said this but you never can tell.

AEROGRAMS

The Brookline Aero Club is still flying high in aviation circles. On November 7, a meeting was held, at which Daniel Duggan, expert parachute jumper was the guest of honor. He told of the reaction on one's body during a jump. He brought his lecture to a close with the demonstration of a 'chute. Lt. Mills of Selfridge Field, Detroit, and H. M. Murlock, Honorary Member, were among the other guests. During the course of the meeting, the installation of an air marker was discussed. It was decided that it would be set up during the Thanksgiving vacation.

During a recent talk with Amelia Earhart, trans-Atlantic flier, the President was asked to carry a congratututory message to the student body of Brookline High School for its splendid support of aeronautics.

From December 1, 1928 to January 1, 1929 a Membership Drive Campaign will be carried on by the members of the club. The goal is 150 members, and the present membership is 95. Come to the next meeting and sign up, or come to the Club Headquarters in Room B-6.

Watch for the aviation feature at the Newton game. The writer doesn't know what it is but will have his eyes open.

On November 23, Visitor's night was observed. Over 150 people attended, including members of the faculty, students, and Honorary Members. A contingent from the Boy Scouts was on hand. After a short business meeting, the feature of the evening came. Captain Harry Lyon, navigator of the trans-Pacific monoplane Southern Cross spoke on "The Flight of the Southern Cross." Captain Lyon is, without doubt the greatest navigator the aeronautical world has even seen. He also told of his future plans, which include a non-stop to Bermuda from Boston, and a round-trip trans-Atlantic flight from Boston to Paris. Lyon was accorded a wonderful reception by those present, and was conferred an Honorary Member degree in the Aero Club.

One of our Senior boys, Donald Blunt, is paving a path for literary fame. In a contest conducted last year by "Current Literature", an English weekly with which most of us are acquainted, he submitted an essay "The Smell of Books." Just recently the prizes were awarded and our budding author was awarded five dollars for Honorable Mention. Good luck Donald! and may this be a stepping stone to success.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS NEWTON IN FIELD HOCKEY

Demonstration of Folk Dancing Next Tuesday

Tennis

As yet only the Junior and Sophomore tennis finals have been played off. Betty Richey is the victor of the Junior class tournament, and Rosalind Badaracco carried away the honors for the Sophomore class.

Archery

Junior and senior archery is to continue as long as the weather permits. The two teams are making a wonderful showing as you can guess from the looks of the punctured target.

Hockey

The girl's hockey team has done excellent work thus far, having lost only one game. On October 25th our team played Waltham at Brookline, resulting in the score of three to one our favor. Betty Richey scored all of our tallies. Then on November first, Betty Richey and Jackie Densten made the goals against Needham, making the score two to two. Brookline was to play Winchester at Winchester on November eighth, but the game was postponed because of rain. This makes it impossible for the game to be played off at all. In the last game, Wellesley defeated Brookline three to two. Again Betty Richey scored our goals. The last game to be played this season is to be with Newton at Newton on November twenty-second.

On November the twenty-second the Brookline Girls' Hockey team went to Newton to play the last game of the season. This game resulted in the score of five to four in Brookline's favor, Betty Richey scoring all of Brookline's goals. This makes us confident that Brookline is able to defeat Newton at any sport. Watch tomorrow's game!

The first two teams are listed below:

First Team

Edith Greenleaf, Elizabeth Myers, Right Wing.
Betty Greenleaf, Jackie Densten, Right Inner.
Betty Richey, Center Forward.
Ruth Myers, Left Inner.
Helen Collier, Left Wing.
Rosalind Badaracco, Right Half.
Gladys Norris, Center Half.
Marion Myers, Left Half.
Mary Niland, Right Full.
Mary McGrail, Left Full.
Peggy Malone, Goal.

Second Team

Darline Thurber, Right Wing.
Ruth Tannen, Right Inner.
Marion Stanford, Agnes Larkin, Center Forward.
Helen Cooper, Left Inner.
Peggy Morrison, Left Wing.
Sophie Freyberg, Alice Werner, Right Half.
Alice Dawson, Centre Half.
Mary Galvin, Left Half.
Ann Delano, Right Full.
Lola Johnson, Left Full.
Goal, Margaret French.

ART CLUB TEA

The regular meeting of the Art Club took the form of a tea for the members, their mothers, and the teachers. The party was graced by the presence of Dr. Barker, Mr. Akers, and Mr. Jewett.

Refreshments were served and as it was the birthday of one of our faculty, Mr. Roman, he was presented with a cake. (No, there was only one candle—to grow on.) The party was adjourned at 3 o'clock so that the guests might hear Dr. Barker speak in the Auditorium. The proverbial good time was had by all.

On Thursday, Nov. 15, the teachers of the art department tendered a birthday party to one of their number, Miss Parker.

THE GIRLS' AERO CLUB

Under the guidance of Mr. Packard, the Girls' Aero Club is progressing rapidly. With Eleanor Pike as President; Mary Crowley, Vice-President; Rosalind Badaracco. Secretary-Treasurer, and Ethel Feiaselves, Librarian, the organization promises to become an institution of the school.

The membership enrollment has been limited to a group of girls who bid fair to be the best representatives of the Club.

Much interesting work has been planned. Arthur Horn and Mr. Downing of the Brookline Aero Club have already spoken to the group. Some of the girls have gone up in a plane, and, one or two have spoken at the meetings. There will be moving pictures at some of the meetings, and if possible some flyers will speak to the club.

The membership drive opens again in February.

Miss Rice has also helped the club to find its footing, and with her helps the Girls' Aero Club, by the end of June, will have a settled, well planned and well-run organization.

Dancing and Indoor Sports

On December the fourth, which is the first Tuesday after Thanksgiving a demonstration of English Country Dance is to take place in the small gymnasium at 2:15 P.M. This is sponsored by the English Folk Dance Society of Boston, the president of which is Mrs. James J. Storrow, Mrs. Hobbs. a very charming English lady, is in charge.

With this starts the regular winter dancing class. All the girls interested are invited to attend. Come prepared with sneakers so that you may learn the dances taught by Mrs. Hobbs after the demonstration.

The indoor schedule which begins the Monday after Thanksgiving includes Gym team, Pin Guard, Outing Club, Swimming, possibly Basketball, and dancing of all kinds.

DR. CHARLES BARKER

Dr. Charles Barker of Grand Rapids, Michigan, added sixteen hundred appreciative students to his previous audiences of two and a half million high school boys and girls when he addressed the B. H. S. body on Tuesday, November 13.

His suggestions on "How to Make a Success in Life" were, perhaps the most beneficial that Brookline High has ever received in the form of an address. And, very likely, the success and force of his speech lay in the fact that he had such a remarkable recollection of what he thought of life and school when a boy of sixteen, and of Garfield's wonderful speech which he heard as a high school lad. For it is just what Garfield said to him that he, in turn, told us:

The three things that made for success in life are: a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart. Even the weakest, frailest person may have a "strong arm"—for it means, simply, energy, vitality, and health. Even the poorest student may have a "clear head"—for it requires only concentration and persistence in work. Even the weakest scholar may have a "brave heart"—because it stands for the determination and will to do the right thing. These are the constituents of success. These are the three greatest things one can receive from an education, for, as Thomas Hurley said, "The chief purpose of education is to train the mind and the will to do the work you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not."

Dr. Barker said that he had come to us, not as a lecture, but as a traveling salesman—a traveling salesman selling us the three necessary qualities for success. And we all agree that Dr. Barker is about the ablest traveling salesman that we have ever met.

THE SPANISH CLUB NEWS

The officers of the Spanish Club were elected on Tuesday, November 13. The club is fortunate in having for its president, Ruth Douglas. Miss Douglas, a past-graduate, has lived in Spain for 13 years, and therefore speaks the Spanish language fluently. Harry Fink '29 is Vice-President, and Florence Buxton '29 will undoubtedly successfully fulfill the position of Secretary-Treasurer.

At a later date the newly elected officers, who are the official heads of the Executive Board, chose the following members to fulfill the positions on the board.

Beatrice Finn is the chairman of the Entertainment Committee; Morton Goldstein, chairman of the Refreshment Committee; and Janice Levy, Chairman of the Hospitality Committee.

There is still a vacancy on the board which will be occupied after the first quarter by a Sophomore.

Plans are being made for the opening meeting which will take place early in December.

PRIZE SPEAKING

"Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, lend me your ears." Another year has passed and again the annual Prize Speaking try-outs have taken place. Over seventy-five ambitious orators came out to display their talents. Of these, twenty seven qualified for the eliminations on January 4. From this group will be elected those for the finals on January 14. Those who qualified are: Alva Allen, Lawrence Cohen, Edward Dooskin, Herbert Finn, Robert Levi, Marshall Levin, Milton Levy, Milton Milkelson, Robert Mcleod, Isadore Paisner, Philip Renta, Bert Richards, Paul Rutledge, Ralph Shikes, Joseph Wersberg, Hester Blatt, Esther Burgen, Frances Delaney, Miriam Hurwitz, Betty Jacobs, Dorothea Lakson, Anne Martin, Cecil McCreary, Jane Miller, Carola Naysmyth, Eleanor Sachs and Geraldine Stearns.

It should be noted that with the addition of the new subject: "Voice", to the school curriculum, the Juniors and Seniors can attain some valuable information which should serve as a foundation for taking part in Prize Speaking. Formerly those who qualified for the finals went to great expense to hire people to train them in the art of declamation. But this year there will be no need of that, and the training will be given in school under the able direction of Miss Hannon, who has charge of both Prize Speaking and "Voice."

NEW MARSHALS INSTALLED AT ASSEMBLY

On Thursday, August 22, an assembly was carried for the whole student body, devoted to the interests of the Teacher-Student-Council and the installation of the new marshals. Mr. Packard, as president of the Teacher-Student-Council, was chairman.

He introduced, Chandler Hagen-Berger, president of the Senior class and member of the Council, who spoke about the responsibility of the Senior Class. Alvin Weinberg, who was chosen to go on a tour of inspection of neighboring high schools as a representative of the Junior class, told us about the school system of Dedham. Alvin, incidentally, seemed to be a little worried about "Voice" and his diaphragm. Chester Litman, president of the Sophomore class, emphasized the value of honor study rooms, and urged every earnest pupil to sign up for one. Francis Muldowney, president of the Junior class and also one of those who went on the visiting tour, talked about Newton High School. Ted Hannon, told of the B. H. S. Traffic System, said a word about the marshals. The features of the afternoon were the speeches of Red Record and Sam Brown, old alumni of B. H. S. who had come back to Brookline for a certain purpose! Why? To get a ticket for the Newton game, of course!!!

Football Songs and Cheers

HIT THE LINE

We'll hit the line for Brookline
For Brookline wins today
And we'll show the sons of Newton
That the red and blue holds sway.
Rush down the field again
Victory or die
And we'll cheer the good old team then
Till the last white line goes by.
Rah-Rah-Rah!

MAKE A TOUCHDOWN

Make a touchdown, Brookline High
Make a touchdown Brookline High,
This is our win year,
And we want one here
We want one, we want one,
They will weaken before your might
When you show up your clever fight,
This is our win year and we want one here,
Make a touchdown, Brookline High.

REGULAR CHEER

Brookline, Brookline, Brookline
rah, rah, rah
rah, rah, rah
Team, team, team

LOCOMOTIVE

B—R—O—O—K—L—I—N—E
B-R-O-O-K-L-I-N-E
B-r-o-o-k-l-i-n-e
TEAM—TEAM—TEAM

WHISTLE! STAMP! CLAP!
——YEH!——
BROOKLINE! LET'S GO!

B. H.—B. H.

B. H.—B. H. RAH RAH
B. H.—B. H. RAH RAH
HOORAH! HOORAH!
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL
RAH! RAH! RAH!
TEAM — TEAM — TEAM

SCORE

Quarter	1	2	3	4	Total
Newton					
Brookline					

SUMMARY OF THE MORE IMPORTANT PENALTIES

1. Offside—5 yards.
2. Offside, both sides—No penalty.
3. Illegal use of hands and arms by offense—15 yards.
4. Holding, etc., by defensive side—5 yards.
5. Interference with fair catch, etc.—15 yards.
6. Interference with opponents before ball is put in play—5 yards.
7. Taking out more time than four times during a half, eac.—5 yards.
8. Roughing kicker—15 yards.
9. Running into kicker—5 yards.
10. Substitute communicating before first play—15 yards.
11. Substitute failing to report—5 yards.
12. Unnecessary roughness, etc.—15 yards.
13. Delaying game—5 yards.
14. Interference on forward pass by defense—Loss of Ball.
15. Interference on forward pass by offense—15 yards.
16. Starting forward before ball—5 yards.
17. Pushing, pulling, interlocked interference, etc.—15 yards.
18. Forward passing, intentional throwing to ground—15 yards.
19. Fair catch, taking more than two steps after catch—5 yards.
20. Leaving field during one-minute intermission—15 yards.
21. Many going on field without permission 15 yards.
22. More than one man going on field—15 yards.
23. Illegal return to game—Half distance to goal and disqualification.
24. Slugging—Half distance to goal and disqualification.
25. Attempt to draw opponents offside—5 yards.
26. Coaching from sidelines — 15 yards.
27. Crawling—5 yards.
28. Delaying in starting game on second half—25 yards.
29. Feint to snap ball—5 yards.
30. Hurdling—15 yards.
31. Kicking loose ball—Loss of Ball.
32. Loss of "down" for one of various reasons—(See Rule Book).
33. Neutral Zone, encroachment on—5 yards.
34. Player out of bounds—5 yards.
35. Tripping—15 yards.
36. Unfair play—5 yards.
37. Unsportsmanlike conduct — 15 yards.
38. Clipping from behind—25 yards.
39. Foul by defense on try for point—Points awarded.

SENIOR COMMITTEES CHOSEN

After much deliberation, the Senior committees have finally been chosen by Chandler Hagen-Burger and the faculty. Following the the various heads and members of the different committees. Those chosen to produce the best Year Book that has ever been given to the school are as follows:—Arthur Stern, Chairman, John Drum, Beatrice Finn, Josiah Lewis, Ruth Tannen, Mary P. McGrail, Melvin Anshen, Gertrude Lakson, Betty Jacobs, Eleanor Umscheid, Ralph Shikes, Doris Smallman, Geraldine Sterns, Paul Benckes, Miss Taft and Mr. Taylor, Faculty Advisers.

Those selected to put across the Senior Social and Senior Dance are as follows: Senior Social—Arthur Anderson, Chairman, Isadore Paisner, Barbara Richardson, Dorothy Gay, Edward Hannon, and Miss Hannon as faculty adviser. The Senior Dance—Dave Barrie, Chairman, Robert Levi, Marjorie Norwood, James Eadie, Eugenie Goullaud, Miss Ricker, Faculty Adviser.

Those on the Class Day Committee are:—Barret Roberts, Chairman, Edith Greenleaf, Marguerite Stein, Janice Levy, George Mason, Eleanor Goodspeed, Edward Feinberg, Margaret Swartout, Eleanor Roach, Mr. Jewett, Faculty Adviser. Ring and Pin Committee:—Estelle Friedman, Chairman, Agnes Alm, Warren Lothrop, Albert Hatch, Thomas Connely, Mary Finan, Mr. Jewett, Faculty Adviser. Picture Committee: Jacquelyn Denston, Chairman, Betty Gustafson, Elliott Hurwitz, Barbara Loggie, Charles Record, Richard Cavanaugh, Mr. Taylor, Faculty Adviser. Gift Committee:—Alice Colby, Chairman, Betty Brigham, Harold Small, Farnics Hall, Alvin Dexter, Mrs. Nasmyth, Faculty Adviser.

ALUMNI NOTES

Good attendance is a great asset in the business world. Miss Leona Clapp of the class of 1926 has now an important position in the New England Telephone and Telegraph Co. She is the private secretary to the head of the engineering department. Her success was due not only to her ability as a secretary but also to her wonderful school attendance record.

During her four years at B. H. S. she was absent only twice, both times because of unavoidable circumstances. At Miss Gibb's school she maintained a perfect record during her two years there. Miss Clapp is a holder of a certificate from the Remington Typewriting Co., also one from the Gregg firm.

The Misses Josephine Smith and Dorothy Sanborn, both of '28, are at Katharine Gibbs'.

Honored by Phi Beta Kappa

Miss Sylvia Clark '25, has been elected to the Phi Beta Kappa intercollegiate scholarship society, Iota Chapter of Radcliffe College.

Miss Clark was also made an Ann Radcliffe Scholar. This distinction was received by Miss Clark in 1927.

Among the Freshman receiving War Memorial Scholarships at Princeton this year is Richard Simmers, prominent in the Class of '28.

Marvin Chandler '27 and Henry Greenleaf '28 are rooming together at Dartmouth.

"Dan" Rollins '28 and Stephen Sleeper are sharing the same room at Exeter.

Others at the same school are Wendell Hastings '31, Russell Hastings '30, and Frank Neer '30.

Among those entering Harvard are Roger Gleason '27, "Red" Record '28 and Henry Myerson '27.

YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
Beat Ye Newtowne!

Ye Ear-to-the Ground Department reports that Newton's line may be likened to the A and P stores. They won't change!

* * *

As for that our line is all Scotch. They won't give!!

* * *

Newtowne and Fair Harvard both have a Gilligan but we know one that won't "Gidde-yup" on Thanksgiving.

* * *

Ye Crier doubts not that after that great 45-yd. pass against Lynn.—Johnny Horne will be sure to horn in against Newtowne.

* * *

Aside from ye noble pastime of foot-balle—Why is Dot Gay's sub-conscious mind so effected in History?

* * *

Also in History on the day that ye Notebook is due—there are many absent. We wonder why? Couldst explain?

* * *

It is a wonder that the genial Mr. Kepner doesn't lose all patience when he receives a notebook tied together by rope!

* * *

If ye happen to wal'k along the corridor past 320 any day during the 4th period and hear loud laughter—don't worry—that's only Senior History la trying to keep up with the snappy repartee between Mr. Kepner and Miller.

* * *

Ye Crier noticed Mr. Woodlock with an armed body guard of 10 men coming to school this morning—He had his little black bag also—But then it's just before the big game.

* * *

Ask Mr. Hines if he ever beat Mr. Woodlock bowling?

* * *

Mr. Ball of the gym department is starting a Detention Club of his own—and the way he slaps on three or four hours is wicked!

* * *

Ye Crier suspected Miss Sawyer to be hatching up some heinous crime—and it only turned out to be Honor Study Rooms.

* * *

We sure are trusted here! (That is, some of us are.)

* * *

Some of the girls in the Senior Social are trying to borrow sailor trousers from their boy friends—We wonder why.

* * *

Not only that—but WHY??

* * *

Every body seems to plan on making big whoopie at the game.

* * *

We know of one bunch that is going to go to Newtowne and paint that slow towne Red and Blue.

Not only all this but if you never do it again cheer—CHEER —CHEER.

* * *

Ye Sag will not pay for any broken tonsils after the game.

* * *

But save me a piece of the goal-post.

* * *

Beat Newtowne.
Hear Ye!
HearYe!

WHEN IN DOUBT

CHEER

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

The Domestic Science Club, organized the latter part of October, held its first meeting for the election of officers:

President—Betty Gustafson. Vice-President—Natalie Fisher. Secretary—Betty Wode. Treasurer—Hilda Mathison.

The members at present are expected to be in good standing in their studies, attaining at least a C, although in the near future this standard may be raised to a B.

A BIT OF INTEREST

While walking down the corridor by room 317 this morning your reporter noticed a group of boys looking at the pictures hung in the alcove there. The pictures are those of the World-war heroes of Brookline High School who gave their lives in that great struggle. I became interested, and noticing Miss Spaulding regarding them with a smile, I suspected she knew something about them.

I soon found that she was the instigator of the idea of having that alcove devoted to the memory of our heroes. She said she was pleasantly surprised to see the number of boys and girls who stopped and showed interest in them. She also said that she was willing to wager that not more than ten boys or girls had even seen them before, when they were hanging in the library.

We hope everyone will stop and look at these pictures and give a word of thanks to Miss Spaulding for this novel idea. To our knowledge we are the first High School to have a what shall we call it?—well, a Memory Corner will serve until a better name is thought of.

It is something to be proud of and we warn you to watch for future developments there.

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

Your reporter is convinced that the members of the faculty know secrets—that they have "gone places and done things." It is his duty to ferret them out one by one, and report to you their adventures beyond the sacred precincts of B. H. S.

Mr. Hollingworth, who has traveled extensively, studied, and taught abroad, will give you an account of the life of the European high school student.

"The life of a boy of high school age in France is not so different from that of a boy of the same age in the United States. Except for the different customs, some of which I shall relate below, one would consider that each has similar ambitions, recreations, and habits."

"The foreign student is to my way of thinking, a little more purposeful than the average American. The reason for this, is the keener competition for positions and the small number of them available, comparatively, to those in this country.

The American student, has the knowledge that even if he left school, he probably could make a living. The foreign student, if he quits his studies, has not much to look forward to beyond his class, and his future, outside of manual labor, probably would not be encouraging.

"In the Fall the most loved game of the French and Belgian student is Association Football. Some of the students of this school may be familiar with this game which is similar to English rugby. Local schools play one another; each town has its Association; and although the school plays most of the games on Saturday, the town teams play on Sunday before large crowds. As much enthusiasm is produced by this game in France, Belgium, and Germany as football produces here.

Among other recreations of the French student are band-playing, for each student seems to more or less musical training.

La Crosse, field-hockey, etc. School spirit is very good and compares favorably with our own.

"If one expects to find the color and customs abroad that one finds here in public schools, he would be mistaken. No student drives to school in his own car. One might get an idea of this by imagining each high-school student in a standardized frock, with no apparent individuality of dress; School periodicals are lacking. In government owned schools, such as the Ecole Normale, the students find it difficult, even, to procure newspapers. Last, but not at all the least, libraries are not convenient, and the book supply is small."

"Anybody want to change?"

Now that you've turned this around, we'll tell you—the editor had to use up space.

DIARY OF A TURKEY

(Continued from Page 4)

"You're another," I gobbled.

"Nice turkey", he crooned. "Let me pat your head!"

"Beat it simp!" I snickered. "I'm nobody's fool." But at that minute, he treacherously sprang for me and grabbed me by the neck.

I hate to tell what happened. He butchered me in cold blood, took me to the kitchen and presented me to his wife. She took me and, I blush to relate it, boldly ripped every feather I ever had from my body. What a state for a respectable turkey to be in. I thanked heavens that the imported one could not see my ignominy.

She stuffed me and placed me in a heated oven. The temperature was certainly high; I nearly suffocated.

The next thing I knew, I was on the dinning room table, glistening in state, on the top of a huge pan. Around me were ravenous creatures of all sizes, ranging from Pluvis to the sire. Pluvis was jubilantly talking.

"Hey pa, dont forget that double share you promised me."

"How'd the game come out?" demanded his mother.

"We won. By the time our team got through with Newton, there wasn't enough of Newton to put through the hole in a doughnut." Pluvis turned and licked his chops. "Hey pa, don't forget that double share."

I will vouch for the fact that the double share was not forgotten. But that is all I will assert for I cannot remember anything more. "Pa" already had a pronged fork sticking into my back and he was lifting the cruel-bladed carving knife.

ARMISTICE ASSEMBLY

The singing of our beautiful national anthem on Friday, November 9 opened a very patriotic assembly the subject of which was the tenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice between the United States and Germany. Our friend, Lt. Conneely, spoke to us for a third time, giving a brief resume of the World War. He opened his talk with a humorous and clear definition of the word armistice. He proceeded to relate the origin of that terrible conflict and the manner in which the United States was drawn into it. The army had comparatively no equipment and our boys were not prepared never having known any martial training. But in spite of these hindrances, it was the pluck and spirit of these Yankees which made possible such wonderful victories as the battle of St. Mihiel, the seizure of the Argonne and the advance to Sedan. The "pep" and initiative of the Americans, which was lacking to the French and English, soon caused the signing of the Armistice, November 11, 1918.

Lt. Conneely urged everyone to observe carefully two minute silence at eleven o'clock on Sunday, November 11, in memory of the departed.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

Paroles Françaises, Cueillies dans les Discorirs et Ecrets de M. Raymond Poincaré.

Ne croyons pas notre tache terminée. Le travail d'hier ne dispense pas du travail d'aujourd'hui. Le travail d'aujourd'hui ne nous dispensera pas du travail de demain. L'avenir sera ce que nous le ferons, ce que vous le ferez après nous. Un peuple qui s'endort ne se réveille plus. —Les Annales

Les poilus ont sauvé la vie de la France. Faisons que, dans la concorde nationale, cette vie soit plus active, plus féconde et plus prospère que jamais. La France a trouvé des soldats. Il faut aujourd'hui qu'elle trouve des citoyens. —Les Annales

A l'automne

Accepte joie ou deuil d'un coeur sage et viril
Qu'après le clair matin le pale soir n'étonne:
Il n'est rien de plus beau qu'une fleur en avril.
Sinon la feuille d'or qui tombe au vent d'automne.

Fernand Gregh

—Vous venez en classe sans porte-plume, que diriez-vous d'un soldat sans fusil?—Je dirais que c'est un officier.

—Mademoiselle, vous avez une bête derrière vous,—Oh; pardon monsieur, je ne vous avais pas vu.

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LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

The first monthly meeting of the Le Cercle Francais was held in room B-4 on Tuesday, November 20. The newly-elected president, Mlle Alice Colby opened the meeting. She welcomed the new members and remarked that, in the club, there is an abundance of Freshmen, but a noticeable lack of Seniors. She then introduced the secretary of the Cercle, Dorothy Gay, who, in place of the absent treasurer, read the report of finances. Some of the pupils of Miss Henry's class sang some French songs and accompanied them with actions. This was followed by a short play in French. It was a delightful little farce "Rosalie", mainly concerning the lack of intelligence of maids in general. The parts were spendidly portrayed by Edward Sondheim, Hester Blatt and Helen Finnerty.

Refreshments were then served in the lunch room.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

The date of the Christmas meeting of the Girls' League has been changed from the seventh of December to the fourteenth. The program is in charge of the Home-room Committee, of which Eleanor Goodspeed is chairman. She will be assisted on this occasion by Beatrice Finn and Ruth Tannen. Consult your home-room representatives for details.

Like last year, scrap books are to be made. It is not compulsory that this be done in school. In addition, rag dolls, dolls of every description, and oil cloth animals are to be made. Prizes will be awarded for the best in each class. If you have any toys which are not too far gone, bring them in and have them fiexd at our repair shop. Remember! Everything you do, make or bring, will make some child's Christmas happier.

FRESHMEN MARSHALS

There has been more or less of an uprising in the class of 1932. President Herbert Jacobs, as Chairman of a Freshman assembly arranged the election of Marshals by a direct nomination from the floor. However, after serious objection by some members of the class, the marshals have been elected by individual ballot, the method that has always been employed throughout similar elections of the other classes. The list as it is made up at present is as follows:

Bernard Covitch, Hodee Waldstein, Ruth Friedman, Robert Hall, Sylvia Simmers, Carola Nasmyth, Nelson Hastings, Jane Miller, Jack Navin, Franklin Fox.

Reserves:

Charlotte Alin, Richard Holt, Ethel Mills, Robert Ross, Irene Henry, Robert Schmidt, Thomas Quinn, Ben Sheinwald, Elizabeth McGrail, John Booton.

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LIBRARY LINES

On Wednesday, November 21st, Mrs. Siebens addressed the High School at Rockland, Mass on "A School Library." There is no library at that school, and Mrs. Siebens suggestions gave an idea of just how it should be run.

A Novel Idea of F. K. W. Drury.

New Books

Ramson—"Candle Days"
Story of Early America.
Pieper and Beauchamp—"Everyday Problems in Sciences."
Magoffin—"Roman Forum."
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LITERARY FOOTBALL TEAMS

All-American Players

The ends are aggresive. Ben-Hur keeps his feet well, receives passes finely, and is dependable both on offense and defense. Saracinesca is a sturdy player, thoroughly reliable at all times, and is perhaps a little better on defense than offense.

The tackles are energetic. Silas Lapham is ready for emergencies as they arise and meets shock attacks courageously. Nathan Burke is a steady plodding player.

The guards are substantial. Caleb West is determined; Hugh Wynne is solid and strong.

The center, Andivius Hedulio, uses his head, is quick on offense, roving on defense, and gets the charge on his opponent.

The quarterback, Tom Sawyer, is the Captain. He gets others to work for him, is fertile in resource and imagination, and is ready himself to do and dare. He is a triple threat man and a capable open field runner.

The halfbacks are sturdy. Richard Carvel is clear-eyed, heady, and always working hard. Peter Stirling is steady, and keeps his feet well. He picks his holes and can be depended on to advance the ball.

The fullback, Ethan Frome, is a powerful player, grim and determined, a plunging asset and able to stand the gaff.

As a whole the team is to be feared. It has a great ground-gaining ability and is strong on defense. As compared with a British or Continental team it has more speed and push, if not so much staying quality.

The All-British Players

The ends are aggressive and given to taking chances. Tom Jones is gay and determined; the Master of Ballantrae plays grimly and is a hard tackler.

The tackles may appear inexperienced but they use their heads. Richard Feverel has been privately coached and knows all the rules; Sentimental Tommy is an idealist, fair-minded and always ready.

The guards form a bulwark of strength. Soames Forsyte is conservative and strong; Clayhanger is a consistently good plodding player.

The center, Henry Esmond, is a sturdy, strong player, trained in the best school of the gentleman and sportsman.

The quarterback, Kim, is Captain of the team and gives the signals of course. He is experienced, quickwitted, and resourceful, and a good open field runner.

The halfbacks are an admirable pair. Both Joseph Vance and David Copperfield are deliberate, undaunted, always reliable, able to play the game thru to the finish.

The fullback, Ivanhoe, is strong on

(Continued on next page)

MISS KATHERINE POPE announces the opening of a class in Musical Comedy Tap Dancing and Acrobatics on Friday, Oct. 19th. 4.30 to 5.30. Seventy-five cents a lesson. Beacon Hall, Coolidge Corner.

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LIBRARY LINES

(Continued from page 10)

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Saracinesca (Crawford)
Tackles ..... Silas Lapham (Howells)
Nathan Burke (Watts)
Guards ..... Caleb West (Smith)
Hugh Wynne (Mitchell)
Center ..... Andivius Hedulio (White)
Quarterback .... Tom Sawyer (Clemens)
Halfbacks ... Richard Carvel (Churchill)
Peter Stirling (Ford)
Fullback .... Ethan Frome (Wharton)

All-British

Ends ..... Tom Jones (Fielding)
Master of Ballantrae (Stevenson)
Tackles .... Richard Feverel (Meredith)
Sentimental Tommy (Barrie)
Guards ..... (Galsworthy)
Clayhanger (Bennett)
Center .... Henry Esmond (Thackeray)
Quarterback ..... Kim (Kipling)
Halfbacks Joseph Vance (DeMorgan)
David Copperfield (Dickens)
Fullback ..... Ivanhoe (Scott)

ALUMNI NOTES

Reports concerning the graduates of 1928 are still being received.

Miss Annie E. Gray and Miss Marion Arnett, both winners of scholarships, are studying at Miss Gebt's School.

At the department of Practical Arts and Letters at B. U., Miss Marjorie Dean is a student. Also at B. U. is Miss Bertha Stonehouse and Miss Ruth Wolper.

Miss Helen Navin is at Wheaton.

Miss Anery Thompson '27 is a senior at Bentley's School of Accounting and Finance in Boston.

John H. O'Sullivan '24 was graduated from Dartmouth College last June, having achieved an outstanding scholastic record for the second semester, 1927-28. His name appeared in "Records of Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment" at Dartmouth last year.

Miss Frances Cooper, Marshall '24 was graduated from Radcliffe last June. Miss Marshall is now assistant director of the appointment bureau at Radcliffe.

Miss Suzanne Ricker, also of '24, was a graduate of the 1928 class at Radcliffe. Miss Ricker has now the position of secretary to the director of the Alumnae Association.

Irving Cawper '22 was recently appointed publicity agent for Boston University.

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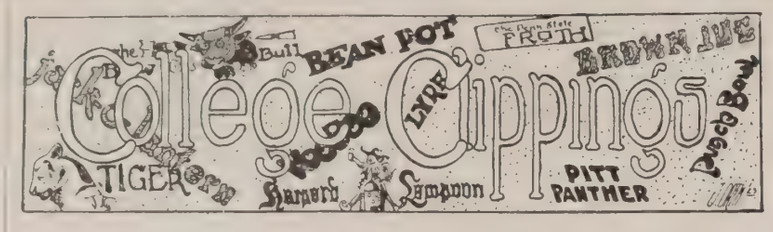

Ladie: "I'm going to buy a book."

Gertie: "A book! What on earth are you going to do with a book?"

Sadie: "Oh, my husband bought me the most wonderful reading lamp yesterday."

Time for Adjectives—Most men call a spade a spade until they happen to drop it on their toe.

Grammatical Pants—Schoolmaster—"Now I want you to tell me which of those words are singular and which are plural. Tomkins, you take the first, "trousers."

Tomkins (after deliberation) "Singular at the top, and pural at the bottom."

Ode to a Freshman

Blessings on thee, Freshman green,
With thy looks so neat and clean;
With thy ignorance so plain
In thy weak, befuddled brain;
With thy simple, childish smile,
Showing innocence of guile,
Yet, with high and lofty looks,
Breathing wisdom, not in books:
Yes, I know why you are scared—
With thy lessons unprepared—
I can sympathize with you;
I was once a Freshman, too.
Do your work from day to day;
Have but one goal—that an A—
When this goal is once attained
Keep it then as something gained,
And, within a year or two,
With the Freshmen you'll be through
And you'll shine with fame galore
As a brilliant Sophomore.

Nobody can show more optimism than a girl who will annex a cake-eater as a bread-winner.

Wife: "When I married you I thought you were a brave man."

Husband: "So did a good many other people.

What I Want

Give me at first a porch like this
And two veranda chairs,
A beautiful night, a beautiful moon,
Two minds devoid of cares;
A strain of music far away,
A breeze to stir your hair,
A touch of sentiment and then—
Remove a single chair.

Wee Small Hours—Father—"I should have thought that a night club was the last place a daughter of mine would go to."

Daughter: "It usually is, darling."

Busy Family—Grover—"Half a pound of liver and some eggs on trust 'till your father comes home? And why doesn't your mother come here herself?"

Child (innocently)—"She's trying another store."

Mildred: And shall I return the engagement ring.

Frank: "Oh, no, don't bother; I'll just have the notice of the next instalment sent to you.

"Mother, there's a blind man at the back door."

"Tell him that we don't want any."

(Better read this again.)

His Way Out

A deputy sheriff was sent to levy on some household furniture to satisfy a judgment. He began by making an inventory of the contents of the dinning room. His written list was found a little later. It real: "One dining-room table, six dinning-room chairs, one mahogany side board, one decanter whiskey, full.

The word "full" was crossed out, and at the bottom of the sheet could be made out the words, "one revolving door-mat."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 5 BROOKLINE, MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1928 TEN CENTS

SENIORS PRESENT ANNUAL SOCIAL

School Gives Christmas Play

GLEE CLUBS PARTICIPATE

The very charming Christmas play, "Why the Chimes Rang," which we witnessed Tuesday was staged under the able direction of Miss Allen. Elizabeth McFadden's version was the one presented.

The cast was:

Steen	John E. Williams
Holger	Nelson Hastings
Uncle Bertel	Richard Goodell
An Old Woman	Esther Burgen
A Priest	Francis Hall
A Rich Woman	Margaret Holt
An Old Man	Milton Green
A Courtier	Edward Chandler
A Young Girl	Florence Buxton
The King	David Martin
An Angel	Jane Miller
A Scholar	Robert Franklin

The beautiful stained glass windows were made by Ruth Reimer, Evelyn Norris, and Helen Horacek. Mr. Bridgham made the frame. Caroline Cowper was in charge of the costumes.

If was presented twice, once for us and in the evening it was given for the benefit of the townsfolks.

In the Christmas Celebration which was presented on Tuesday last, the Girls' Glee Club joined with the boys' organization in a musical program arranged by Mr. Cook. They were accompanied by a full orchestra.

The program was as follows:

1. Give Heed My Heart
2. Three Great Kings
3. O Tannenbaum
4. Praise to the Lord
5. Silent Night
6. O Come All Ye Faithful
7. O Sanctissima

These selections were sung to a very appreciative audience of the towns people on the evening of the same day.

SENIOR SOCIAL USHERS

The ushers for the Social tonight were appointed as follows:

David Barrie, Harry Fink, Gate; Douglas Wheeler, R. Shikes, E. Feinberg, W. Murphy, John Badaraco, Hugh Redmond, W. Goodwin, D. Blunt, C. Jerome, P. Goldin, J. Lewis, A. Stern, F. Hall, R. Robinson, Joe Donahue, G. Brown, L. C. Litman, Locasscio, D. Cavanaugh, W. Lothrop, H. Lane, R. Cox, H. Finn, L. Watson, M. Anshen.

HONOR STUDY ROOMS

This year the Teacher-Student Council has introduced a new type of study room for the benefit of those pupils who have already proved their ability to study without supervision. So far as there are vacant rooms available, small study groups will be established in charge of pupils appointed by the Council. The students called to the Auditorium Tuesday, November 20, were selected by the study room teachers as those who would appreceate and make good use of the privilege. A committee composed of Miss Sawyer, Miss Bliss, and the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore presidents, has adapted to our needs a plan seen in operation in Cleveland several years ago.

The inevitable distractions of a large study hall where ambitious and unambitious sit side by side made the Teacher-Student Council resolve to

(Continued on Page 2)

GILLIGAN AGAIN DEFEATS BROOKLINE, 3-0

Chalk up Newton's nineteenth victory in her football series with the aggregations turned out at Brookline! Led by their indomitable Captain Scheinfein the Garden City boys scored their second straight 3 to 0 victory over the Hinesmen, Thanksgiving morning. The three points, as was the case last year, were the result of a drop kick by Gilligan from about Brookline's fifteen-yard line. This act would have been an exact replica of the one of last year except for the fact that the score came in the first period this year, whereas it was tallied last year in the last period with only a few minutes to play. Brookline, as the score shows, was not at all disgraced by this defeat, but the Brookline followers were not in a very happy frame of mind as they left the field, for this year the team was generally classed as one of the best in the vicinity.

As maybe expected of any team that Mr. Hines puts out on the field, each man played with everything he had. Captain Roberts especially deserves praise for the fine spirit he showed on the field. Roberts put everything he had and still more into that game.

As for Newton, the whole team outdid itself. However, we must particularly mention Scheinfein, their fighting end, and Gilligan, their triple threat. We only hope that Mr. and Mrs. Gilligan don't send any more sons to high school, or if they must, let them move to another city. Three Gilligans are enough for any school to go against.

Captain Roberts won the toss and Andres of Newton kicked off. Fink received it on our 25-yard line and

(Continued on Page 8)

Brookline Students Take to the Stage

FULL HOUSE EXPECTED

HONORARY SOCIETY

At the bi-annual initiation of Alpha Pi, better known as the Honorary Society, twelve members were admitted to this exclusive organization. In March, a few more select Juniors and Seniors will again swell its ranks, and receive the gold Key which is the insignia of Alphia Pi.

On November 23, Gertrude Lakson, president of the Honorary Society, welcomed and congratulated the new members. She mentioned the three requisites of Alpha Pi: Excellence, Leadership, Service. The standard of school work has been so high during recent years that it may be necessary to raise the level of the point system.

The old members of the Honorary Society are:

Melvin Anshen—Secretary; Beatrice Finn; Edith Greenleaf; Chandler Hagen-Burger; Francis Hall; Elliott Hurwitz; Gertrude Lakson—President; Janice Levy; Josiah Lewis; Ralph Shikes; Geraldine Stearns.

Those who have just had the distinction of membership conferred on them are as follows:

(Continued on Page 6)

COMPETITION FOR SENIOR CLASS SONG AND POEM

All you hopeful Seniors who aspire to be songsters or poets (or poetesses) will please remember that all manuscripts bearing the future Senior class song or poem must be submitted by January twenty-third, 1929. All you future Wagners (?) or Keatses will hand in your works of art to your English teacher, who, in turn will submit the best to Miss Spaulding for final consideration.

The songs must be composed of two four-line stanzas of any simple meter, and one eight-line chorus. The poems may be of any reasonable length, of any meter and of any form. In both cases, all trite beloved Alma Mater-ish phases must be omitted. For the song, the simpler the meter, the more it will be considered; for the poem, the more concrete the subject and its development, the better chance it has of being the final choice.

All contestants are free to get advice from their respective English teachers.

Dancing, Singing, Comedy and Tragedy

Vaudeville at its best

Brookline radios silent tonight causing Roxy and McNamee to go into mental huddle prior to Brookline High Senior Social.

Roxy—Dumb heaven—try eleven?

McNamee—No go—another show.

Roxy—north countree—jamboree?

McNamee—Open Spaces— couples and a ces.

McNamee—Silent Night—colse act tight.

Roxy—Take the air—go over there!

McNamee—Brookline High—you and I.

Roxy—How come—much fun?

McNamee—You bet—Dance and pet.

Roxy—Big house too—and by who?

McNamee—Boys and Girls—joyful whirl.

Roxy—Social stuff—shirts and cuffs?

McNamee—Let's go—whoopee whoa.

If we stop Roxy and McNamee on the air tonight—isn't it a sign that we will have standing room only. Not a radio in tune in Brookline tonight—blooey. Everyone is coming to the Senior Social. Stay home and have static forever.

More "talent" than a combination of Atwarter-Kent hours an hours of Cliquot Club Eximoxes and Ipandora Troubadouras. (Ask A. D. A. about the "talent")

More beauty—real and painted scenery than all Hollywood possesses.

More knighty-night club, and howl,

(Continued on Page Three)

OFFIZIERE DES DEUTSCHEN KRANZCHEN

Membership in the German Club, unlike the other language organizations, is not based on marks, but is open to all those taking German.

The officers elected for 1928 are as follows:

Robert Levi	President
Betty Jacobs	Vice-President
Irving Wallace	Secretary
William Glaser	Treasurer

The Christmas meeting was held on Wednesday, December 19. Carols were sung, and Kris Kringle featured in the distribution of gifts.

R Colyum

Art Anderson says he crashed the gate on the opening night of the Boston Garden. Art also writes poetry.

* * *

It seems that everytime we see Eleanor Anderson, she is sporting a different haircut.

* * *

Lawrence Cohen tried to blow up the Old Building last week as he experimented in physics class.

* * *

Jimmie Webster's full name carries the letters, J. A. W. (James A. Webster.) We always wondered at Jimmie's volubility.

* * *

Marshalls on duty near the library are demanding a change of literature on the bulletin board. After all, you can't expect a person to read anything over more than twice.

* * *

The Senior Year Book subscriptions are out! Get your subscription now!!—Adv't.

* * *

The other day, we noticed that the rubber covering had been torn in one place, from the telephone wire in front of the school. Anyone touching it would have received quite a shock. A bird can't tell where to sit nowadays!

* * *

And while we're thinking about it, why is it that Fred Glover invariably manages to promenade into a certain recitation with Pauline Miller!

* * *

The night of the rally, we saw Happy Small at Coolidge Corner, attired in a stovepipe, cane, gloves and other necessary equipment. One look at the hat was sufficient! "Where'd you get it, Happy!" we asked. "Toodle-oo, old chap," he answered. "I can't be seen here. I've got a reputation to keep up!"

* * *

Al Locascio's white hat shone like a ray of sunshine the day of the Thanksgiving game!

* * *

"Boy, but she's nice!" states Charlie Record. We don't know yet who it is, but give us time!

* * *

Some girls around Brookline should have regard for other people's health. Not long ago, we saw a beautiful femme tripping along in RED shoes. Oh, my eyes!

* * *

And did you know that:—Francis Muldowney looks like James Hall? Pauline Pierce resembles Marceline Day? We're still looking for the girl who rolls her eyes like Clara Bow? Jacqueline Densten looks like Mary Brian? (She did a couple of years ago anyway!) You're going to read this whether you like it or not? We've never yet seen Ted Hannon when he wasn't immaculate?

THE LUNCH HOUR?

The agony of five periods of mental anguish is about to be completed. Throughout B. H. S.'s massive edifice, encompassing 1800 or so humans incited by a lust for learning, the pride of mothers, the financial despair of irate paters, is heard the resonant peal of a bell. It's the signal anticipated by all those in the new building. It's indicative of the cessation of that internal craving for nutriment, and that incessant torment of the "tummey" for want of material attention. It is possible to depict the scene ensuing, a surging mass of howling humanity yielding to the blandishments of hunger, storming the lunch-room?

Here, brethren and sistren, lies the incentive for this unwarranted literary attempt. From that indignent mob a lad emerges, and with unsurprised proficiency dodges through to the grub line. Success winks at him, he is fourteenth in line. With abated breath he watches his predecessors issue forth, the propitious possessors of precious morsels of nourishment. Suddenly a horrible realization pierces our hero's cerebellum. He gazes about him, consternation carved deeply on his prodigious pan, and sees fellow students being admitted into line by friends blessed with opportune positions. Unable to make any extemporaneous remarks, since some of the newcomers, through the cruel hands of adversity, are of larger stature than he, he is forced to bear this inequitable infliction.

After a prolonged detention, he reaches the counter and looks about for its wares. All that his organs of vision can perceive are a fork and two straws. With eyes dimined, he gazes at what his hopes of a repast have resulted into, and compares himself with the starving Siberians, when he is ejected from his deep-rooted reverie by the sweet admonition to hurry. Giving vent to a roar of rage, as might issue from the throat of a rodent seeking vengeance, he grabs the two straws and crams them down his esophagus. Then, with deliberate intent, he rushes past the ticket collector without even offering payment for the choice tidbit.

The lunch period is over. He staggers up two flights of stairs to his next class and crawls into his seat, a weary, bemuddled apology for crow's bait.

Five minutes later, having been asked by the teacher where Vermont is, he replies in a voice submerged to its lowest depth, "Why drink unripe ginger-ale?"

ART CLUB VISITS MUSEUM

The Art Club went to see the new wing of the Museum of Fine Arts on Tues., Dec. 11. They were greatly interested in it, and enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.

TRACK PROSPECTS

Another winter has come and with it we will soon witness another volume of Brookline's indoor track history. Brookline has always been noted for its track teams and this year will be no exception.

This season the squad is captained by "Johnnie" Badaracco. He is a veteran of 3 years and is one of the best dash men in the state. His biggest disadvantage in his small stature which permits the bigger fellows to push him all over the track when they get near enough. He certainly received his share of the bumps last year, but this season "Johnnie" vows that the opponents will never even get near enough to touch him.

Mr. Hines called the boys out for the first practise Thursday December 13. One of the largest squads in the history of the school is now working out under his guidance as this paper goes to press, and he believes that he will be able to mould together a team worthy of upholding the standard set in previous years, for every year a couple of dark horses are discovered who score points for the team just when they are needed. The hurdle events will be taken care of by "Eddie" Duane and "Bud" Johnson. Brookline's threat in the 600 are Dana Smith, who won his heat in the B. A. A. meet last year, "Eddie" Duane, and Morris Feinberg, who gave Werner many races for second place after Record last year in practice, although he didn't score any points in the meets because he was ineligible. In the 1000 Smith is our only veteran and probably will be our mainstay.

Prospects are fair in the field events. In the high jumps there are Demody, Barrie and Hall. They all scored points last year. In the broad jump we have Locascio, who placed second in the State Meet last year. The shot put is well taken care of by Fink and Redmond.

The manager of this year's team is "Joe" Bogoshian, and although he has not released any schedule yet, dual meets are expected with Watertown and Newton, and the usual indoor interscholastics will be in order.

A SUGGESTION

I have a new suggestion
To advance, on the congestion
Which defers a sane digestion,
A very weighty question

In our halls there is confusion
And I fear for a contusion,
This is no vain delusion
For there is no clear elusion.

It is time for an eruption
To break down all this corruption
Which is heading for disruption
(This is where you supply your own rhyme; a prize of four pfennigs is offered by the circulation department.)

SHERIDAN'S 'THE RIVALS" CHOSEN FOR DRAMATICS

As most of the school already knows, "The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan has been selected for Dramatics this year. The performance of "The Poor Nut" was so fine last year that anything of the same type could be nothing but an anti-climax. Both old-fashioned and modern plays have been tried in Brookline High Dramatics in the past. "The Taming of The Shrew" is one that perhaps has the best reputation in former years. "The Rivals" is an old standby and has been presented in many of the high schools of the country, but strangely enough never in Brookline. Its clever humour, its romance, its fine plot are but a few of the reasons for its renown. One who has read or seen this comedy can never forget Mrs. Malaprop, Captain Absolute and Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Sheridan was born in Dublin in 1752, the son of educated parents. In 1762 he was sent to Harrow, in which school he gained no special distinction. "The Rivals" was first presented in 1775, when it was a failure. After being carefully revised it was again tried, and this time proved a success. Sheridan's three greatest works were "The Rivals", "The School for Scandal," and "The Duenna", a comic opera. Sheridan was very popular in London society and was a success in Parliament. He died in 1816 after an illness of several months and was buried in Westminster Abbey, leaving much to posterity.

"The Rivals" will show the value of a "key" set of scenery, such as was presented to the school by last year's Senior class. This type of scenery is adaptable to many settings.

HONOR STUDY ROOMS

(Continued from page 1)

sponsor as many Honor Study Rooms as possible for those who really wish to use their study period to full advantage. Any student wishing the privilege must sign the statement on the application blank: "In order to develop the spirit of student responsibility in the school and to train my mind to concentrated effort, I apply for the privilege of studying in the Honor Study Room. I agree to refrain from all communication and to devote the entire period to intensive study." The card must have the signatures of the home room and study room teachers as well as that of the pupil. Students who in any way fail to live up to the signed agreement will be given a slip by the student in charge, asking them to report to the office for reassignment to a supervised study room. Appeal may be made to the committee, not to the student in charge of the room.

Although the plan is in a tentative state, the enthusiasm with which it has been received by the students indicates that it will become another of the successful activities of Brookline student government.

SENIOR SOCIAL
Don't Miss "THE THREE OLIVERS"
Wait until you see Barrett's "Twinkling Toes"
Jo certainly can make those keys go!
OUR Dancing Daughter— — and how!
Aber + Marty
The Cass Brothers do Their Bit
Just a Couple of Satisfied Customers
Hurrah! for the Sailor Girls!
Do not open until Dec. 21.
Will Rogers 2nd.
Big Surprise Act!!
d.g
E.R.F.

STUDENTS REVEL TONIGHT

(Continued from Page 1)

than Texas Guinan ever thought possible in pre-padlock days—Not a padlock on a pair of hands in the house of mirth—so let applause know no bounds, cold hands and clack-'em give the boys and girls a hand, maybe two.

Society stuff—swell and sweller—strut and strum for its Friday before Xmas and all thru the school not a teacher is clicking—the no-laughter rule.

There has been at Brookline every year since the ten Sagamores at Muddy River a mid-winter frolic. This year the Freshman, Sophomores and Juniors are to be the guests of the Senior class at their Social.

As in all well-balanced vaudeville performances there will be dancing, singing, comedy and tragedy, making the show a treat for the eye and a delight for the ear.

In the modern manner the old-time traveling show—with its "ham and egg" actors, its soap-box orators, its paint and powder comes back with its fun and merriment as a motif for the coming Senior Social. Our cast will prove that Brookline is full of spontaneous, extemporaneous, or "what-have-you "talent."

What a chance for merriment you will know everyone on the stage and pretty near everyone in the audience. For all the notables in our school life will be there, class presidents, "footballers," and all the ranks and file of all classes.

We are holding out the big surprise until tonight—and our show wil be the flashiest, the most original ever produced on the amateur stage.

Our Senior Social Committee: Isadore Paisner, Barbara Richardson, Dorothy Gay and Edward Hannon with its chairman Art Anderson, has done one beautiful job in bringing our show to a head.

After the show there will be dancing until the wee small hours. With syncopation furnished by the Crimson Ramblers.

The tickets to our show are worth $5.00 but as a special favor the Committee is selling them for $1.00, $.75, $.50.

Remember now The time—Friday 21st at 8 o'clock. The Place—B. H. S. Auditorium. The Girl—We leave this to you.

SPELLING TEAMS

The regular Girls' League spelling team will be organized for the year after vacation.

Last year a new system was tried out, and it will probably be used again. The two teams line up behind a blackboard and when the word is given out, the girl writes the word upon the board and goes back to her place. If she is wrong, the following girls does not know what the error was and can't profit by it. That puts it up to each person either to know the word or not to know it. Often five or six girls will all make the same mistake, one after the other, much to the hilarity of the audience.

A person very seldom has to spell aloud, but must be able to write the word correctly, so this system proves more practical.

Inter-class matches with an ultimate class championship are planned. Last year the Juniors attained this position through the work of Gertrude Lakson.

Two points towards the Advisory Council will be awarded for making the upper half of your class team. The class team will probably consist of ten.

If you would like to become a member of your class team, leave your name with Miss Sawyer. Come out and make your class the winning one.

MRS. NAYSMITH SPEAKS ON THE "ANCIENT WORLD"

On Tuesday December 11th Mrs. Nasmyth entertained the Freshman and Sophomore classes with a talk on the "Ancient World." This was especially interesting because of the colored slides which were shown as she spoke. Mrs. Nasmyth took us back to 1928 B C., showing us pictures of Athens, both modern and ancient, and colorful scenes of Constantinople. While speaking of Palestine, she told of the wonderful work of the Zionists. She also mentioned the fact that many of the customs of the people are practically the same as in Biblical times.

MODERN ARTS AND CRAFTS

For ages men poured over this question—What is beauty? and produced as many diverse definitions as the many kinds which gave it thought. It was something that sprang god-like from the earth and skies, and yet it was something within the creative power of man.

Today art enters into the lives of men from all sides. The grotesque buildings of an indifferent age are passing, and in their places new buildings arise, designed to impart some inspiring message to all who see them The sculptor and the mural painter again collaborate with the architect. Art has been taken into the home. People are no longer content to live in ugly houses filled with grim-cracked furniture and decorated in an indifferent style, when, with a certain care and no greater expense their homes can be made to give a significant color and sense of beauty to their domestis lives. Everywhere we see evidence of the new and fast-growing artistic attitude of people in every-day life Sometimes it is blandly called "good taste," but from the newly colored chintz curtains and potted geraniums which are bringing color and life into the gloomy tenements, to the appearance of more genuine Colonial, and other period furniture in American homes, we may sense the greater quest for beauty in all phases of modern life.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXV DECEMBER 21, 1928 NO. 5

TO THE SENIORS

You have been called upon to support the Voice of the school, the Sagamore; to show your school spirit at the football games; to answer the call of the needy through the Red Cross. To every cause your have responded with enthusiasm. Now the Year Book, the Voice of the Senior class, calls you.

What is the Year Book? It is a class history. A record of what you did at Brookline High School. It is never outgrown; ten or fifteen years from now its value will be enhanced.

Why the cost of the Year Book? The book is not published as a money-making proposition. The Senior Class voted to have a hard cover and to support it, making the cost of the book one dollar and fifty cents. The Brookline High School Book which gives you both quality and quantity in one is cheaper than any known Year Book of its kind.

It is your duty, as members of the Senior class, to subscribe to the Year Book immediately. It must be supported 100 per cent by the Senior Class before the underclassmen are asked to subscribe. The Year Book is something you want to have rather than something which you must have.

Make the Senior Class 100 per cent

LIBRARY LINES

Interesting Articles in Magazines.

In Popular Science for January:

"The Real Fathers of Flight"—by John C. MacMahon.

Inside story of Wilbur and Orville Wright.

"Armored Ships in Thrilling Battles with Polar Ice"—by R. E. Martin.

"A Fighting Skipper of the Air"—by A. A. Stuart.

"Story of Dr. Hugo Eckener," Master of the Graf Zeppelin.

"Your First Television Set", by John Cure.

In Review of Reviews for December:

"What of the Air Ships"—by E. P. Warner, assistant Secretary of the Navy.

In World's Work—December:

"The Long suffering student"—by C. F. Thwing.

In the "World" for December:

A poem "Perspective"—by Marshall Shact—B. H. S.—1923.

New Magazines in the Library:

This year.
Radio Broadcast
Aero Digest
Menke

Mrs. Siebens and the Library Staff visited the New Wing of the Art Museum, Wednesday, Dec. 12.

Announcement

Mrs. Siebens is very glad to help in the selection of books for Christmas presents.

The Sagamore
EXTENDS
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year
To The Students and Faculty

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

MEXICO HO!

By Hugh B. Cave '24

Noise . . . blare . . .

Over again. Noise . . . blare . . .

Infernal din of rumbling wheels. Screech of straining brakes. Ripping. Tearing. Grinding.

Lights, red and green, flashing past in the dark . . .

"'Lantic Avenoo-o-o!"

"Coming through, please! **Coming** through!"

Straining . . .

Shoving . . .

Peter swept through the maelstrom of swirling forms. Through the tunnel, past the rows of glaring subway signs. Along the dim passage to the street.

It was raining. Coming down in a murky drizzle that threw a blurry haze around the street lamps as Peter hurried under them. Along the avenue . . . struggling, elbowing through the crowd. An endless walk over wet, shining pavements, past the shop windows.

Peter watched himself go by. Watched his image moving on the windows. Stooped. Bent over. Like the picture there, on the billboard, of a man trudging with a heavy weight strapped to his shoulders.

Bent . . . getting old.

Tired . . .

Always tired.

It was that beast of a machine. Bowed over it all day, feeding it. Feeding it, while its great rollers ate up the cloth hungrily. An infernal machine. It wasn't human. A beast . . . always hungry . . . hungry . . .

And the noise burst again. Flares of it, screeching through the drizzle. Roar of the elevated, coming nearer, nearer, until it growled bitterly overhead. Peter cringed. Hated it . . . the noise, the crowd, the lights.

He had turned into a side street now, mechanically. The lights had gone. The mist thickened, became heavy, impenetrable. Children were playing in the gutter. Dirty, shrill, chattering . . . stumbling into his feet as he dragged along.

Peter's hand went out, groping along the iron rail, through the mist. His feet scraped wearily on the steps. His cold fingers fumbled with a key.

A voice burst upon him—a harsh voice—from the inner room.

"There's nothing to eat. If you can't get home on time you'll learn to go without. Go down to the corner if you're hungry."

Peter stood in the hall, his hand against the door post. Because he had done so a thousand times before, he unconsciously scraped his shoes on the rag mat.

"They kept us late. The subway . . . slow . . ."

"If you want anything to eat, go down the corner. I'm sick and tired of seeing you trapse home after everything is over and done with."

She was standing in the doorway. Scowling. Hands on hips. Defiant.

Peter mover past her, slowly.

"I'm not hungry. I'm tired. They kept us late."

Her lips curled.

"If you'd wake up and get some life into your dead carcass, you'd up and get out of there."

Peter shook his head. It was heavy . . . hurt him to move it.

"You'd get a decent job, a real job, instead of standing behind a machine along with half a hundred other corpses. You'd get out and make some money like other men do. Do you think I want to live in this hole the rest of my days, with a pair of dirty brats underfoot every minute of the day? Do you? **Do** you?"

Peter lifted his head as her screeching words clashed upon him. His eyes met hers. Dead eyes . . . empty . . .

"Do you?"

"No-o-o-o. No. It's better than nothing. Better than starving."

She swung her big body before him, menacing.

"If you had any guts, you'd tell that foreman down there to go to hell. And you'd get a job and get some money, and get me away from this rotten place and the kinds. Everlastingly yapping at me, they are, and—"

Peter had slumped into his chair, away from her. Even after she had gone he sat huddled in it, staring. Staring at the wall. Staring . . .

Seeing nothing.

The woman was somewhere in the inside. The sound of her footsteps was faint. Peter moved noiselessly along the hallway and closed the door behind him.

(Continued on Page 7)

The students of the Brookline High School tender their sincere sympathy to the family of Miss Jeannette Chimelinsky.

Around the World With the Faculty

Our second journey is to the "Land of the Midnight Sun" with Miss Liden. You who read these articles must have some idea of how your respective teachers spend their leisure time. Name any place; we guarantee a story from any teacher.

Sail with me, on an early July day. from Trondhjem of the North Cape and beyond, a journey of five days.

The sun sinks below the horizon for a very short time, but daylight never quite dies out. After we cross the Arctic Circle, we see several beautiful portions of the snow and blue masses of ice of Svartisen, a great glacier that comes down to the ocean; and far to the left, appear the Lafoten Islands mountain crags, sticking out of the sea like the spine of a great prehistoric monster.

On we go, past country where vegetation still flourishes, past fertile farms along the coast. Soon the scene becomes more barren. Prosperity is left behind. Here lives the hardy Norsemen in imminent danger of rock slide and snow slide, wrenching a bare livelihood from the deep that he loves.

Now we approach the North Cape. There is a glamour about crossing the Arctic Circle, but the thrill of being here, at the top of the world, watching the sun ride the heavens twenty-four hours of the day, of setting at midnight on the deck of a steamer plowing a sea of molten gold and seeing a sun which has never set begin to rise again, is beyond the power of words to convey.

In marked contrast to the luminous sky and sea are the deep shadows of the bleak, jagged and precipitous shore line, whose rocky flattened mountains look as if their tops had been knocked off and their sides clawed in ages past by the Great Trolls of the Norwegian fairy tales.

Turning toward the east, we find vegetation appearing again. And when, at Kirkenes, the end of our trip, we hire a motor boat to go up the Casrik River and then walk a mile or so to Boris Gleb in Finland to see an ancient Greek Catholic shrine, we might easily imagine ourselves in Maine.

The fjards of the southern coast may be lovelier than the land of the mid-night sun, but for interest this trip lacks only the curved prow and bulging sails of the ancient Vikings.

Anna L. Liden

By Exchange

"May I print a kiss on your lips?" I said.

And she nodded her sweet permission.

So we went to press, and I rather guess

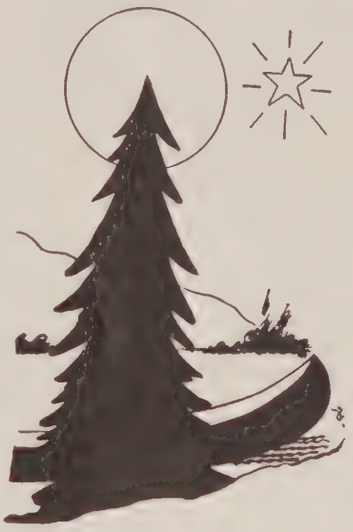
We printed a full edition

"But one edition is not enough," She said with a charming pout.

So again the print in the press was placed, and we got some "extras" out.

—Dorchester High for Boys.—

When youth calls to youth it makes a lot of extra business for the telephone.



Lake Ossipee, N. H.

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Plan now, Summer's only 'round the corner. Write Mrs. North at 473 Middle Street, Weymouth or telephone 1504-W for most unusual references.

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Students at Burdett College last year came from 70 Universities and Colleges, 262 High Schools, 60 Academies and Preparatory Schools, and 142 other Business and Special Schools. More than 200 came from states outside Massachusetts and from foreign countries.

The New Building

The new Burdett College building is of fireproof construction. Roomy elevators provide service for students, officers, and visitors. Classrooms are flooded with sunlight and are splendidly equipped. Talks to the entire school are broadcast over an internal radio system with microphone in the executive offices.

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YE OLDE SCHOOL CRIER

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Hear Ye One ande Alle!

As for hearing things, Ye Crier heard of this one by Marty Ford in a chemistry class:—

Mr. W.—"Name two bases, Ford."
Marty—"1st and 2nd!"

* * *

Martio owns up to this one himself.

* * *

Butt even if he does crack exceeding wise, he can still swim as of yore. Ye other dayc he stepped into the tank for a moment and reeled off a 25 3/5 second "50." Not soe badd.

* * *

Even our Feature Editor is not entirely infallible—The other day he was in Senior English and Miss Lewis asked him if a man spent ¾ of his spare time doing certain things, what he should spend the other ¼ for. Joshia "woke up" from his daze and answered "Sleeping," and promptly went back to sleep again.

* * *

Ye Feature Editor spoke some time ago about the "WE" of this year. As far as Ye Crier can see there are about a million "WE'S" this year.

* * *

There's the "WE" on the Sag, and the 'WE" which he spoke of, and a blonde "WE", not to mention Freddie's "WE" and many others.

* * *

Ye Crier discovered a very mystic meaning of the asterisks used in this column. Ask a certain very blond member of the Senior Class.

* * *

With Ye Senior Social, the big whoopee making time of the year, occuring on the date of this issue, what more fitting than to let you in on a little inside dope.

* * *

The girls in the "Picking Cotton" chorus are not really colored—In fact they are some members of the Junior Class.

Al Weinberg (the self-confessed comedien) does not really die in the show. Are those unhappy sighs?

* * *

The sailors in the chorus are real members in good standing of the Swiss Navy.

* * *

Ed Duane is not closely related to the dog or ape—he is merely acting.

* * *

The race in the "Poor Nut" was good but we know of another in the Senior Social that will be better. Ask "Woof" Roberts.

* * *

After hearing "Abber" Grennon and "Martio" sing, it will remind you of Paul Rhythm and his Whiteman boys.

* * *

But aside from all joking the Social is a corker and certainly should go over with big bang.

* * *

"Eddie" Lebowich nearly knocked the track squad off the boards the other day by appearing in a "flaming" red sweat suit.

He succeeded in assuring us he was not Santa Claus!

* * *

The coming week will mark an exodus of old 'grads" and "near-grads" this ivy-covered institution of learning.

* * *

Ye Crier understands that "Blainio" Eynon, one of the famous 4 sea-horsemen, is an honor student at Hebron Academy. Well done, Brother!

* * *

Art Anderson, as chairman and general boss of the Senior Social seems busier than ever—But, then he's had so much experience in putting things over!

* * *

Our smiling blond of the Senior Class, Polly Miller, seems to have changed her course. At least she goes to a lot of different periods.

* * *

Well, even now, the ancient study of Math calls (Mr. Taylor, please note) and so We must be off.

See Ye alle at the Senior Social tonight.

I'll be with——?

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Oyez!

Old Maid's Prayer

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I wish I had a man to keep,
If there is a man beneath my bed
I hope he heard the prayer said.

A-man

EL CIRCULO ESPANOL

The opening meeting of El Circulo Espanol on Friday, Dec. 11, was most enjoyable. B4 was transformed completely. The walls were covered with exquisite shawls, and the light was furnished by candles

At 2:30 refreshments were served to the faculty and new members, who were the honored guests of the occasion.

Promptly at 3 o'clock, Florence Buxton, beautifully gowned in a Spanish costume, introduced the musical program by playing a Spanish March.

Miss Ruth Douglas, president, spoke a few words of welcome both in Spanish and in English.

Four delightful Mexican Folk Songs were rendered on the cello by Miss Vivian Ward. Miss Bliss was the accompanist.

A scene from "Don Juan" by Zorilla was acted by Florence Buxton and Eldredge Watson.

A most pleasing last moment addition to the program was a vocal solo by Mr James Thomson, a former graduate of B. H. S. Mr. Thomson sang "Pregientale a las Estrellas."

The final selection was "Granada" (Serenade for two) by Albeniz. This beautiful piece was played by Miss Bliss, pianist, Miss Ward, 'cellist, and Mr. Hobbs, a former teacher of B. H S. who played the violin.

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ALPHA PI INITIATES NEW MEMBERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Edward Beck
Scholarship 5¾
Activities 3
Total 8¾

Hester Blatt
Scholarship 10
Activities 2
Total 12

Alice Colby
Scholarship 14¼
Activities 2½
Total 16¾

Jacquelyn Densten
Scholarship 3¼
Activities 5½
Total 8¾

James Eadie
Scholarship 6¼
Activities 2¼
Total 8½

Estelle Friedman
Scholarship 3⅛
Activities 3¾
Total 6⅞

Dorothy Gay
Scholarship 4¾
Activities 2½
Total 6⅞

Sarah MacLeod
Scholarship 5
Activities 3
Total 8

Isadore Paisner
Scholarship 12¾
Activities 2½
Total 15¼

Eleanor Roach
Scholarship 4⅝
Activities 2½
Total 7⅛

Evelyn Rudnick
Scholarship 4⅝
Activities 2¾
Total 7⅜

Judith Thurman
Scholarship 9¾
Activities 2
Total 11¾

ASSEMBLY

At assembly Monday, November 26, we had as our speaker Mr. Walter Pritchard Eaton of the Theatre Guild, an eminent critic. Although the assembly was entirely voluntary, quite a number of students were present.

Mr. Eaton spoke on the modern drama, on George Bernard Shaw, and on Eugene O'Neill. Shaw was the first playwright to attempt a criticism of contemporary society.

O'Neill got off to a very poor start in life being suspended from Princeton, refusing to go back to college, and being disowned by his family. He shipped as a sailor half-way around the globe, was a news reporter for awhile, and finally became sick. While he was convalescing he read a great deal of modern drama, and as a result attempted writing it. He is now one of the finest American dramatists, and a wonderful example of what can be done in spite of a bad start in life.

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL BANK

New Organization

The Brookline High School Bank is to be opened on January 8, 1929. It is being organized at this time in connection with the Course in Economic Education, although High School banks have been in operation in many other places in the country for years. The lack of one in Brookline heretofore has been regarded by many as unfortunate, inasmuch as the thrifty habit of regular saving, encouraged in the Grades, received no attention after the elementary school age was passed. There was a tendency to lapse in the observance of a principle which is recognized everywhere as a fundamental of good citizenship, and at the very time when young people are about to assume financial responsibility for life.

The Brookline Savings Bank will furnish all the material used by the High School Bank, and will be the direct receptacle for all funds deposited in accordance with the State law that Mutual Savings Banks shall handle the money received from school bonks. This will not interfere with the transfer of individual funds to other banks when depositors so desire.

Inasmuch as the Brookline High School is a student governed institution, all the members of the banking organization must receive the official approval of the Teacher-Student Council. They must also, among other qualifications, be passing in their studies in order to be eligible for banking positions.

The personnel of the organization at the beginning is to be as follows:

President—Robert Levi; Vice-Presidents—Albert Hatch, Margaret Stein; Treasurer—Francis T. Hall, Jr.; Secretary—Ruth Pass.

The practical experience of the work in bookkeeping will be afforded pupils in the Commercial Department, and efficient service all along the line will be recognized by recommendation for positions outside of school later. The names of students who will serve as bookeepers will be printed later.

There will also be clerks who have not yet been appointed. Their names will published in a later issue of the Sagamore.

As is customary in other places, a quota for the amount of deposits aimed for on the opening day will be determined by the Board of Directors, and the Home Room Committees will work for the reaching of this quota.

Unlike the custom in other places where SAVING is stressed exclusively, the pupils of the Brookline school are being afforded an all-round training in the use of money which includes wise GIVING and SPENDING as well as SAVING. A well-balanced apportionment, now and in the future, to get the greatest amount of good and satisfaction out of his income whether it be large or small.

The Money Management Achievement Tests are the means of accomplishing this. Their distribution, and the demonstration of how to use them is progressing as rapidly as possible. From this time on, pupils not already supplied will be in the order of application.

Miss Barnard, who has appointed the Manager of the Course in Economic Education, will be in her office to distribute and demonstrate on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays from 8:15 to 9:15, and from 12:30 to 2:00 o'clock.

PRESIDENT OF BOSTON BETTER BUSINESS BUREAU SPEAKS AT ASSEMBLY

Economic Education keeps itself constantly in view by the numerous assemblies devoted to it. Another in the series of addresses by prominent business men was delivered by Kenneth B. Backman, Executive Manager of the Better Business Bureau. Remarking that two attributes of human nature, integrity and unselfishness are now coming to the fore, Miss Barnard presented the speaker.

The origin and practical application of the "Blue Sky Law;" the various enterprises of his concern, and a general statement about the condition of speculative business today comprised the most important features of his speech. Any organization, be it private or governmental, labors under severe handicaps in attempting to check the overflow of fraudulent projects of unscrupulous men. Despite the effort of all concerned, our billion dollars is recklessly squandered by those who do not need a great deal of encouragement to "get-rich-quick." For this class this time the Mid-Western farmer, the "Blue-Sky Law," restricting all speculative enterprises, came into existence. Many are the guises of honesty under which swindlers attempt to delude the public. Equally numerous are the barriers erected to prevent any evading of the law.

Mr. Backman, in closing, cautioned the student who will soon have to make his way in the world against any attachment with a business firm whose reputation is at all "shady."

"Say Captain, what day does the sausage come out to look for his shadow."

Captain: "That's no sausage that looks at his shadow; that's a ground hog."

"Well, ain'ta sausage a ground hog?"

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MEXICO HO!

(Continued from Page 4)

Groping . . . on the iron railing . . . down the steps . . .

Into the drizzle.

Along the avenue now, slouching. Dragging over the wet pavement. Under the lights . . .

A hurrying shape lurched against him, staggered him aside.

Peter brushed his sleeve over his eyes and went on again into the maze of misty lights and falling rain.

Shapes in rubber slickers passed him, rustling by in the drizzle. An endless procession of them, going somewhere, anywhere.

Peter groped through them. Down . . . down again into the gaping black subway mouth. Into the roar of moving people.

Straining . . .

They had crowded him against the door. Crushed. And the train was moving. Lights flashed by like meteors in the dark, through the long, black tunnel.

Out again. They had pushed him out. Into the open.

Peter tugged his collar up. It was raining hard. His feet moved slowly, aimlessly, across the gleaming square. Cobblestones . . . noise . . . through the markets. Heavy drays clattering past . . .

He had come to the waterfront. Along the docks now, hunched, bent with the weight of the mist. Cold . . .

"Hey you!"

Peter turned his head.

A swaggering form loomed beside him, took his arm in a heavy grip.

"Out of work? Hey?"

Peter nodded.

"Yes . . . I'm out of . . . out of . . ."

"Got a job for you then. Need a hand for the tub over there. Going to Mexico tonight—for oil."

Peter stared. Stared with gaping eyes at the gleaming shape before him. From the awning over his head a little stream of water splashed on his shoulder, unheeded—

"Well—what say?"

Peter moved his head up and down. Shook it, as if it were heavy and would not turn.

The big shoreman watched him as he slopped wearily across the wharf.

"Mexico . . . Mexico . . ."

Across the docks . . . shuffling . . . shuffling . . . until he reached the end of the pier.

Black water washed against the posts . . . in the dark . . . underneath. Black water. Beating. Beating. Against the piles.

Peter stared . . . into the night.

"Mexico . . ."

And then he was aware that the big seaman stood at his shoulder, pointing. Pointing into the darkness. Out there. Away.

The End.

"Did you see Oliver Twist, Aunty?"

"Hush, child. You know I never attend modern dances."

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CHRISTMAS MEETING

This year the Christmas party of the Girls' League, which was in charge of the Home-Room Committee, took place in the lunch-room at two-thirty o'clock on Friday, December the fourteenth.

A large number of pictures were available for those who wished to try a hand at the art of making scrap-books. The dress-makers of the school had a get-together for the purpose of beautifying ten cent dolls. The girls succeeded in this to such an extent that the dolls were incomparable. In addition to this, oil-cloth animals were made. However, as it was impossible for them to be completed on Friday, their owners took them home to be finished over the week-end.

In one corner of the room the teachers as well as the students, were cutting out and sewing net bags and different size stockings, which were later filled with candy and toys. The old toys which were not beyond repair were fixed at the Girls' League repair shop. All of the dolls and scrap-books were so good that it was extremely difficult to determine the winners. After much contemplation on the part of the judges, the prizes for the best doll were awarded to Ruth Friedman and Jane Miller. Martha Belger was to have received one, but as she was not present at the time she was unrewarded. The scrap-book contest was won by Bernice Gordon and Bernice Kirshen.

There is absolutely no doubt that the outcome of this meeting has been as successful as it was wished to be, and we all feel that a great number of unfortunate children are to be made happy through the untiring efforts of the girls.

The chief chairman of the Christmas meeting was Eleanor Goodspeed who was assisted by Beatrice Finn and Ruth Tannen. The chairman of the separate committees are as follows: — Rosalind Badarracco—Publicity, Irma Pendleton—Repair, Evelyn Tannen—Reception, Winifred Hurst—Decoration, Virginia Seavey—Refreshment, Natalie Broudy—Animals, Claire Sibley—Dolls, Gertrude Nielson—Clean-up, and Edith Greenleaf—Scrap-Book.

NEWTON HIGH TRIUMPHS

(Continued from page 1)

ran it back ten yards to the 35. Robinson was given the ball on three successive center plows, and altogether made nine yards. Roberts didn't want to risk the try for a first down and Fink kicked to Newton's 20-yard line, when Gilligan brought it back five-yards. Gilligan tested out our tackles with two plays though the right side and one through the left which brought the ball up to our 45-yard line. However, here our line held, and Gilligan was forced to kick. The punt went to our 12-yard line where it was downed by Scheinfein. Fink immediately attempted to kick out of danger but the fast-charging Newton line-men partially blocked it and it only went a few yards. However, Newton was off-side and Brookline seemed to have received the first break of the game. It turned out to be an unlucky break, for on the next play a Brookline back-field man fumbled on an attempted triple pass and Andres recovered. Gilligan tried a wide end run for no gain and then he threw a pass over the left side of the line which Scheinfein took on the dead run on Brookline's six-yard line. Three line-bucks netted only three yards but on the next play Gilligan dropped back and prettily kicked the three points which meant the victory for Newton. The quarter ended immediately after Newton had kicked off again with the ball in Brookline's possession on her 31-yard line.

At the start of the second quarter there was an exchange of punts with Newton having a little advantage. When the quarter was about five minutes old Gilligan got away on probably the most sensational run of the game, going 20-yards and bringing the ball up to Brookline's 18-yard line. Roberts was the man that brought him down when he was the only man between Joe and a touchdown. However the Brookline line held after this spectacular play and Newton had to surrender the ball on downs. Soon after this Fink got off a nice high spiral which came down on Newton's 40-yard line and rolled to the 32. From this time on. Brookline kept the ball continually in Newton's territory but never advanced further than the 30-

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yard line. The Newton line was charging so fast that it was practically impossible for the backfield men to get on any long runs. The half ended with the ball in Brookline's possession on their 40-yard line.

Brookline came out for the second half in seemingly very fresh shape, and the hopes of the Brookline rooters were raised, for all Brookline needed to get was one touchdown and then to hold the boys from Newton. They started off as if they might do it, for after Redmond had kicked off, Blunt, who had gone for Fineberg, and Hurley started throwing the Newton backs in the opposite direction from that in which direction they were headed. However, when Brookline got the ball, Newton started to do the same thing to our men and it began to look rather doubtful. The teams battled around mid-field this part of the game, with neither team seeming to have much of an advantage. There were no very spectacular plays, although Horne, who went in for Hootstein, tried some more of those long forward passes for which he is famous. However, none of them were completed. The quarter ended with the ball in Brookline's possession at mid-field.

Brookline made her only real threat for a touchdown early in the fourth period. To open this quarter, Fink kicked from midfield to Newton's 15-yard line. Gilligan immediately kicked back to about the 35. Woodward went in the back-field and went through right tackle for four yards. Robinson plunged through to about Newton's 20-yard line. However, here Newton held and the ball was given to her on downs.

She soon kicked back to mid-field. Here Roberts made his first fumble of a punt of the year and Harrington of Newton recovered. Newton, however, immediately reciprocated and Lewis recovered for Brookline. But Brookline could do nothing and the game soon ended with the ball in Newton's possession about at mid-field.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The first wintry gusts welcomed the winter schedule of girls' sports, supplanting the fall hockey, tennis and archery. A tentative program has been planned which soon will be replaced by the definite one.

Monday—Gym team
Tuesday—Dancing
Wednesday—Swimming
Thursday—Outing Club as usual, Pinguard or captainball.

Monday, Dec. 3, was the first meeting of the applicants for the gym team. Over fifty enthusiastic athletes were present, making the best showing thus far in all the history of such teams.

Tuesday, December 4, was the beginning of the dancing class. Mrs. Hobbs, an English follower of Terpsichore, gave a very interesting talk on English folk dancing. Her talk was made more entertaining when examples of these dances were executed.

Wednesday, Dec. 5, the feminine natators congregated at the pool. There seemed to be much fine material, and under the capable coaching and supervision of "Jay" McNamara the masculine squad will have to "Step on it" right speedily to outrace the speedy mermaids.

GIRLS' AERO CLUB

The last meeting of the Girls' Aero Club, on Thursday, December 6, was Visitors' Night. Mr. Russell and Mr. Tonis of the Community Service, Incorporated, of Boston, gave a talk on model airplane building. Mr. Tonis showed the audience of about 75 people some of his many planes: a baby R. O. G., some tractor and pusher types and a new type of twin pusher plane.

Those pupils who went to Devotion will be glad to know that Mr. Russel is Miss Samuels' husband.

Pupils interested in buying plans of planes may get them at the Community Service office, 739 Boylston street, Boston, or they may put in their order with Ethel Feinsilver, in Room 219.

Miss Amelia Earhart is the newest Honorary Member of the Girls' Aero Club. She has written us to that effect.

We have received an invitation from the Framingham High School, to help them start their Girls' Aero Club.

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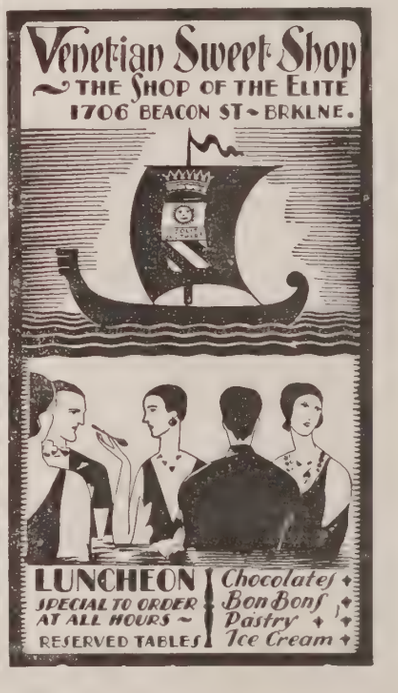

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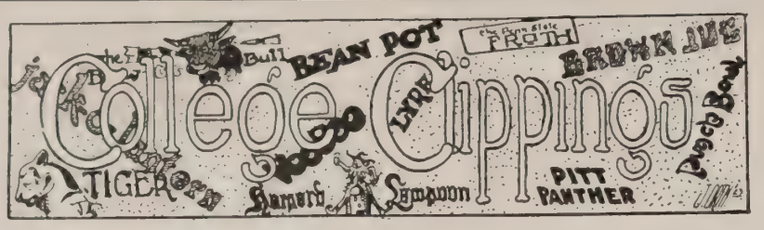

Shirtsleeves to Shirtsleeves

There, little forest with poplars so high,
You'll be a rich man's estate by and by.
There, little rich man's exclusive estate,
You'll be a golf course, as certain as fate.
There, little golf course, I pray you don't cry,
A swell subdivision you'll be by and by.
There, Gleaming Gables, no longer so bright,
Now you are ripe for a factory site!

* * *

Such fun, this job hunting, you know, being a college man, I never wear a hat. Yesterday I was standing in a bookshop waiting to be hired, when a lady came in, picked up a book, and handed me two dollars. Today, I'm going to loiter in the piano store.

* * *

Joys of Self-sacrifice

"Husbands should share the housework with their wives," says a women's paper. We despise those selfish husbands who want to do it all themselves.

* * *

Late one night the landlord of some flats was called up by a tenant who inquired: "Can a landlord interfere when a woman on the third floor quarrels with her husband and disturbs the neighbors at night?"

"You are one of the neighbors?" the landlord asked.

"No, I'm the husband."

He was up for his university examination. It was well understood that he was "dumb" intellectually, but the "powers that be" were anxious to pass him, for he was a fine oarsman and was needed for the crew.

"Just put down something," pleaded his tutor. "Write down anything and we'll get you through somehow or other." And he left the pupil to do it.

The sturdy youth sat for an hour gazing at the virgin paper before him. Then in disgust or dispair he scrawled the word "Dam" on the paper and left the room.

Later on his tutor came up to him more in sorrow than in anger.

"We can't pass you," he said glumly. "You've spelled it wrong."

* * *

The payment of hush money does not guarantee a quiet life.

* * *

What can't be cured, one should be careful not to catch.

* * *

Elizabeth

Through my arms I felt the gentle throbbing of your warm body—it would be better to go now, quietly—before it was too late—But what cruel parting was this? Those radiant pools of light, that had seemed to glow for me alone so quickly dimming—dimming—while from the very depths of your trembling frame came that heartrending sob . . And then . . . so quiet and still you were . . . so still . . . still . . . so still . . . cold . ah so cold

"S'no use, Bill, one of us gotta get out an' crank her up."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River." —Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 6 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 11, 1929 TEN CENTS

SOCIAL FITTING CLIMAX TO 1928

Crimson Ramblers Furnish Music

Wow! What a beautiful night, wow! what a wonderful girl, wow! what a hot show! (Those adjectives are interchangeable.) The Senior Social, of course on December 21st. Wasn't it great the way that all-school party, climaxed good old 1928! Talk about doing things up right! A talented cast, a jovial audience, and an efficient committee all joining and clapping hands to produce "the greatest mid-winter frolic ever.

As an opener the Brookline High School Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Cook played some excerpts from "Carmen" by Bizet. Then came the Midshipmen Drill, clicking their way, with perfect co-ordination of step and swing of body, to fame, fortune and what-not. This act broke all remaining ice between the stage and the audience, and from then on the show flowed serenely and snappily on. During this act and for many others, the Crimson Ramblers played with that "I can't give you anything but—Music" manner, which made every one sway with the performers.

"The Infernal Triangle" followed and Al. Weinburg, as the husband, Bob Haynes, as the lover, and Ed. Duane as the wife (is it Edward or Edwina?) caused more tears and heart-twitters than any other act.

In the third act, Erma Corp, drifted about to the strains of the Valse Piquante played by Elliott Hurwitz.

Elly Kasman at the piano, perhaps showed more talent and received more applause than any other individual through-out the night.

Ford and Grennan Sing

The next act brought into the lime light "Marty" Ford and "Abber" Grennan. When they put their heads together, they made popular music, more popular.

Miriam Hurwitz tapped her way to popularity by presenting some exceedingly clever and snappy steps in her "Clog Dance."

"Square Pegs" presented by Gertrude Lakson and Betty Jacobs, two remarkably clever actresses, showed us that there is a big jump and bumps from the 17th to the 20th century, both in dress and human behavior.

In the interlude that followed Weinburg and Haynes told the story of the sleepy freshman.

Vivian Parker and Eleanor Roach, duplicating last year's Senior Social success, opened another surprise package in their "Trail of Dreams."

(Continued on Page 2)

NORMAN ANGELL

Brookline High School is to be specially honored on January 9 when we shall listen to a talk on "Higher Citizenship," by Norman Angell, one of the most famous writers of our day. His books have been translated into 27 languages and he is in America for only two months of lecturing. He will speak the same evening at Steinert Hall on "The Present Relations between England and the United States."

Although Mr. Angell was born in England, he was educated in Switzerland and came early to America to live on a ranch in the West. After sometime he turned to journalism as his career and became correspondent in Paris for several American papers. Then he was made editor of the "Daily Messenger" in Paris, from 1900-1904. Next the "Paris Daily Mail" claimed him from 1905-12. Mr. Angell created the term International Relations which is a subject now taught in every university worthy of the name. His best known books are: "The Great Illusion," 1911; "The Foundation of International Polity," 1914; "The World's Highway," 1915; 'Why Freedom Matters;" "The Need for a Parliament of the Allies;" "Fruits of Victory;" "The Press and Society."

BROOKLINE DEFEATS WATERTOWN IN FIRST MEET

"Big Parade" Ended in Score 70½ to 6½

The "Big Parade" came off last Friday afternoon at the Brookline track when Brookline routed Watertown H. S. by the score of 70½ to 6½ in a meet which was devoid of a great deal of interest because of the lack of competition afforded by the visitors. Watertown took one first place, in the thousand, a third in the shotput and a tie for third in the high jump. This marked the sum total of Watertown's efforts, and the rest of the events gave the appearance of a Brookline practice. Peter Racheotes was Brookline's individual star and high scorer, scoring 14 points by means of firsts in the broad jump and dash, and a tie for first in the high jump. The thousand was the best race of the day, Rattigan of Watertown just passing Levenson on the last corner to win by a couple of feet in a thrilling finish. Blunt of the Red and Blue finished third right behind Levenson.

The field events were contested in the gym before the running events. Racheotes and Winchester Dermody tied for first in the high jump at five feet, four inches, with David Barrie of

(Continued on Page 3)

PUPILS DEPOSIT $2300 ON FIRST BANK DAY

768 Deposit Money Tuesday—Senior Girl Makes Largest Single Deposit

The Bank opened Tuesday morning when three periods were omitted from the schedule to permit the collecting of $2311.80.

Miss Florence Barnard, head of the Economics department of The Brookline Schools and sponsor of the High School Bank, expressed her pleasure at the large deposit in Brookline High although it failed to reach the quota set, $3500. That figure is the record for a single day's deposit at the Lynn High School, where there are 2200 pupils, but was reached only after the bank had been in operation for 12 years. "For this reason," said Miss Barnard, "we may with reasonable pride feel that our start was creditable."

The total amount of $2311.80 was deposited by 768 pupils out of 1414 present. On the preceeding day when the special notice was made there were 178 absent.

Rooms 1, 4, 6, 9, 212, 219, 222, 316, and 317 exceeded their quota. Of these room 6 had the largest deposit and Room the largest per capital depositors. There were over thirty depositors in Rooms 7, 219, 221, and 222.

The fine record of 100 per cent depositors was made by two rooms, 213 and 221.

(Continued on Page 2)

SWIMMING TEAM TO BE BEST YET

Despite the loss of a few of last year's stars, the swimming team this year will be as strong as ever. With many of the 1928 place winners in the interscholastics, back, Brookline ought to splash to another victory in the annual Meehan trophy meet.

Captain Marty Ford is the mainstay of the team. He will ably take care of the fifty-yard dash and either the one-hundred or two-hundred yard free style. He is faster now than he ever has been and ought to come close to breaking one of the interscholastic records in the course of the season. Beside Ford, the dash and relay men will probably be chosen from one of many; Broadbent and Horne of last year's team, Harvey, Rube, Steele, Weinrebe and Hyland brothers. All are turning in fast times and can offer stiff competition to any team.

The backstroke will easily be taken care of by Johnnie Coutts and Broadbent and possibly Goodwin. Andy Conway will succeed Johnny Rae as a breaststroke star. He ought to be able to be a winner all season, as he finished second only to Rae last year. The other man swimming the event will probably be Dexter or Gray, or possibly the jack-of-all-trades, Coutts.

The one-hundred yard swim will most likely bring out Coutts again, Weinrebe, Jerome or one of the promising Hyland brothers.

In the dive, Prendergast and Nisson will be back again to twist, turn and somersault. Richards, a freshman, will be able to help out in case of their absence. Bencks and Ford will capably swim in the two-hundred yard free style.

At present, meets are being arranged with the swimming teams of the leading high and preparatory schools of the state. A team is not a championship team unless it has the full support of the school. Come out and cheer the team at every home meet!!

PRIZE SPEAKING

Due to the absence of Miss Hannon during the first week following vacation, the eliminations and finals have been postponed. The date for the eliminations has not been fixed, but it will have to be arranged so that the finals will fall on Friday, January 25.

EL CIRCULO ESPANOL

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by the members of the Spanish Club on Tuesday, January 8. The meeting was held at the home of the president, Ruth Douglas.

The program opened with the playing of the Spanish Royal March. A short business meeting followed. In the absence of Florence Buxton, Beatrice Finn read the secretary's and treasurer's reports

Miss Norine Robards, a very talented pianist and friend of the hostess, played four beautiful pieces. Two pieces were compositions of E. Granados; the other two were composed by Albéniz.

Accompanied by Miss Robards, the members sang two Spanish folk songs.

Refreshments were then served.

There were two charming Spanish ladies present who joined in the playing of "Fish, Fowl, Flesh" which proved to be quite amusing. Thus in this happy strain, the meeting was adjourned.

R Colyum

Latest Bulletin: Mr. Taylor refuses to pound the floors with little Edwin during the early hours of the morn; Edwin now does his announcing in the crib.

* * *

Gymnasium note: Francis Forsythe was practising on the bars the other day when the bar slipped and fell on his head. That's no way to do your gym work, Mr. Forsythe!

* * *

Another gym note: Barrett Roberts, last week, for want of a shirt had to borrow that of Ralph Shikes. Barrett wriggled into it and then tried to survey himself; the shirt ended just short of the solar plexus!

* * *

Social Note: "Sally" Robinson got a lemon massage the afternoon of the Senior Social. Who was the blonde, Saloma?

* * *

One freshman in Ancient History class wanted to know as he fingered his mythology book where was Hades? "Hades?" says the second nitwit, "ain't that an island in the West Indies?" Bring the broom, boys and let's sweep out the City Hall!

* * *

Special Note: We just learned that the birthdays of "Shack" Dexter and les demoiselles "Densten" occurred last Friday. What a coincidence! We wonder. . . .

* * *

The Senior Class has nearly all subscribed to the Year Book. Let's make it a hundred per cent as quickly as possible!—Adv't.

* * *

New Year's Toast: To the co-eds. God dress 'em!

* * *

Joe Melhado must be running for Congress. Everytime we see him, he's shaking hands with someone. All he needs to do now is to kiss the babies!

* * *

His motto is that one good hand is worth a good pump.

* * *

"Each state," declared Mr. Kepner, "has its own electoral college."

"Then what do they call the whole thing!" asked someone.

"Huh," says Mr. Silverman, "a university of course!"

* * *

And we hereby resolve that as long as we write this column, we shall not let Dexter and Densten, Inc. get into print again!

MUSICAL NEWS

The Orchestra is now playing some old French music. The Glee Clubs are taking up selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas, such as Iolanthe.

The Orchestra will probably play for Prize Speaking.

SOCIAL ACCLAIMED AS HUGE SUCCESS

(Continued from Page 1)

A Will Rogers—rope and line (verbal)—right here in our midst was none other than, Melvin Wingusky.

A Pickaninny Frolic—temperature 102-hot chocolate—wow! can't the members of our livlier sex shake, shiver' shimmy and then some.

Boy! isn't Elliott Hurwitz guite a "kitten on the keys!" Speaking of "zee delicate touch."

Alvin Weinburg, our pantomime artist, in his "Traffic and Turnstiles—or the Woes of an Immigrant" and later with his "Old Gold" caused more than one to bubble over with mirth.

The Three Olives, Henry Humphreys, Barrett Roberts and Edward Duane, (Sudden, Sweat and Twist) created quite a disturbance, both under and in front of the proscenium, with their baby and mutt.

What classy steppers Doris Cohen and Barbara Richardson were in their "Specialty Dance."

Joseph Melhado in his Pianologue told some choice "joax" and rolled off a few pieces of his own composition.

The John McCormack and "Red" Grange of the class of 1928, (Daniel Rollins), sang three selections.

Again in "Frenesia", Miriam Hurwitz, with Elliott Hurwitz as accompanist, showed talent worked up to a point of perfection.

ART CLUB

One of the most interesting meetings of the Phi Sigma Delta was the one which took place, Tuesday, Jan. 8th. On this date the club went to visit the various Art Galleries of Boston. A few of these were: the Boston Art Club, the Grace Horne Gallery, the Dollrin Richard Gallery, the Copley Gallery, the Irving Casson and the Vose Galleries.

The current exhibits are of contemporary artists, and have a duration of 2 weeks each, after which they are to be changed. These are the first exhibits of the year.

At the Guild of Boston Artists the exhibit is permanent.

Unless one attends every other meeting as a minimum, he is dropped from the club; so, as in this case when there are two excursions in succession, members must attend at least one.

LEAGUE SPELLING

Applications may still be made for places on the spelling teams, as the final selections have not been made. There will probably be ten members to a team.

There is yet time for you to make your class team. Put your class over the top.

The first match will be run off next week.

BANK DAY OPENING CREDITABLE

(Continued from Page 1)

The Seniors had two of the largest single deposits. The Freshmen may boast of three and the Sophomores one. The six largest depositors in the order named were as follows: Caroline Sherrill '29, Robert Ross '32, Milton Wright '29, George Kaplan '32, Robert Monroe '32, and Adele Cohen '31.

Miss Barnard commented on the success of the initial day: "While every depositor in the school showed school spirit and registered belief in a principle which is the foundation of stable citizenship and personal prosperity through life, the 100 per cent rooms showed an appreciation of the value of team work that is an achievement in itself. One of the best wishes that can be extended to the students of Brookline High is that they may become members of a 100 per cent room soon—the sooner the better."

INTERVIEWS

I have seen many impressive mountains during my life, but I received the chilliest thrill when I was honored by an interview with Paul Whiteman, the ace of jazz-fiends. I dropped in on him to cheer him up when he was appearing at the Met.

Early on the first Saturday of his visit I went to the Information Bureau at the theatre, from which place I was taken by an usher to Paul Whiteman's office. This is on the main floor and is reached by going through the lobby.

Once in his presence I found him exactly as I expected him to be—kind, jovial and extremely affable.

Mr. Whiteman has been conducting for fifteen years. His orchestra consists of thirty-five players, all of whom are experts in their particular lines. He will continue recording for the Victrola, but his plans are quite indefinite.

Trying to be impartial, I decided to give Tom Mix a break. Yes, it really was Tom Mix and no other. Since it was directly after his act, Mr. Mix still had on the cow-boy costume which he has made so famous. He seemed extremely tall and not quite as good-looking as he appears on the screen. After informing me that he would continue his vaudeville tour and then return to the moving pictures, he took me back-stage, where I saw his horse, Tony, who is almost as famous as his master. And let me tell you that Tony takes no back seat when it comes to doing tricks and showing off for the ladies!

Now to tell about one whom you have all seen in person and whom you all like—Gene Rodemich, the snappy leader of the Metropolitan jazz band. His orchestra consists of thirty-two players. There will be several additions, one of whom will be a new banjoist who has a good singing voice. "Gene" also said that the music which he furnishes comes directly from New York.

If there are any others personages in town whom you Sag readers would like me to interview, just let me know through the Sag box in the Library. Your reporter is at your service!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH 10,000 FISH?

January American Boy Tells Methods of New York Aquarium

That aquarium in the biology laboratory doesn't seem to be much of a problem, does it? A few fish, a frog or two, a turtle at times—there aren't enough different kinds of water species to make anybody gray-headed.

Yet they have to have clean, fresh water; they have to be fed certain kinds of food; they have to have enough oxygen to sustain life. And suppose you had the job of taking care of 10,000 specimens, some from fresh water and some from salt water, some requiring water of one temperature and some another, some refusing to eat anything but a certain kind of food. What would you do about it?

What the New York City aquarium, the largest aquarium in the world, does about it makes the subject of an absorbing article by Boyden Sparks, "They Shop in the Ocean," which appears in the January American Boy magazine.

The New York aquarium, the article says, employs a staff of 26 attendants to care for its sea life. All of them are needed, for fish are more pernickety in their appetites than most humans. The sea horse, for example, will eat nothing but live gammarus, a small crustacean about as large as the tip of a lead pencil. Dead gammarus won't do—you can't fool a sea horse.

To obtain this food the aquarium has equipped a 35 foot auxiliary sloop, called the Sea Horse, which makes daily trips out of New York harbor. The sloop also brings in new specimens in its specially constructed "well." Codfish, shrimp, crabs, and herring are bought at the fish markets three times a week, to be cut into small pieces for the aquarium's boarders.

Water for the aquarium is shipped to New York in huge tanks, for the "soup" of the harbor is unsuitable. Heating apparatus keeps the tanks at 72 degrees temperature, for sea fish and slightly warmer for bay varieties.

Reserve tanks, containing extra specimens to replace those that may die, are kept out of public view. Little can be done for a sick or injured fish, Mr. Sparks says, for there is no way to treat them that has proven successful.

Misguided Ambition—We All Know It!

"How old is your son?" asked the visitor.

"Well," replied the Dad, "he's reached the age when he thinks the most important thing to pass isn't his examination, but the car ahead of him."

BROOKLINE TRACK STARS

(Courtesy of The Boston Transcript)

Badarracco (upper right) watching recruits practise. Insert (left to right) Badarracco, Racheotes, Smith, Duane, Fink and Hootstein.

BROOKLINE LEAVES WATERTOWN FAR BEHIND

(Continued from Page 1)

Brookline and Kelley of Watertown tying for third. Racheotes then strolled over to the broad-jumping mat and calmly leaped nine feet and a fraction to win the broad jump, with Al Locascio and Robert Kenswell of Brookline, second and third respectively. Bernie Hootstein had to put the shot only 34½ feet to win this event, with Hugh Redmond second, and Hedgeman of the visitors trailing in third place. If Harry Fink had not been at home sick, Watertown would most likely not have placed in either the high jump or shotput, as Fink is quite capable of equalling or bettering the best marks made in these events.

Three preliminary heats were run off in the 40-yd dash, two runners in each heat qualifying for the finals. The six men winning places in the finals were all from Brookline, so Captain Badaracco withdrew and let the other five fight it out. Racheotes won handily with Hootstein and Charley French behind him in that order. The three finalists in the hurdles were also from Brookline, and Eddie Duane captured this event from Eddie Lebowich and Bud Johnson. Mr. Hines entered only three men, Badaracco, O'Neil, and Lewis, in the "300", and they finished first, second, and third respectively, with Baddy coasting home easily in the van.

Since the meet has been termed the "Big Parade", the only thing the "600" can be called is the "bigger parade." Five Brooklinemen occupied the first

(Continued on Page 5)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than Tuesday preceding the day of publication

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FACULTY FILOSOPHY

So many of us manage to slip through four years of high school utterly oblivious of the way and wherefore of it, that a slight notion of what one person thinks on the subject is not entirely amiss.

But a very short time ago, one young man finding himself in rather deep waters, demanded of his instructor, rather belligerently "What good is this stuff going to do me anyway? This "stuff" happened to be a course in Geometry. He was by no means the first to propound the question, nor is that the only subject evoking such a querry. But the response, from one of our own teachers, was immediately forthcoming. It was unusually forceful, worthy of more receptive ears:

"Look at that paper: a mass of nothing; no system; no thought in what you have said or how you have said it. If by the end of the year you will have been able to produce a paper, indicating by its very neatness and lack of superfluity your state of mind, this course and teacher will have accomplished its objective!"

Correction: in the list of old members of the Honorary Society the name of Robert Levis was omitted, and among the new, Margaret Stein has a total of 16 7/8 points.

HOME SWEET HOME

Homes, like everything else in this modern world, have undergone a change. It is not so very long ago that a man's house had a great deal more in common with a workshop than with a castle. It was, perhaps, secure, but seldom restful.

We have all heard of those old home industries—spinning, weaving, candle-making, baking, preserving, wood-cutting, food-producing, stock-raising, butter made in the home dairy, poultry raising. If there was a warm corner to sit beside for a few minutes at night, before the sleep of exhaustion overtook the hard-laboring householder, comfort was felt to be amply served.

Then industry arose. Candles gave way to oil lamps; lamps to gas and electricity. Baking became a profession. Looms and spinning wheels gathered dust, and cloth was brought over the counter. Presently ready-made cloth became serviceable and, sometimes, even the lonely home was no longer a treadmill.

Today the home is primarily a place of relaxation. Most people do their share of common work in offices, stores, or factories. They come home to rest, to read, to dance or to get in a game of tennis. Comfort and quiet and beauty are what they need.

BI-WEEKLY

It has come to the attention of the editor that there is a difference of opinion on the meaning of **bi-weekly.** According to Webster bi-weekly means —every two weeks, fortnightly. The editor suggests that those who wish to criticise his use of words should just make sure they know how to use them themselves.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE LOVE-LIFE OF A FRESHMAN

by that there risin' young sheik
J. Pluvis Knoggle

My dear mother,

You must, no doubt, be quite surprised at the cool and distant way of being addressed and at the stately and smooth flowing dignified language but my English teacher says that my previous letters have been rather atrocious so to speak and that I must keep coming back to her after school to learn to write a decent letter that might well be printed as it were. This is it! You must also be astonished at the title of this epistle but since I didn't mention much about the co-eds who always distract my attention in class and about the ladies in general, I thought that the matter deserved a whole letter which might be devoid of all other stuff. (Say ma, this here paragraph took me a clean fifteen minutes to write.)

Without any dubitative hesitation, madame, you would most likely desire to know of my relations with these here women and what I exactly as a rule think of them and also about my amours. The species that inhabit the school are very alluring on the whole if you don't look at them too much but they don't know much about logarithms and such, a fact which is not to be deplored.

This here love business is an art all by itself which must be handled like you handle eggs—with great skill and finesse. A fellow must know just when to look bored with things in general without seeming too preoccupied so that the lady in question won't get too angry at his lack of arduous attention, as it were. When a co-ed passes, it is best to be frowning manfully like you was thinking of your future income tax or of murdering the English teacher which is making me write in this here fashion, but I can't help because I have to if I want a good mark. Where was I? Oh yes!

When you keep looking like you had something noble on your mind, she won't walk past without giving you a tumble, as the expression goes. She'll sort of try and look back without attracting undue attention and when she does, it is best to keep frowning to excite her future curiosity which is never absent in a woman, so to speak. Of course, she passes on and out of your life down the sidewalk on the way home unless you manage to somehow get in her way again sort of accidentally. Then maybe an introduction follows and if you don't know how to play bridge, everything flops, as one might term it.

You must be sophisticated with these here ladies and fail to notice the word "cute" which they are always using to describe something whether it is a six-hundred ton elephant or a peanut. And you must never ask them the telephone number of the place where they reside in the first five minutes as it shows a desire to know them. All the advances must come from the lady with you standing around resignedly like you was a martyr and seeming to swear at the friend what introduced you to her in the first place, a scene which tends to awaken her dormant affections and simply want to know if you're satisfied with the school, and what do you think of so and so, and isn't that other girl funny looking and isn't Mr. Such and Such who teaches something or other very cute? To all of which it is best to grunt and act scornful, with a polite and delicate taste that makes her slightly resentful but more desirous of knowing you better.

Sometimes though, it isn't so easy. With certain women, you got to manage them differently according to their temperament. If you want to know a girl what has many admirers, it is best not to try and make her acquaintance as most likely you wont' get a break if you do. Or else, tell a friend of the beautiful one that she isn't good looking at all; that'll rope her in!

Sometimes a fellow must endure great hardships in meeting a lady. For instance, during the Christmas vacation, I and another fellow whose name probably wouldn't interest you and who probably you wouldn't know anyway had his car and took me for a ride with a girl friend of his who was a fresh air fiend without me knowing it who wouldn't have come if the truth had been discovered earlier. We started out for Norumbega with me feeling great until she said I didn't mind if she opened a window right beside me, did I? Of course I didn't! How funny! On the way back, besides having all the windows open, she also had the ventilators at our feet letting in the cool December air and a couple of colds with it. And incidentally Ma, you better send me a hot water bag I haven't any. I had to borrow one from this here friend of mine who graciously lent it to me.

I don't believe in that there rule of "Love them and leave them" because what's the use of leaving them after you got them? It don't make sense and it's a rotten motto. It's best to love 'em and try and keep onto 'em; that way it's more fun and makes everything more interesting, as I might say.

The love-life of an ordinary freshman isn't so exciting as one might suppose in this here institution because it ain't real dignified for a freshman to look at a classmate. An enterprisin' young fellow like me must go out for

(Continued on Page 5)

Around the World With the Faculty

HERBERT HOOVER

In June 1914, Dr. Nasmyth and I sailed for Europe and while at sea learned of the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand at Seraijevo. How little anyone then dreamed that this would result in a world conflagration! We were to attend the Norman Angell Summer School of International Relations in England and go later to the Great Peace Conference of the Churches at Lake Constance, Switzerland. In the old barn on the family estates of William Penn we met together, students of all nations, to discuss the causes of war and how to prevent their recurrence. As our final project each group had to go to a different country to lecture for two weeks and report our findings. Needless to say we never met again, for each group was soon stranded in the midst of a World War.

It was under these circumstances that we first met Herbert Hoover. Our party arrived in London August 4th and that night, at midnight, England declared war against Germany. The confusion was profound: thousands of American tourists in every corner of Europe clamored for passage home and no one's money was worth a kopek. Herbert Hoover was in London representing the International Exposition in San Francisco, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. With a committee of prominent Americans, he set up headquarters at the Savoy Hotel and there worked out a financial scheme to repatriate all these frantic Americans. We were crazy optimists and in no hurry to return home, so we offered our services. Our beloved leader in the Peace cause was Daniel Starr Jordan under whose presidency, Herbert Hoover had worked his way through Leland Stanford University. Dr. Jordan was staying with the Hoovers at No. 17 Red Lion Square and there we were also entertained. One of the tasks that needed doing was to go back to Germany and collect some of the stray baggage. Dr. Nasmyth volunteered and so rescured hundreds of trunks among them the belongings of the Rear Admiral of the British Fleet, and his wife, Lord and Lady Jellicoe.

We remained in London until October and watched operations. Then came the problem of feeding the Belgian children in the occupied zones. Mr. Page, our Ambassador in London, recommended Hoover. To accept this gigantic responsibility he gave up his professional career and since then has been engaged entirely in public and government service. His great skill, initiative and method of working was here revealed. I recall that Lloyd George told him it was impossible to get a ship. Hoover answered, "I've got the ship." "You can't find a crew." "I've got the crew," answered he. "You'll not find enough food." 'I've got the food and the hatches battened down."

"Then," said the prime minister, "here are your clearance papers but men in England have been hung for less."

His own signature was his passport in the war zone. It is said that when the French Finance Minister was asked to audit the expense account for the millions spent in the devastated area he answered, "I have other things more important to do than checking up on the honesty and capacity of Mr. Hoover." Woodrow Wilson, when the United States entered the war, sent for Herbert Hoover to come home to give us assistance in the organization of our food problem. He was made the chief of the Food and Fuel Administration, later divided, and the Administration of Fuel given to Harry Garfield, President of William's College. In this great emergency organization it was our privilege to work as executives and carry thru his projects.

After the war, again he was in Europe organizing food relief for starving German children and suffering Polish and Russian families. "Obstacles are always an invitation to his mind," and with his great knowledge of our economic world, his large sympathies and his methods of conference and co-operation, his Presidency ought to bring about a new era of international understanding and goodwill.

Mrs. Nasmyth

EXCHANGES

As Others See Us

"Sagamore Short Stories" are great"—"The Light"—Bristol H. S., Bristol, Conn.

As We See Others

"Kardinal" Kearny H. S., Kearny, New Jersey.

Welcome to our Exchange list. We enjoyed your paper very much. It is well arranged, and the literary department is very good.

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The High School Bank!
The High School Bank!
A thousand cheers for the High School Bank!

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Oh, put your dimes in the High School Bank,
The one which you'll have cause to thank
When you go in for your life's career,
And need the finance so's to steer
Your ship of life through placid seas,—
Oh, down upon your bended knees,
And say you'll save without a stop.
Our bank is bound to reach the top.

Come, hear the pennies jingle!
And the dimes and nickels clank!
A world of wealth is waiting
In our new-born High School Bank.

Rosalyn Brightman

LOVE-LIFE OF A FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

the juniors and maybe a Sophomore or a Senior once in a while. I'm not saying that the freshman girls aren't alright, mind you, but a guy has to be seen with someone older and let me tell you, these here juniors and seniors make it pretty hard for a well meaning fellow. You go up to one of them and they smile at you in a motherly way and pat your head so impersonally and call you "sonny" like you was her grandson and no less. The only thing to do in a case like that is bear it and ask her to keep on patting your head like she started.

It's best not to have a line because if you happen to go out with a girl and tell it to her, she'll tell it to her friend and then everyone'll know it. An offhand sort of conversation is the most reliable in all cases and the weather is always a good thing to start off with because it's always there.

Most of the women like you to confide in them. If you haven't any troubles, it is a good thing to make them up on the spur of the moment and tell them to her in a trusting way like you was King Goofus-the First and wanted a lot of sympathy which they practically always have to give out.

That's about all I can think of right now so I guess I won't say any more. There's a couple of women I know are going to be sore at me revealin' all these secrets about their ways to the rest of the unthinking men of Brookline, and I guess I better hop around and calm down their troubled fears about my desertin' them.

Your most obedient, filial and dutiful son,
J. P. K.

P.S.—For cryin' out loud ma, how about sendin' me that there check I asked for in my last letter?

J. P. K.

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ALUMNI NOTES

Horace S. Ford '26, a Sophomore at Tech., was elected president by his class.

Engagements have been in abundance among our Alumni members.

Recently the engagement of Miss Hannah Frieze '26 was announced.

Miss Ruth Thomas '24, who graduated from B. U. last June became engaged a few weeks ago.

Miss Alna Ford '27 is studying to be a teacher at Framingham Normal.

Marjorie Cohen '28, is in London studying at the Tobias Mathay Pianoforte school. She will remain there for two years.

Astronomy Professor: Can you name me a star with a tail?

Ardent Student: Sure. Rin-Tin-Tin.

* * *

"Ma! Lookit the pretty little collar on that lady's dress!"

"Hush, Johnny! That's the lady's shirt."

GIRL'S SPORTS

Gym Team

The gym team under the supervision and help of Miss Kelley, Miss James and Miss Haskell, meets every Monday at 2:15. The aspirants for the varsity team have been divided into four classes. From these the best will form the varsity gym team. Interclass meets will insure interesting competition. Also, a meet is being arranged with Cambridge Haskell school.

Captain Ball

Under the guidance of Miss Bacon captain ball practice is on Tuesday. Eight teams have been chosen, two from each class, which will participate in class games.

Swimming

On Wednesday the future Gertrude Ederles assemble at the pool and go through a series of exercises, races and fun under the supervision of "Jay" and Miss Kelley. The swimmers have been divided into classes, A, B, C and D according to ability. There are also class teams which will have meets. Wednesday, Jan. 13 a captain, Eileen Manning and Manager, Alice Werner, for the varsity team were chosen. Class A corresponds to the varsity team.

Pin Guard

On Wednesday pin guard is coached by Miss James. There is a possibility of having basketball but it as not been definitely decided as yet. As usual there is hiking the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Dancing

On Friday Ned Wayburn's rivals meet with Miss Haskell.

THE BANK

By the time this issue of the Sagamore is printed, the opening of the B. H. S. bank will be a thing of the past. Much has been said about this newest school organization. All this effort has been expanded in the attempt to put a new idea across to the school with a bang, instead of with the slow, gradual movement of many former high school attempts.

In order to soothe the worried spirits of any who fear for the safety of their savings, let it be known that all money deposited in our bank, in accordance with state law, will be deposited in a mutual savings bank, in this case, the Brookline Savings Bank, which is considered to be among the safest banks in the state.

It would be well at this time to urge all to make some attempt for the prizes offered by the Boulevard Trust Company for gold articles on Economic Education.

The best argument for depositing in the Bank is school spirit. Thrift is valuable and the idea of depositing in the bank is worth while for its own sake, but I urge all to deposit in our bank, no matter how small an amount, merely to hold up the tradition of school support, so well-known in Brookline.

The names of the Home room treasurers and committees, the clerks and bookkeepers will all be presented in a future issue of the Sagamore. The members of the Board of Trustees are as follows:

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Ruth McIver .....(315)
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Jean MacMillan .....(4)
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TRACK MEET

(Continued from Page 3)

five positions from the start to the finish of the race. Dana Smith reached the first corner in the lead and was never headed. The real struggles were for the second and third positions, which were finally captured by Richard Hartigan and Morris Feinberg. As mentioned before, Ralligen of Watertown won the 1000 from Levenson, who ran a beautiful race, in the last few yards.

The Red and Blue relay teams composed of "Eddie" Duane, "Dave" Barrie, "Art" Stern, and "Izzy" Paisner, easily disposed of the Watertown quartet. Eddie Duane, running the first leg, obtained a lead of about 25-yards and each of the other three added a few yards to his, thus putting a fitting end to the Big Parade.

Brookline's real test comes tomorrow (Saturday) when Newton's strong team makes its appearance at the local track. Brookline and Newton seem to have two of the strongest teams in the State and the meet ought to be well worth watching. Come out and cheer the team.

A Scotchman was leaving on a business trip, and he called back as he was leaving.

"Goodby all, and dinna forget to tak' little Donal's glasses off when he isna lookin' at anything."

* * *

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PRESIDENT LEVI MAKES FINAL APPEAL

A final appeal to the student body in regard to the bank was made at an assembly on the day of return from the Christmas vacation. Robert Levi, the president of the bank, showed its material advantages. He explained that the book-keeping and accounting will be taken care of by pupils of the commercial department, thus affording them excellent practice.

Mr. Eldridge gave an eloquent address concerning the three stages of life: youth, middle age and old age. There are two kinds of youths; those who are always wanting something and forever in a bevory and those who make provisions for the future and whose goal is more than the present. There are two types of middle-aged men; the type that loses interest in life and makes no provision for old age and those who continue as in their youth in an orderly, well-planned life. Aged men have two divisions; men who are in continual bewilderment because of a lack of sense and reponsibility and men who are in continual satisfaction because of a well-planned conservation in their earlier life. Now is your chance, said Mr. Eldridge, to participate in thrift, to realize your ambitions, to provide for the future.

The next speaker, Miss Bliss, told of the relations between the national budget and the school bank. In 1921, Congress passed the Budget Act, by which the expenses and waste of what had been the least economical of any nation were greatly cut down. Thus, in 1929, you can start a budget, make deposits in the bank and follow the example set by the government.

Mr. Hines told of the relationship between thrift and athletics and showed that thrift is as necessary as wealth.

LIBRARY LINES

Interesting Articles in Magazines

"Harvard Football Phoenix"—by Herbert Reed. In "Outlook"—Dec. 12/28

"Football Teams Cardinal"—"Outlook" for Dec. 19/28

"How Man Learned to Fly"—by E. E. Slosson in "Science News Letter"—Dec. 8, and "How We Made the First Flight—by Orville Wright—Republished from "Flying," Dec. 1913

"Sportsmania in the Colleges: pro and con" In Literary Digest for Dec. 8/28

Some Mistakes by "Our Dignified Seniors"

In looking over the Library Notebooks, Mrs. Siebens found the following amusing errors:

"Bridge of the Sons Louis Rey"—(San Luis Rey

"Wringed Horseman", (Winged Horseman)

"Napoleon, by Goodbye" (Ludwig)

"Wire rolls the Oregon" (Where rolls the Oregon)

"Library Lines"

Most of the schools whose publications we receive include in their Library Lines "Interesting Articles", "New Books", etc. They also review books of the day, and tell about current plays. We would like to do this with our Library column. Will anyone who is interested please speak to Mrs. Siebens.

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"Cheer up—the first ten commandments are the hardest."

* * *

Probably Bacchus—Stage Hand—"Shall I lower the curtains?"

Manager—"Why?"

Stage Hand—"One of the living statues has the hicoughs."

* * *

The sign on the outside of a western church: "Revival Meeting Tonight—Subject: "Hell." James Wilson, tenor, will sing, "Tell Mother I'll Be There!"

* * *

Best De Appetizer—"I don't see how you can afford to take so many girls to expensive restaurants!"

"That's easy; I always ask each girl just before we go in, if she hasn't been putting on weight."

* * *

He'd Sell Ice in Alaska—A certain salesman was proposing to his best girl.

"And, sweetheart," he finished, "I'll lay my whole fortune at your feet."

"It isn't a very big fortune," she reminded him.

"I know dear," he replied, "but it'll look awfully big beside your little feet."

He got the job!

* * *

Missed Nothing—"So you remember way back to the Revolution, do you?"

"Yassa. De Revolution and Gin'l Washington an' all them."

"Perhaps you were a witness at the fall of Rome?"

"Nossa, Ah didn't exactly see it, but Ah recollect hearin' something drop."

* * *

More Truth Than Poetry

Not So Newly Wed Wife: "Ten thousand wouldn't buy me the home I want."

Not So Newly Wed Husband: "Yes, and I'm one of the ten thousand."

A Scotsman became engaged to a girl who got so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But she couldn't get the ring off, so he had to marry her.

* * *

Joe Blumberg and his new dog stayed all night in a hotel last week and when Joe came down to settle up he was sore at the bill. The clerk explained that it was an American plan hotel and the bill included three meals.

"But I didn't eat any meals," Joe said.

"Can't help it, they were here for you."

'Then the bill's square," Joe said. "I charge you six dollars for kicking my dog."

"I didn't kick your dog!" cried the clerk.

"Well, I can't help that," Joe said. "He was here for you."

* * *

He (confidently): "I believe that I have this dance?"

She (coolly): "Well, don't let me interfere then."

JUST A POME
by
Jake the Peddler

I'm goin' to write a swell pome;
The rythm or meter don't count;
'Bout trochees or dactyls or spondees
I'm givin' no thought of amount.

Some pomes they like to call ballads;
Another they say is the sonnet;
This ain't neither, so far as I know—
It's a pome right out of my bonnet.

It don't make no sense
And the language is tough,
But you don't know the author,
So withhold your rebuff.

Another thing I would like to mention
Is how I got this way;
It's from goin' to school
I'm such a fool—It don't pay.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River." —Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 7 BROOKLINE, MASS., JANUARY 24, 1929 TEN CENTS

NEWTON DEFEATS BROOKLINE 81½-72½

Two Meets Count as One

Brookline, minus her high point scorers of last year such as "Red" Record, Werner, Prince, and Jewett, was not able to repeat the victories which she scored over Newton the previous season in meets held January 12th at Brookline, and last Saturday at Newton. However, although Newton won both meets, the first by the score of 42½ to 34½ and the second 39 to 38, she officially can only credit herself with one victory, since beforehand it was decided to add up the totals of both meets to decide the winner, and to only count it as one meet. Therefore the final score was 81½ for Newton to 72½ for Brookline.

(Continued on Page 3)

NORMAN ANGELL ADDRESSES HIGH SCHOOL

On Wednesday, January 9, the three upper classes of the high school had the privilege and the pleasure of hearing Mr. Norman Angell, deliver an address upon the follies of militarism and the quackery of certain phases of politics. Mr. Akers presided at the Assembly, and the speaker of the afternoon was introduced by Miss Nasmyth.

Mr. Angell stated that the privilege of voting is greatly abused in England and to some extent in the United States, inasmuch as voters seldom bother themselves to inquire about the executive abilities of their nominee and often cast their ballot in favor of a politician whose sole claim to prestige was proficiency on the gridiron or other accomplishment wholly alien to politics and the government of a great nation. It was pointed out that British voters have a peculiar tendency to avert their faces from the truth and the rational promises of an able candidate, and to elect the more pretentious and almost invariably inferior politician. The wretched condition of Europe and of Great Britain particularly, which, although a victor in the World War, has a larger percent of unemployed than vanquished Germany, was attributed to this deplorable state.

Mr. Angell affirmed that unless Europe accepted some mode of unification, chaos would follow and Europe's dissolution would be inevitable.

The address was admirably terminated by a spirited denunciation of false patriotism, both that which causes nations to take up arms against another over petty grievances and that of the zealous individual who, striving with a blind faith in his righteousness before God, seeks to slay his fellow man.

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS

People say, "Well, Brookline will have a good swimming team! It always has." That is a broad statement and the speakers never stop to think of the work that Coach "Jay" Macnamara has each year to make his championship teams. This year "Jay" was faced with any even greater task than ever before. He lost three of his "Four Sea-horsemen"; Cap't. Ralph Fay, now sojourning in Cuba's sunny clime, Blaine Eynon, probably "diving" in the snow at Hebron Academy who was expected to win the Interscholastic Diving Championship, and Johnny Rae, who now pursues scholastic and authentic honors at Worcester Academy. This left only Marty Ford, of the "big 4", who was elected captain, an honor to which he was entitled after 4 years of swimming triumphs. In addition, Johnny Horne, Andy Conway, Johnny Coutts, and Donny Broadbent returned to start practice at the close of the football season. Now it was up to Mr. McNamara to unearth men for every position and further develop the old men. Has he done it? I'll say he has!

(Continued on Page 2)

T.-S.C. ENTERTAINS STATE ASSOCIATION

A committee meeting of the Teacher-Student Council took place on Monday last. Herbert Maguire, the president of the State Teacher-Student Council Association, and a student of Everett High School was introduced. He spoke about the annual convention of the association which is to be held at Brookline on February twenty-second. A copy of the letters which are to be sent to the two hundred odd schools inviting them to the convention was read by Mr. Maguire. He also spoke of having an emblem for the association. This design is to be executed by our art department, and the emblem voted upon at the convention.

Mr. Packard is going to the State House to get the complete mailing list of all the schools, and also the names of their principals.

Mr. Packard read the as yet tentative program for the day which is as follows: 11 o'clock to 12 o'clock the registration followed by the formal opening of the convention by Herbert Maguire.

Mr. Peterson of Brookline, Mr. Jewett, Chester Litman, vice-president of the Brookline Teacher-Student Council, and Mr. Speare, President of Northeastern University are to speak.

The nominations of the association officers for the coming year are to take place.

At 1 o'clock a catered dinner followed

(Continued on Page 2)

SPEAKERS DECLAIM IN J. MURRAY KAY CONTEST

Unusual Number of Freshmen in Finals Tomorrow Night

MID-YEARS TOMORROW

Alas and Alack! "Mid Years" are back! Latin, French, German and Spanish worry us. Chemistry turns our blood to ice. Shakespeare's ghost haunts us. History dates flee from our minds in terror. "Logs" trip us up and we "fa" down and go bump. And there we lie—worried, haunted, frightened. Our ambition has fled—our courage gone. Everything is one muddled mess and we don't know whether we're coming or going. The midyear cloud is about to burst and we will be drowned in the flood of things we don't know. Friday morning the mouth of the "red pit" will open and the condemned students will press into the yawning cavity and snap—the jaws will be locked again. Only those fortunate enough to be late will escape. The Seniors approach their doom with bowed heads but high chests, the Juniors a bit less confident, the Sophomores with a wise expression and the Freshmen, poor children with faces

(Continued on Page 3)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL SPONSORS MOVIE

On Friday, January 18, at 2:30, the motion picture, "The Connecticut Yankee," was shown in the high school auditorium, for the benefit of the Teacher-Student Council, who are entertaining representatives of like councils from New England on February 22. The students, through the courtesy of Selma Basch, a member of the Senior class were afforded an opportunity of seeing this excellent picture for the small sum of 25c.

In a short introductory speech, Mr. Packard, the president of the council, explained that while the delegates are supposed to meet the expenses of the convention, he felt that, since Brookline is playing the host, it should feel obliged to liquidate any extra costs which may arise.

Considering that the only publicity which had been given the picture was a short announcement the day previous, there was a most appreciable crowd present—perhaps 800. An extremely fine example of the support rendered to the council, by the girls especially,

(Continued on Page 2)

By Louise M. Hannon

The annual contest for the James Murray Kay Prize will take place in the Auditorium on Friday night, January 25, at eight o'clock. The speakers are as follows:

Prize Speakers

Dorothea Lakson, Anne Martin, Jane Miller, Geraldine Stearns, Robert Levi, Marshall Levine, Bert Richards, Joseph Weisberg.

Alternates

Hester Blatt, Miriam Hurwitz, Robert MacLeod, Milton Mikelson.

Always an interesting contest it assumes this year a far greater importance inasmuch as if represents that degree of success so far attained by the recently instituted course in Voice. For this reason it is earnestly hoped that the Speakers will have the encouragement and the courteous attention of a very large audience of their fellow-students whose opportunity it will be to watch the application of the principles which they themselves have been studying, and to estimate the results of this training in oral expression.

Too much can hardly be said in appreciation of the untiring efforts of all the candidates who, in the face of illness enforced absence, and the pressure of other work have given their best towards the success of this enterprise. They deserve your loyal support.

DRAMATICS 1929

George Arliss says in Up the Years from Bloomsbury that if he could afford it, he would present, each year one of the old comedies, that the young people of today might enjoy their beauty and humor. It is to be hoped therefore that the "beauty and humor" of The Rivals will be enjoyed by the boys and girls of the High School.

In choosing the candidates a change has been made procedure for two reasons. For the last three years there has been an increasing tendency for many applicants for a part to come with but slight preparation. Thus the time of both the faculty committee and the well prepared candidate has been wasted. It would seem both fair and efficient therefore, to leave the choice for a preliminary list with Miss Hannon. From the Voice classes

(Continued on Page 2)

YE OLD SCHOOL CRIER

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Oyez! Ye Mid-Years! Oyez!

Instead of reading this you should be studying for tomorrow. Those are words of wisdom but as far as that goes I should be studying instead of writing this.

* * *

As this is being written Ye Crier notes that the snow is being cleared off Cypress Playground. Which probably means it will snow tomorrow.

* * *

After the recent heavy snow we heard a Freshman remark that he thought the School Dep't. had over slept and forgot to call off school.

* * *

One prominent Senior walked into a class of four people. He walked right out again. He thought he was in an Honor Study Room.

* * *

This epidemic of "Flu" while troublesome to many is a source of great joy to some.

* * *

By that we mean that at the expense of the ill ones Dorchester and English High Schools have closed their doors for 2 or 3 weeks.

* * *

There's many a person wishing it would happen here Especially as mid-years draw near.

* * *

But after the recent storm, the only thing that could close the school would be a fire or the coming of July.

* * *

We notice that "Marty" Ford is using the same "Jesse James" tactics that Rae did last year in selling swimming tickets.

* * *

Ask Miss Lewis about a certain bunch of flowers.

* * *

Ye Crier wishes you good luck with the mid-years but he needs plenty of it himself.

* * *

What I mean!

* * *

This is of necessity short and sweet and now back to hopefully study for tomorrow.

Oyez! Hear Ye!
Oyez!
Wish Ye Luck!

STATE ASSOCIATION MEETS AT BROOKLINE

(Continued from Page 1)

by the usual after-dinner speeches is to be served in the lunch room.

At two o'clock the afternoon session is to open. Each school is to give a report on what it has been doing in the past year, after which will be the election of officers and the choice of next year's place for the convention.

This promises to be one of the finest conventions the association has known in years, and as far as Brookline is concerned it will be the best.

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Now we'll take a look at the prospects. The relay is usually the first event in a meet so we'll make it first. Never before has Mr. McNamara had so many candidates for one event. And never has there been such close rivalry. Marty Ford is the only one who is sure of a place and even that isn't by much. The new men are Andy Conway, who heretofore has confined his efforts to the breaststroke, the two Hyland brothers, Billy and Johnny, Don Broadbent, a last year's letter man, Bob Weinrebe, Edgar Aube, who has been "burning up" the tank and last but by no means least Johnny Horne of football fame. Any four of these may toe the mark at any of the meets—who knows?

Next comes the most exacting of events, the Dive. With the loss of Blaine Eynon, things looked pretty black but again "Jay" came thru and we find five men who are able to "do or die for Brookline." Ned McEttric, who seems the best of the lot, "Shorty" Richards, who was a close second in the interclass meet, Jack Prendergast, a last year's letter man, Irving Nisson and Freddie Woodlock, a promising Freshman, complete the list.

People who think that we will be crippled by the loss of Johnny Rae in the breaststroke will be surprised when they stop to think that Andy Conway, who got 2nd to Rae in every race last year, is back and doing time fully as good as Rae did. To pick up second places in this event we have a close battle between "Shack" Dexter, "Rocky" Grey, Carl Harvey, a Freshman and "Happy" Small, a quartet who are continually contesting between themselves to prove their superiority.

There are three fellows in the backstroke and there doesn't seem to be much difference between them. Johnny Coutts, who was a "Jack of all trades" for the team last year, and has turned to the backstroke this year, Donny Broadbent and Paul Bencks are able to garner many points this year.

In the "100" we find that Marty Ford is going to break 60 seconds many times and Johnny Horne will not be far behind judging by the way he "churns up" the tank.

The "200" is a hard event to swim but there are two fellows who seem fully capable of doing themselves and the school justice. John Steele and Billy Hyland are the best of the candidates and should come up to expectations.

With the above we find a very well balanced team with a liberal sprinkling of stars. Only a few of the men have to swim more than once during a meet and that means there will be fresh men for each event.

Manager Shikes has arranged a schedule which provides a few trips and many home meets. Brown Freshmen, Malden, Gardiner High, Mechanics High, English High, Tech Frosh, Andover and many others comprise a well-rounded arrangement. Newton has no team this year hence "Jay" is pointing towards the St. Meehan Interscholastic and hopes to win (as usual).

"Jay" McNamara has a team now with the ability and spirit to equal an Olympic Team. And Spirit is something that must be incurred thru the spirit of the coach. In football the tedious practices are relieved by scrimmages; in track there is the constant spirit of competition during practice and always the feeling that people are watching; but in swimming a fellow must go over every day and just grind, grind, grind at form. And therein lies the secret of the success of "Jay" Mac. The fellows grind every day and like it. As a result I fail to remember ever seeing a pupil of "Jay's" who did not meet all the requirements of his event.

He says that while he is satisfied with "his boys" there could be more out. Now the success of any sport depends on Student Support and although heretofore the Swimming Team has had good support this year we should try to make it even better. If you don't swim, you can cheer and if you can cheer come to the meets and "give these boys a hand."

DRAMATICS 1929

(Continued from Page 1)

she will be able to select worth-while material from which Mrs. White, the coach, may form the cast. This method does not shut out anyone not in those classes, for a recommendation from Miss Hannon will place him or her on the final list which will be considered by Mrs. White on the afternoon of January 29.

The second reason for the change lies in the fact that with the development of the Public Speaking department the dramatics will become the logical product of that department.

From the experience of previous years the committee feels sure of the support of the school. The purpose, the Scholarship fund, is one to which everyone is anxious to contribute. Surely in all well constructed budgets there must be a sum put aside for worthy causes.

With a great appreciation of the fine spirit shown in 1928, the Committee ask for just such a demonstration on March 22 and 23, 1929.

Celina H. Lewis, Chairman.

T.-S.C. MOVIE

(Continued from Page 1)

was the contribution of admission fees from each member of the Girls' Aero Club which was holding an important meeting, thus allowing its members no chance of attending.

As for the picture itself, it was very well received amid bounteous applause, and laughter, but, although there was a marked "op'ry house" atmosphere, no one exceeded the bounds of propriety. The musical accompaniment was capably handled by Charlie Rosenberg and Elly Kassman, who gave contrasting examples of "jazz" and classical modes of musical augmentation.

WHY WRITE?

We are a nation of insatiable readers, Education is all but universal. Publishers are on every hand. New magazines reach the newsstands almost every month. The daily paper is as much a necessity as our daily bread. Every sort of taste is served, from the scholarly to the melodramatic, from that for "breezy" stories to that which demands the scientific article. It would seem as though the demand would absorb all the writing being done in the country today.

Yet writing is a highly selective art. All of us who are educated at all have the first tools in our hands—words and the sheer mechanical ability to write them down. Writing, to the man outside, looks like the easiest work on earth: we all have to use words to talk, so it can't be much trouble to string them out on paper; the free-lance writer is his own man, he travels or loafs away two thirds of his time, and writes in the spare moments—making enough, of course, for a life of more travel and loafing. Famous writers, the average reader has heard, get fabulous sums per word. As a consequence of these current illusions the editorial offices of the country are flooded with inexpert, unbeautiful, unimaginative copy written by those whose main intention in writing is to make money in the easiest way.

As a matter of fact, writing is one of the hardest of the professions. It takes a mature mind to be its own taskmaster. Everyone who has struggled through to success in writing has found out for himself that a clearly developed and a firmly observed system is the only way to independence and recognition. But the rewards of writing are enorous, and well worth the lifetime of service that the real writer is glad to give for them.

Given the love of words and the willingness to put all the hours of effort into the work that can be wrung out of the day, given sympathy and the desire to know what one's fellow man does and why he does it, given an insatiable friendly curiosity and the ability to perceive shades of difference and likeness, writing will repay you a hundred times

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Elsie Maxson of the class of 1922 was recently married to Robert Walsh of Newton.

Miss Grace Adlerman '25 is employed in the Land Court of Boston.

Miss Frances Small '24, a graduate of Radcliffe in 1928, is now employed by the Slattery Co. of Boston.

Gasten Centiwall '24 is in Macy's in New York.

Lee Bower '27 is an employee of the Cork Import Co. of N. Y.

Miss Muriel Adams '26 is a student at the Designers' Art School.

Miss Faith Hale '25 is a Junior at the Normal Art School. At the same school Miss Natalie Hale '25 is also a Junior.

BROOKLINE DEFEATED

(Continued from Page 1)

At Brookline our team showed power, but didn't employ it all. At Newton we fared better but still we have plenty more prospective points which we will score before the winter is over. These two meets showed also that we have some fellows this winter who are above the ordinary performer and who are going to score many points for us in the coming interscholastics. They are Harry Kink, who can throw the shot over 45-feet anytime he so desires, Dana Smith, whom the sport writers proclaim the best running prospect that they have seen in these parts in many a day, "Johnnie" Badaracco in the dash and 300, and Barrie, Smith, and Racheotes in the high jump.

Newton had a monopoly in the dashes in both meets, scoring 8 points in each encounter with Badaracco picking up the lone point for Brookline. Ewing won the event at Brookline with Pescosolido right behind him, and they changed around at Newton. In the 300 we secured the same number of points in each meet, that being five. Badaracco tied with Mullen at Brookline and with Ewing at Newton. Racheotes placed third each time.

There is quite a story centered about the 600. In the meet at Brookline. Reynolds won for Newton with Smith and Hartigan of Brookline second and third respectively. In this race Smith seemed to be very strong but didn't know how to take the corners and had to be content with second place. At Newton he came into his own, was master of the situation all the way, and coasted home as a winner. His time, 1.21 2-5, is very good.

In the thousand, Brookline's weakest event, Newton scored "slams" each time, but in the high jump Brookline nearly reciprocated, Newton scoring only a half a point out of a possible 18. Racheotes, Barrie, Smith and Dermody scored for Brookline.

In the hurdles Brookline had the same luck each time, Duane coming in second at Brookline and Lebowich at Newton. In the shot Fink was victorious for Brookline both times, incidentally breaking the gymnasium record at Newton. However, we were not able to score any seconds or thirds. At Brookline Finn won the broad jump for Newton with La Cascio of Brookline second and Fine of Newton third. The next week Finn repeated but Racheotes took LaCascio's place and he in turn replaced Fine. Here the contest was very closely contested as shown by the fact that the winner of the event did 9' 7¾" and the third place man 9' 7".

Brookline had some consolation for her defeat in the performance of her relay team, the quartet winning both times by a large margin.

Before we close we would like to say something about the spirit at the meets. Last year as we know, there was some friction and it was feared that if there was any such disturbance this year we would have to break relations with our rivals. However, there was not one incident to mar the proceedings and one could never believe the incidents of last year after watching the friendly rivalry between the two schools.

Around the World With the Faculty

It was in his last sabbatical year, 1912-1913, that Mr. Snow made this tour of Europe. The spot with which the following article is concerned is found on the western coast of the Peloponnesus. Here two thousand seven hundred years ago, the Olympian games are reputed to have had their origin. At that time not only did the athletes compete for an oline crown, but even the musicians, dramatists, and artists assembled to display their wares.

At Olympia we saw the Hermes of Praxiteles with much the same wonder and delight as that with which we gazed upon Raphael's Sistine Madona at Dresden. Although the site and exposed ruins have great interest, the Hermes is much more of a magnet in drawing tourists. You know the story of its discovery in the clay in front of the base where Pausanias beheld it. Today this masterpiece is the standard of past and future sculptural art, and yet Pausanias, who saw many originals of the Greek master, passed the Hermes by with the briefest mention. In antiquity the most popular work of Praxiteles was the Aphrodite of Kuidos, any copies of which are extant. Compare with the Hermes even the best copy of this Aphrodite and you feel how completely destitute the later is of the truth breath of life that inspires the former. What, I wonder, would be our conception of the art of Praxiteles if we had the Aphrodite of Kuidos, executed in the studio of the man who conceived it? The texture of the Parian marble used for the Hermes is such, and the delicacy of the finish is so perfect, that one fancies he sees the veins and muscles underneath the transparent skin. A young American sculptor in Rome told me that Lodin alone had discovered an important secret of Greek technique. He said Lodin imitated the Greek masters in pitting finely the surface of the stone to secure

(Continued on Page 5)

GIRLS' SPORTS

The winter season has been progressing well with the large number of enthusiastic girl athletes. As the final schedule has been arranged and put into use, there has not been anything new or different to record in this issue. On all the different teams the girls are working hard and striving for accuracy, speed, form or what ever the sport or game calls for.

Gym Team is on Monday under the coaching of Misses Kelley, Haskell, and James. No captain or manager have been elected as yet, although a meet is being arranged with Cambridge-Haskell School.

Captainball is on Tuesday. Likewise, no captain has been chosen although there are eight teams chosen from the aspirants. These are all class teams and will vie each other for the laurels.

The swimming, on Wednesday, is progressing remarkably. The speed of some of the stars is not much slower than that of the Red and Blue mermen. Two meets have been arranged with Pawtucket. The first will be here on February 13. (We hope this date will not be unlucky for us.) The second will be at Pawtucket on March 22.

Thursday, Basketball and Pin Guard are being played. There are some wonderfully tall guards but they are evenly matched with forwards who are "crack' shots.

The huge dancing class on Friday is having a lot of fun while learning varied and intricate steps. One of these is the tango. Soon Rudolph Valentino will have a successor.

ORCHESTRA PLAYS AT PRIZE SPEAKING

The B. H. S. orchestra's program for tomorrow evening will consist of several Strauss waltzes and two parts of an arrangement of Scotch folk tunes for orchestra, dating back to the 17th and 18th centuries.

MID-YEARS

(Continued from Page 1)

pale, creep in on their hands and knees. But all—Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores and Freshman return on stretchers. Yes, all but the precious few that burned the oil way back in September days. They, conscientious youths, are now enjoying a comfortable couch, a thrilling book and a box of good candy.

But nevertheless we might just as well cheer up and come out of the hole now. You still have tonight to live. Perhaps we can give you a few consoling words before the fatal bell rings. To Seniors: Mr. Kepner won't expect you to know anything anyway. To Juniors: Mr. Taylor is fond of originals. To Sophomore: Ceasar never wrote any orations. To Freshmen: Yours are the easiest exams in the school. Also remember to salt everything Sophomores tell you about exams. They too were green last year. To Everybody: Just think, in some schools they give you the "royal bounce" if you flunk over two subjects but never fear—here you can fail five exams and still not be shown the gate. In fact they might even let you stay an extra year.

Therefore, my comrades, knowing all these glad things how can ye have fear? Brace up, don't go to your exams like a coward.

"But just buckle in with a bit of a grin
Just take off your coat and go to it.
Just start to sing—as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done and you'll do it."

HONORARY SOCIETY REQUIREMENTS

A. Eligibility.

1. No student is eligible if he has received a mark of "E" for a year's work in any subject (Physical Training excluded.)

2. No student is eligible until the second semester of his Junior year.

3. No student is elegibile who in the judgement of this Society be deemed objectionable on moral grounds.

4. No student is eligible who has not acquired at least six points in the following table.

a. Points in question shall be awarded by the Faculty Advisers of the various activities.

B. Rules governing the table of points

The points are classified under (1) Scholarship (2) Athletics (3) Non-Athletic Activities.

At least two points must be obtained in (1) Scholarship and at least two points must be obtained in either (2) Athletic or (3) Non-Athletic Activities or in both (2) and (3). Not more than two points in each activity may be counted for membership and for membership more than one activity must be represented in making the total of the two points required. But no restriction whatever shall be placed upon the number of points in counting for the presidency or secretaryship of this society.

C. Table of Points

1. Scholarship (physical training excluded). All points for scholarship are awarded according to marks for a year's work by the Juniors may count the first semester for the Junior year as one half a year's work and Seniors may count the first semester of the Senior year as a full year's work. One period of prepared work a week counts grade A, ¼ point and grade B, ⅛ point. Each A, therefore, in a subject that includes the equivalent of two, three four or five periods of prepared work a week counts ½, ¾, 1, or 5/4 of a point respectively; each B in the same way ¼, 3/8, ½, or 5/8 respectively. Art, laboratory, and shop work count only one half as much per period as prepared work.

2. Athletics

a. Boys Athl.	Let. B	Cap.	Man'sp
Football	1 Pt.	2 Pt.	2 Pt.
Hockey	1 Pt.	2 Pt.	2 Pt.
Track	I Pt.	2 Pt.	2 Pt.
Swimming	1 Pt.	2 Pt.	2 Pt.
Base Ball	1 Pt.	2 Pt.	2 P.t
First Crew	1 Pt.	2 Pt.	2 Pt.
Tennis	1 Pt.	1 Pt.	1 Pt.
Golf	1 Pt.	1 Pt.	1 Pt.
Rifle	1 Pt.	1 Pt.	1 Pt.

Head Cheer Leader Letter B one quarter point

b. Girls' Athletics

Letter B counts one point

Captaincy of Tennis, Hockey and Swimming one point

(Continued on Page 6)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.
Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.
Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.
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THE WAY OF THE STRONG

Through the Courtesy of Charles H. Eglee

"Hardship and opposition are great helps. They breed manhood and self-reliance."

As Tahan, a North American Indian, said in his lecture to the members of the Boston Art Club some years ago, "Tell me, what man among you is as careful or as good to his son as my father was to me"

This was in direct reference to his previously spoken words. He had mentioned the hardships his father had taught him to bear, he had commented on the wonderful woodland education he had received, and above all he had expressed his thankfulness for having learned to shift for himself and carry own burdens at the early age of seven.

His words struck home—yet the questioned remained unanswered. The listeners of this majestic chieftain realized that they were not training their sons to be the men that they were meant to be, but were preparing them for the "soft" jobs of life.

The road of modern youth is being paved by fathers who have become men through their own efforts—men who are unknowingly hurting the future of their boys by not teaching them to bear the brunt of their own hardships.

The greatest example of a "strenuous life" was set by Theodore Roosevelt, who accustomed himself to hard work, and who developed himself from a weak, sickly boy, into one of the strongest, healthiest, most courageous men this country has ever known. Roosevelt's own term for the man who looked for the "soft" job was "molly-coddle."

A "soft" job is undesirable by real men and women—by real people who are content to face life's hardships with a smile—who are willing to work the entire day and keep a stout heart in the face of every obstacle.

The youth who is soon to bear the responsibilities of the older generation has enjoyed a freedom of self-expression never before known. The type of young man who has wasted away his time, his energy, his health, and his wonderful opportunities, is gradually disappearing. The earnest youth of today is learning that "by trial and subduing we acquire merit."

THE MIDYEARS

By Joseph Weisberg

When I have fears that
I may cease to be,
Soon after my teeming brain
Hesitatingly sets free,
All the foolish, burdensome,
And troublesome trash,
Assembled in the interior of
My cerebellum like hash,
Fragments of useless Physics
And distressing History,
Remnants of forgotten Algebra
And desultory Geometry,
I shudder with horror and
With scarcity refrain.
From emitting language
Positively profane.
For the first day of reckoning
Too quickly draws near,
On the twenty-fifth of January
Destined to appear,
The dreaded Midyears to be
Conquered and won,
Beneath whose awful hand
I'll, verily, be done.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE BARRIER

by Melvin Anshen

The Gallants lived in a small house on the ridge of a steep hill. There were five of them, five Gallants, who made their home together, worked together, thought together, and waged the great fight together. Pressed close to the Town which ever moved outward in its endless quest for more room, they were kept apart from it by something that was a greater barrier than a row of muskets, or a shining wall of chilled steel. They were like a foreign settlement, though essentially the Gallants were more Americanized than any of their neighbors. They did not mix with the Townpeople. Even the youngest of the family betrayed an aversion which made him a marked child. They felt themselves to be of a strata above that of the surrounding people; it was not race-consciousness, for they, if anything, were characterized by an astonishing lack of the quality; they were unconscious of race to a marked degree. It was an inborn feeling; they were "The Gallants."

When Joey Gallant was six he was packed off to school. The first day at recess he produced a bag of marbles. They were the best marbles his playmates had ever seen. Joey was nothing if not a diplomat. He rolled them through his fingers, that their full beauty and worth might be appreciated—also the number. After a short period of this, he squatted and challenged them to a game. With one accord they assented. Then, as if gripped by a chilling hand, they stopped. Joey was properly surprised.

"What's the matter wif you?" he still had an adorable lisp.

"We—I guess maybe we oughtn't to play with you," said Billy Jackson, who ruled the flock.

"But—why?" Joey was overflowing with astonishment. His marbles were acceptable. He could see that in their eyes. The boy was hitting the iron front of the world for the first time and it was hard. Some day some one will put a stop to the cruel idea that children should learn to be self-reliant. Joey was hurt.

Billy coudn't seem to answer the question. "Well—wh—y'see, you're a—a Gallant, we hadn't ought to play with you."

"You're 'fraid. See—these are good ones. They're terribly 'spensive."

"Yes," Billy was overcome with avariciousness. "I'd sure like to—but . . . you're a Gallant."

Joey went home to his mother with his eyes filled and his heart carrying its first cross. He looked like an angel as he stood in the open front door with all the glory of the warm sun flooding his golden hair. His lips were quivering, but he wouldn't break. "Muvver, Muvver. Why won't Billy play wif me? Says he hadnt' ought to. Says I'm a Gallant. Why . . ."

His mother went white. "Joey boy, come here. Oh child, child, you're not only a Gallant, you are Gallant. He won't play with you because . . . because he's so selfish he shouldn't be allowed to walk this earth. And he's selfish because his mother taught him to be selfish. When you get older, Joey, you'll know more about this. But now, don't mind it; I'll play with you. Come on." She dropped her work, and taking him by the hand, she led him out into the glory of the day, into the garden.

This was one page in Joey's life.

* * *

Nan Gallant had aspired to be a healer of wounds even when she was a child. She it was, when the bloody tide of the battle for the snow fort had rolled back, leaving a score of aches and bruises, who washed the cuts and stanched the wounds with clear, cold water. Later she went to a school for nurses.

When Nan was seventeen the Great War broke out. She had not finished her nurses' training course, but she dropped the work and went overseas, first in the French Ambulance Service, later in the Red Cross Unit from the United States. She saw Flanders mud, and Belleau Wood, the Argonne; then she came home with her health shattered.

She was cooped in the house for two long and weary months, then:

"Mother, I've got to be doing something."

"Yes, Nan," the mother knew her daughter.

"I can't stand this eternal stay-in-the-house. I wasn't made for it."

"What do you want to do?"

"Well, nursing's my forte I suppose."

"What chance . . ."

"You mean . . . around here? Oh, there must be something. You know, the Town needs waking up. I'm going to apply to the Council to let me establish a free nurses' service supported by the taxpayers. It has been done all over."

"Nan . . . not by a Gallant . . . here."

"Oh, Mother."

"Oh, my daughter. You are sensitive. I don't want you to bruise your fingers trying to scrape a hold. You weren't made for that either."

"Good heavens, will they still hold that in the way? Because we aren't of their kind, because we came long after they were established here, because

(Continued on Page 5)

THE BARRIER

(Continued from Page 4)

they will-not-receive-strangers, because of their bigotted attitude, shall we let them suffer when we can help them? There are so many in need of just this service, a district nurse to help them to bring up their children in a decent way. I've seen them in my walks. The condition is terrible."

"Nan, dear child, you can try, but you won't be able to succeed; they won't take it from a Gallant. We were not born here."

"I know, Mother dear, I know, and that . . ." she was crying now, but it was an inspirational cry, "and that's what hurts the most. I know you're right, and I can't do anything here. I guess I'd better go away—I'm going back to New York to enlist in the Red Cross Home Service."

This was a scar on Nan Gallant's soul.

* * *

There was a third child, Gloria. She was different; she wanted to write. She did write short, haunting bits of prose that she cherished in her private drawer. Genius is always reticent. One day she met her mother in the sun-parlor. Her mother was sewing.

"Mother, want to write."

"Yes, Gloria." The mother knew her daughter.

"I want to tell the story of the Town to the world I know I can do it. Oh, Mother, think of it. In a book . . . with a striking cover, and my name. 'The Story of the Town, by Gloria Gallant'."

Her mother smiled. "Yes, my child, and it will have a great sale, and be the great American novel, but not by a Gallant. Or else you must change the subject. A Gallant can never write of the Town; we haven't the right for we are not of the Town."

"But Mother dear, it is the great American novel. Why must the fact that my name is Gallant deter me from accomplishing what I feel I must do?"

"Because what you want to do you cannot accomplish. I tell you this. It is hard to grasp; it has been hard for me to understand. I know the struggle through which you are going, but it is inevitable that you face defeat here while your name is Gallant."

And so Gloria did not write her great American novel. She had a timid soul and did not dare to face the world alone. She stayed at home and passed a sedentary life.

* * *

There remains but one child. He is the most remarkable of the lot. He just missed the War because of his youth, and it was just after the War that he faced his mother in the den one evening. He was all America's youth rolled into a composite picture. He was a beautiful boy. Thus Beau Gallant to his mother:

"Mother, I want to go to the University in the Town."

"Of course you want to go to college, Beau. Why, there's Yale, and Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton . . ."

"I want to go to the Town University. It's right at home."

"Beau," said his mother, "why do you want to go to college here? You'll have much more fun away from home, and besides—you know—a Gallant—going to the University here would never, never do."

Beau scowled. Then his jaw tightened. "Mother, I don't believe all those lies about Gallants being different. Why, we're the cause of it ourselves."

"We're the cause, Beau?"

"Yes. By always keeping away we create a wall between the Town and us. Is isn't the Town's fault. It's only natural that they don't tear down the wall that we built up; it's up to us to tear it down. I'm going to do it. I'm going to the University and make them like to have me there."

Mrs. Gallant saw the futility of further argument. She had tried to save Beau from that first fierce contact with the world that so often injures youth fatally. But if Beau would have it so, then he would have to fight it out alone.

The next fall Beau entered the University. At first regarded as an object of curiosity of the campus, he so forced himself in to the public eye that soon grudging approbation was his. While keeping his marks up to a high standard, he managed to sing first tenor in the glee club, win his numerals on the Freshman track squad, and make the advertising staff of the daily paper. By mixing in these activities he widened his circle of acquaintances; by becoming proficient in these activities he won close friends and admirers. The result of the first year proved a distinct surprise to his mother.

The start was flying; he nailed down his record and made it secure and firm during the next three years, so that his graduation was attended by the highest honors, and his future happiness was hoped for by a multitude of classmates. He seemed to be fairly on the highway to success; the barriers were at last broken down.

Then Beau Gallant did a peculiar thing, something that called for first curiosity, then bitter, scathing criticism. He deliberately left the Town, dropped his University friends, and went back to the lonely house on the ridge to superintend the planting and tilling of the extensive farm lands the Gallants owned. His mother smiled when he came back, but Beau did not say a word. The song in his heart that leaped and gloated until it choked his throat was beyond all expression, beyond all telling.

* * *

And so the Gallants lived and so they will die; outcasts, but of their own making, as Beau proved. They are like a lot of other people who dip their fingers in cold water, but who would as soon sell their birth-right as plunge into a cold shower. Their mission in life? . . . To keep the flag flying . . . gallantly.

The End

SOPHOMORE TRIUMPH WIN FIRST MATCH OF SEASON

In the spelling match held on Wednesday the 16th the Sophomores gained the ascendency over the Freshman by the slight lead of on point.

The teams consisted of: Geraldine Chandler, Dorothy Scott, Adrienne Cohen, Margaret Holt, Andrey Price and Greta Hill, Sophomores, and Carola Nasmyth, Frances Day and Frances Gainer, Freshman. The Junior-Senior match results are not ready as we go to press.

There will be two inter-class competitions, one oral and one written, and at the end there will be a class championship awarded.

You English classes, come out and form your own spelling teams, then see how you compare with the League team.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 3)

the texture of the human skin. As a result the light is reflected from the minute hills and dales as from the living figure. There is on apparent defect for which Praxiteles is not responsible. The missing parts of the legs have been indifferently supplied with plaster, thereby imparting to the statue a stiffness of pose which sadly impairs the effect of the whole.

If I had not broken away from the Hermes room to give more than a passing glance at the many other treasures of the museum, I should have overlooked that rock which Professor Van Benschoten told us about years ago at old Wesleyan. It weighs nearly three hundred pounds, and yet Rubo hurled it beyond the record limit in the games, as the inscription upon it declares. I had supposed the ancients would take few prizes if they entered the modern Olympic games; but Bubo might reasonably be expected to get four firsts in the shot-put, hammer throw, javelin cast, and discs event.

I spent a whole day in the ruins. A small boy, with big, almond shaped eyes and the archaic smile, followed me about. I think he may have been sent to spy upon me lest I carry off a lion's head that had once served as waterspout on the Temple of Zeus. I saw nothing else that I wanted. The bases of countless statues which Pausanias described are still **in situ.** Some have in the upper surface the socket for the bronze feet of the figure they once supported.

On the way to the stadium stretches a long row of pedestals on which stood the bronze statues of Zeus, which were erected for the fines for breaches of the rules of the games. The athlete who played fair and won, gained lasting fame and perhaps a statue. He against whom the umpire ruled a foul, won lasting infamy and also had his name cut in stone. On one of these pedestals you may read the signature of Kleon, on another that of Daedalos, both of Sikyon. According to Pausanias, Eupolos of Thessaly had to erect six. He must, indeed, have been fond of seeing his name in print. Doubtless it is not strange that where the distinction that victory brought was so great, men should sometimes in the fearful strain of the contest forget everything and be ruled by the overwhelming passion to win. Pelops, himself, the heroic prototype of the victor at Olympia, could not withstand the temptation to use guile. If the legend be true, Pelops bribed Myrtilos, the charioteer of King Enomaos, to loosen the carpin, whereby Pelops won the chariot race and gained the Princess Hippodamcia and the succession to the Kingship. Pelops had his exploit commemorated on the east pediment of the Temple of Zeus, and received worship as a divine-god. Those contestantes who later tried the method of fraud, got curses instead of prayers. So inconsistent is frequently human justice.

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HONORARY SOCIETY REQUIREMENTS

(Continued from Page 3)

c. Athletic Council
Presidency counts one point.

3. Non-Athletic Activities

a. Sagamore
Managing Editor receives credit of 2. (Two) Points.
Assignment Editor and Associate Editors receive one and one-half Points.
Members of Editorial Staff receive one Point.
Treasurer receives one and one-half Point.
Advertising Manager receives one and one-half Point.
Circulating Manager receives one and one-half Point.
Advertising Assistants receive one quarter Point.

b. Debating
Appointment to Inter-Scholastic Team including alternate 1, (one point)
Participant in Inter-Scholastic Debate added One point
Participant in Winning Team of Final Inter-Class Debate, one half point.

c. Prize Speaking
Participant in Second Try-out for Final Contest ½ point.
Final Contestant in Public Performance added ½ point.
Prize Winner added 1, (one) point

d. Dramatics
1. English Annual Dramatics
Major Part 2 (two) points
Minor Part 1 (one) point
Minimum Part, Nothing.
Business Manager—2 (two) points
Stage Manager—1½ (one and one half) points
Property Manager—1 (one) point
Costume Manager—1 (one) point
Electrician—1 (one) point
2. French or Spanish Dramatics
Major Part—1 (one) point
Minor Part—½ (one half) point
Minimum Part—nothing
Business Manager—1 (one) point
Stage Manager—¾ (three quarters) point
Property Manager ½ (one half) point.
Costume Manager ½ (one half) point
Electrician ½ (one half) point
3. Art Students who work in collaboration with Dramatics shall receive ¼ (one fourth) point upon recommendation of the Art Instructor.
4. Not more than two points may be counted for membership in all the dramatics combined.

e. The following School Clubs: Girls' league, Debating Clubs, French Club, Spanish Club, Art Club.
The President—1 (one) point

f. Class Officers, Juniors and Seniors only, as follows:
Senior Class President—2 (two) points
Senior Class Vice-President—2 (two) points
Senior Class Treasurer 1 (one) point
Senior Class Secretary—1 (one) point
Chairman of any one of the Senior Committees—1 (one) point
Junior Class President—1 (one) point
Junior Class Vice-President 1 (one) point

g. Musical Activities
School Band and Orchestra
Membership one year in
(1) Either—½ (one half) point
(2) Both—1 (one) point
Glee Club
Membership one year (at discretion of society)—½ (one-half) point

h. Teacher-Student Council
Member—1 (one) point
President—2 (two) points

i. Court of Justice
Member—½ (one half) point
Chief Justice—1 (one) point

j. Marshalls
Captain of Marshalls 1 (one) point
Marshall (each year of service) ½ (one half) point

k. Four Minute Speakers
Each year of Service—¼ (one fourth) point

D. Points for the following activities may be counted as soon as the honors are gained:
Presidency of the Athletic Council
The letter B awarded by the Athletic Council
Captaincy or Managership of an Athletic Team
Senior and Junior Class Officers mentioned
All of the Sagamore positions mentioned
Appointment to Interscholastic Debating Team as Regular or Alternate Disputant
Presidency of the School Clubs mentioned
Presidency of the Teacher-Student Council
Membership in the Teacher-Student Council
Chief Justiceship in the Court of of Justice
Membership in Court of Justice
Captaincy of Marshalls

(Continued on next page)

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OUR LIBRARY

We answered willingly the call to save money, but should we not consider thrift in other directions? And should we not think of thrift for others as well as for ourselves? If each individual were to spend a few more minutes, he could save hours of labour on the part of the librarians.

We all accept the service of our school library at one time or another, casually, indifferently, but how many of us ever think of the work spent on books so generously put at our disposal? How many of us know how each book is carefully catalogued and given a definite place on the shelves to save us as much time and trouble as possible? Much care has gone into the selection of the books reserved for our use. Each book must be thoroughly examined every time it is taken out, every smallest tear mended, each pencil mark erased. When we so carelessly carry a book unwrapped in rainy weather do we think of the assistant who must re-cover it, or that in some cases the book may even have to be replaced?

And yet is there one of us who would wantonly destroy a book? Surely if we were to pause and think we would not so heedlessly injure this property.

Winning of Prize in Prize-Speaking Dramatics

Business Manager
Stage Manager
Property Manager
Costume Manager
Electrician
Major Part
Minor Part

Points for the following activities may be counted as follows: .

Debate— Actual Participation as Speaker in Interscholastic Debate or Winning Inter-class Debate whenever held.

Prize Speaking—Actual Participation as speaker in second Try-out and Final Contest whenever held.

Musical Activities, Service as Marshalls, Four Minute Speakers—at end of a year's or a half year's service as in the case of scholarship (see sections B C).

LIBRARY LINES

Last week two members of the Watertown High School library staff visited our library. They have sent various members of their staff to different schools, so that they may see what other school libraries are doing.

Interesting Articles in Magazines

In "Literary Digest" for January 12, 1929, "School Girls as Road Builders in China." "Thrills and Spills in the Hockey Rink."

In "Literary Digest" for December 29, 1928—"In Fairness to the College Boy."

A Little at a Time

According to a morning newspaper, women are now buying their dresses on the instalment plan. We seem to have seen some of them wearing the first instalment. —Punch

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Boys don't usually care about keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion." That's the reason they brush the powder off their coats as soon as they get home.

* * *

The Retort Oblique

Farington and his friends were precipitated into an argument by the statement of one of them that a Scotchman never gives a direct answer to a question. It resulted in a considerable wager, to be settled by a test question. The question asked was: "Is the mail in?" The Scotchman's answer was: "Are you expecting some mail?"

* * *

THE LIMIT

I can do a translation with no hesitation,
And, gee, conjugations of all combinations
Are easy to bluff;
When it comes to a geezer like Vergil or Caesar,
I laugh at your worries; why, any old teaser
Is cinchy enough.

To be sure, it ta'es only an ambitious crouty
To memorize the 'rums and all such boloney,
There's nothing to fear.
And if you can't get it, why, never regret it,
For those who can learn it will only forget it,
In less than a year.

I'm not of the kind that you might call a grind,
But in German there isn't a noun you can find,
That I cannot decline.
But, gee, I'll be hanged, if I'll ever remember
To write on my school papers after December:
Nineteen twenty-NINE!

"Is he conceited?"

"Conceited! Why, he works crossword puzzles with a pen!"

—Michigan Gargoyle

* * *

"A girl detests being kissed on the chin," said a novelist. She probably thinks a man should have higher aims than that.

* * *

Women are said to be becoming more businesslike. They are certainly paying a great deal of attention to figures.

* * *

'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE EXAMS

A low muttering was heard . . . Lorna Doone was the widow who crossed Sir Roger in love . . . Sir Roger and Jeremy Stickles wrote the Sketch Book . . . to find the Centigrade pressure, square the circumference and divide by Pi . . . (rising inflection) . . . when R begins a word use ray except when I wish I hadn't taken this . . . (still higher tone) . . . Constantinople fell in 1588, and again in regar, regaris, regatur . . . Catch the guy who invented the subjunctive . . ."

Back to muttering . . .

" . . . Gray's Elegy written by Goldsmith when he lived in the Deserted Village . . . what the devil was he doing there if the village was deserted? . . .

"Say, hog, gimme some covers."

" . . . no consideration," yelled Howard suddenly, "andl ook! Here comes the Ablative of Separation. Oh! Oh! . . . (a crescendo of terror) . . . don't let it get me . . . chase it out . . . atta kid, now shut the window . . . whew, what a narrow escape . . .?

"Darling, if I pass my exams, will you marry me? . . . (in the tones of D. Webster) . . . oral English is direct effective speaking, without unnecessary pickles and ice cream before going to bed . . . O-o-o-o-o-o."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River." —Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV. NO. 8 BROOKLINE, MASS., FEBRUARY 8, 1929 TEN CENTS

Sagamore Opens Short Story Contest

Many manuscripts expected to Flood Sagamore Box

TO CLOSE MARCH 1

A Sagamore Short Story Contest may be unexpected, but here's hoping it's welcome. For those of you who cherish literary ambitions, we can imagine no better opportunity. Whether you have already indulged that "suppressed desire", or are awaiting some such occasion as this, is of little importance. We need short stories, need good ones, and plenty of them.

Perhaps the Sag Box is going to be so flooded with manuscripts that it's foolhardy to encourage any more contributions. But to conceal what awaits the two prize winners! Publication of the stories, a not-now-to-be disclosed award, further chance to write for the Sagamore!

Our one suggestion is: start now if you have any intention of competing. All manuscripts must be in the Sag Box in the Library—on or before March I. With a whole week's vacation intervening, you all have ample time to produce something worthy of being considered.

The following rules must be observed by all contestants:

1. The contest is open to all students of the school.

2. All stories must be original, and not heretofore published.

3. All stories must contain not more than 2500 words, not less than 1000.

(Continued on page 2)

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST REVEALS UNEXPECTED TALENT

Dorothea Lakson and Robert Levi Win Prizes

For the last two or three years an undergraduate has carried away honors in the annual J. Murray Kay prize speaking contest, and this year has proved to be no exception. The freshman class was well represented by two of its members who revealed their prowess in the art of declamation. The senior class shared in the glory by having two of its members in the contest. The victors were Dorothea Lakson, and Robert Levi, while honorable mention went to Jane Miller and Marshall Levin.

The first speaker on the program, was Levin, who gave an exciting version of the chariot race from "Ben Hur" by Lew Wallace, which was followed by three sonnets recited by

(Continued on page 6)

SUBSCRIPTIONS FIFTY CENTS

In hopes that some of you who did not subscribe to the **Sagamore** in September want to do so now, subscriptions are being taken again. The price for all the remaining issues of the year 1928-1929 is $.50 (one half-dollar). We always want to give you a better paper, but to do so we need your support. Those of you who regularly by the **Sagamore** in the corridor will save by subscribing now. Buy your subscription from your home room representative any time after today.

BROOKLINE SWIMMING TEAM HAS CLEAN RECORD

Wins every 1st and 2nd in Malden Meet

The Brookline swimmers under the masterful direction of "Jay" MacNamara won every first and second place in the meet with Malden. This is by no means meant to convey the impression that the Malden swimmers did not put up a good fight, or that the races were not closely contested, because that distinctly misrepresents the facts. On the contrary every race was intensly close and interesting, with the possible exception of the relay, which the Brookline quartet won with the time of 1 minute 59 3-5 seconds. This comes within three seconds of the record, and was considered a notable achievement for the team so early in the year.

The "50" was a thriller, with Marty Ford winning by a small margin over Preston Woodlock, who in turn defeated William O'Farrell.

Guy Steeves of Malden was defeated for the first time this year in the backstroke by Johnny Coutts who won by a very slight margin.

The 100 yard freestyle was the best race of the day. Johnny Hyland defeated Johnny Horne who came in be-

(Continued on page 2)

FRENCH TEACHER HONORED

Miss O'Brien of the French Department of the High School was recently honored by being appointed an instructor at Wellesley College. She is to have a course in methods of teaching French.

The purpose of this course is to equip college girls with practical tools for their work and at the same time give a short-cut to their work.

In receiving this honor Miss O'Brien has shown that our French Department is one of the best in the country.

GIRLS' SPELLING MATCH

In the spelling match between the Seniors and Juniors, some of the results were peculiar. Last year's champion made a low score, a surprisingly low score considering who it is, and the President of the League was sent to the bottom of the line twice. Many otherwise perfect records showed one blemish namely the mis-spelling of "erysipelas". (Editor's Note: It's a real word, see Webster.)

The final counting of the score showed the Juniors ahead, 12-7.

The teams consisted of: Edith Greenleaf, Gertrude Lakson, Betty Lee, Margaret Stein, Eleanor Goodspeed, Alice Colby and Dorothy Coughlin Seniors, and Elinor Pike, Bernice Cohen, Leona Moss, Norma Berlow, Bernice Kirshen and Hannah Cauman, Juniors.

Margaret Stein, Hannah Cauman, Geraldine Chandler and Carola Nasmyth have been appointed to the committee on the Spelling Tournament.

Cast is Chosen for Dramatics

Jean Goodale and Alfred LoCasio in leading roles

The play to be given this year at the annual "Dramatics" is "The Rivals" by Sheridan. Tryouts for the cast were held on Tuesday, January 29 in the auditorium, with Miss Lewis, Miss Hannon, and Mrs. White acting as judges. Those who tried out were selected members of the Voice classes who were doing especially good work in the course.

After much much thought and difficulty the following tentative cast was selected:

Mrs. Malaprop	Dorothy Gay
Lydia Languish	Jean Goodale
Julia	Thelma Science
Lucy	Elaine Skidmore
Thomas	James Boston
Boy	Fred Durkee
Fag	A. Weisberg G. Joyce
Sir Anthony	Alva Allen
Faulkland	John Drum
Bob Acres	Alvin Weinberg
David	Lawrence Cohen
Sir Lucius	Tom Ducey
Jack Absolute	Alfred LoCascio

The performances will be on the twenty-second and twenty-third of March.

The proceeds of this play are used every year by the graduating Class to send some of its deserving members to college. Thus in buying tickets to dramatics you are helping a worthy cause.

Brookline Defeats B. C. High 62-15

Smith Breaks Record in 600

1ST AND 2ND IN DASH

Blunt and O'Brien Tie in 300

In a meet featured by Dana Smith's record-breaking "600", the Brookline track team concluded its dual meet season by defeating Boston College High, 62-15. Smith's time, 1 minute, 19 and four fifths seconds is exceptionally fast for a schoolboy and Dave stands a wonderful chance of winning his event in the interscholastic meets. Captain Badaracco was the highest scorer, winning both the dash and 300 in very fast times.

Pete Racheotes finished second to Baddy in the dash with Ott of B. C. High third. Eddie Duane had an easy time winning the hurdles, with Steptoe of the Maroon and Gold just nipping Eddie Lebowich for second place at the tape.

The "300" was run in two heats, with times deciding the places. Morgan O'Neil, the baseball pitcher, turned in a fine performance in the first heat, beating Chester Litman by about eight yards. O'Neil's time of 37 and 2-5 seconds was fast enough to give him

(Continued on page 3)

TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL PREPARES FOR CONVENTION

The Teacher-Student Council is preparing for a grand affair on the twenty-second of February, no less an occasion than the annual convention of the Associated Body of the Teacher-Student Councils of the high schools of Massachusetts.

An assembly in the forenoon with an address by one of the most inspiring speakers in the state, a concert by our school band, a dinner de luxe to be set in the dining room of the High School, a lively discussion in the afternoon with an address by an ardent lover of youth coupled with telling reports from the delegates of wide-awake Councils, constitute the program.

A large number of student volunteers will act as ushers and guides.

The Committee on Arrangements is composed of Mr. Packard, Chairman, Mr. Harbour, Mr. Downing, Miss Greenleaf, Hagenberger, and Littman.

R Colyum

Said Mr. Whittemore to Gordon Neaves: "What makes people get tanned?"

Said Gordon Neaves to Mr. Whittemore: "I guess it's the starch in their bodies coming to the surface."

* * *

And then, we have one on Ed Hannon. Miss O'Brien's class was discussing some French gentleman. "He was a dilettante," murmured Miss O'Brien.

"Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself," declared Mr. Hannon.

* * *

We find that Miss Jean Goodale has been chosen to play the part of Lydia Languish in the coming dramatic production. And we thought that languid people were blondes!

* * *

That shows that we don't know our brunettes!—Adv't.

* * *

And Al LoCascio has the leading part, that of Captain Jack Absolute. That may mean that he'll have to shave that barnacle from his upper lip.

* * *

Someone told us that it was supposed to be a moustache but we wouldn't believe it until Al said so.

* * *

But then, it is only a temporary cast; the dark shadow may still stay on . . . or it may anyway.

* * *

They said that midyears had been called off, but we got those monthly tests just the same, minus the usual midyear vacation. Somehow, we students always seem to get them.

* * *

During Voice recitation, English. I G held a class meeting where it was voted that they visit Girls' Latin School. Girls' Latin School, though, doesn't know anything about this. (Don't read this seriously.)

* * *

The Picture Committee has at last posted its array of photographs outside the art room. Who is that handsome boy with the open shirt and aggrieved expression?

* * *

Ever get tagged, roped in or otherwise to attend a track or swimming meet? Well, you will if you hang around the lunch room a little longer.

* * *

And we take great pleasure and comfort in stating that this is the last "R" Colyum we write; some other long-suffering chap will have the position! — — — — —

HONORARY SOCIETY

Juniors and Seniors who wish to apply for admission to the Honorary Society must give a list of points received in extra-curriculm activities to Gertrude Lakson in room 319 today.

In addition to the number of points awarded in outside activities, printed in the last issue, are the following: Scribe of the B. H. S. Girl Scout Troop--1 point. Chairman of Emergency Room assistants—1 point.

BROOKLINE SWIMMERS TRIUMPH

fore O'Farrell, Bill Hyland won the "200" while Andy Conway and Rocky Gray finished first and second in the breast stroke.

Bert (Shorty) Richards showed rare form in winning the dive.

The summary:—

Relay—Won by Brookline (Broadbent, Conway, Hyland, Ford); Malden (Klapp, Baker, Crone, O'Farrell) Time 1 minute 59 3-5 seconds.

Diving. Won by Richards (B) McEttrick (B) Catto (M).

50 yard freestyle—Won by Ford (B), Woodlock (B), O'Farrell (M). Time 26 minutes 3-5 seconds.

100 yard Backstroke—Won by J. Coutts (B), Bucks(B), G. Steeves (M). Time 1 minute 15 3-4 seconds.

100 yard Breastroke—Won by Conway (B), Gray (B), MacGranahan (M). Time 1 minute 20 seconds.

100 yard Freestyle—Won by Hyland (B), Horne (B), O'Farrell (M). Time 1 minute 20 seconds.

200 yard Freestyle—Won by Hyland (B), Steele (B), Claybournne (M). Time 2 minutes 37 1-5 seconds.

Inter-Class Meet

The swimming team opened the season of 1929 with an interclass meet on January 17. In the absence of Coach McNamara, Mr. Hines took charge of the meet. The Seniors won, with the Juniors second, Sophomores third, and Freshmen last. Ford of the Seniors tok the 25 and 80 yard free style events with Weinrebe trailing him in both. Aube of the Sophomores beat out P. Woodlock and Conway in the 40-yard free style.

Conway, Dexter and Harvey finished in that order in the breast stroke. McEttrick won the diving over Richards and Nisson.

Paul Bencks surprised everyone by nosing out Coutts and Broadbent in a very close back stroke race. The Seniors handily won the relay race and the meet.

Gardner High

Although the relay team was beaten for the first time in many years by a high school, the swimming team rather handily beat the Gardner High team 37-25 at Gardner. Marty Ford starred taking first in the 50 yard and 100 yard free style.

Gardner sprang a real surprise in the first event, the relay. Koivuniemi, the first man for Gardner, gained a yard over Broadbent. Gurklis, the next man, slightly lengthened it over Conway. But the race was lost when John Hyland , unused to the tank, missed his turn and was forced to turn around again to touch it, thus losing about 10 yards. Ford made a valiant attempt to catch Nadeau, the home team's anchor man, but was too greatly handicapped.

The next event, diving, was won by Peltolla of Gardner. Richards, the coming young Freshman, placed second ahead of Nisson, also of Brookline. Things looked bad for the visitors, but in the 50 yd. dash which followed, Marty Ford took first ahead of Broadbent, who nosed out Koivuniemi for second place.

Paul Bencks nosed out Coutts in a fighting finish in the backstroke. Blowing of the chair city, was far behind. Gurklis of Gardner easily defeated Billy Hyland in the 200-yard free style. A Gardner swimmer took third ahead of Steele. Andy Conway and Gray easily took first and second respectively in the breast stroke. Gardner's star in that event, however, was sick.

The last event, the 100 yard free style, was a close race with Marty Ford turning in his second win of the day. Nadeau of Gardner was second while John Hyland took third. Gardner comes to Brookline on February 28. The meet ought to be one of the best of the season as the relay team is out for revenge.

Mechanics Arts

The swimming team showed excellent strength in the first meet of the year, with Mechanic Arts High School, and a good season can be prophesied. The relay team, Conway, Weinrebe, J. Hyland and Ford, easily defeated the visiting quartet. Andy Conway starred for Brookline with two first places. He nosed out Gooding of Mechanics in the 25 free style. Preston Woodlock took third. The next event, 50 yard breast stroke, was won by him with Dobie of the visitors surpassing Gray for second.

After swimming three lengths, stroke for stroke, Ford nosed out Connolly of Mechanics in an exciting 100 yard free style. The visitors came back, however, in a close 50 when Gooding defeated the Hyland brothers, and in the dive when Connolly somersaulted better than Richards and McEttrick respectively. John Coutts nosed out A. Paul Bencks and Russell of Mechanics in the back stroke.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

(Continued from page 1)

4. If not typewritten, the story must be carefully and intelligibly written on theme paper, on one side only, on every other line.

5. A pen name must be signed to the manuscript; the author's name, homeroom, English teacher and title of the story enclosed in an envelope and attached to manuscript.

6. All stories must be submitted on or before the First of March.

7. The Sagamore reserves the copyright to print all stories.

The judges will be announced in the notices Monday.

NOMINATIONS OF GIRLS' LEAGUE OFFICERS HELD

Promptly at 1:35 P.M., on Feb. the first, the meeting of the Girls' League was called to order by President Edith Greenleaf, who then called for the reports of the secretary, Gertrude Lakson. The report of the meeting which was held on last May eleventh was read, as well as those of September twenty-eight, the birthday party, of October eighteenth, the Mothers' Tea, of November second, the Hallowe'en Party, and of the Christmas Party on December fourteenth. After the accepting of her reports, the secretary read the Constitution of the League.

Alice Dawson, the chairman of the Pin Committee followed this with her report. She stated that the League pin of last year will be retained, but will be made one size larger than formerly. The gold-filled pin will be seventy cents, the pin with the solid gold back and front seventy-five cents, and that with the double solid gold back and front eighty-five cents.

The members were reminded that as usual the candy girls for Dramatics, which comes on March twenty-second and twenty-third, will be selected from the members of the Girls' League who sign up with Miss Sawyer. Ten pounds of candy are required from each person who wishes to be a candy girl, and who is passing in twelve periods of school work. There may also be a call for volunteers to usher at the T. S. C. convention on February twenty-second.

Miss Sawyer spoke about the qualifications of a league president. She must not only be the outstanding member from the Junior class, but she must have the capability of managing the League affairs as well as her own, and of course it is necessary for her to be passing in all her studies so that she may have time to spare.

The following are the nominees for the presidency: Alice Dawson, Betty Richey, Evelyn Tannen, and Eleanor Pike.

Those Sophomores nominated for vice-president are Betty Greenleaf, Margaret Holt, Helene Dawson, Rosalind Badarracco, Florence Freedman, and Charlotte Hinden.

The secretarial aspirants are Alice Werner, Bernice Cohen, Anne Martin, and Elizabeth Weston, while the nominations for shekel guardian fell to the lots of Eleanor Ronimus, Evelyn Warren, Rosemary Loeser, Eileen Manning, Blanche Taylor, and Elizabeth Miller.

On February fifteenth the elections are to be held, after which an entertainment by the Sophomores under the chairmanship of Phyllis Green will be rendered.

"Heaven will protect the working girl," the old song says, but what we want to know is who is going to protect the poor fish the working girl is working.

YE SCHOOL CRIER

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!
Ande There were No Mid-Year!
Hear Ye!

Here we are once again and instead of being all tired out from the labors of Mid-Years—well—how do ye feel about it?

* * *

The saddest case is that of a fellow who hadn't opened a book all year and then crammed for mid-year all week. Then no exams.

* * *

Many old familiar faces are seen around the corridors now that the "flue" is on the decline.

* * *

The "Mustachio Club", formed by several prominent members of our track team, now attends all the swimming meets with their "club equipment."

* * *

The above consists of a bottle of milk, a jar of olives (for Oliver) and a pound of crackers.

* * *

At one meet they dropped a bottle and "Jay" Mac. has been picking up glass ever since.

* * *

Did you ever notice how certain people always sit in the same place every day at lunch. If you ever want any of them you can always look in the same place.

* * *

Johnny Brookhouse is always parked on the 3rd stool from the post—then Harry Toner—then—and so—we could go on indefinitely.

* * *

There are three fellows with nerve—Bob Purington, Mannie Kaufman and Eddie Lebowich. They have all worn spats to school.

* * *

It's things like that that makes dear old B. H. S. what it is today. What other school boasts of fellows with such courage?

* * *

What I'd like to know is—where does Dave Martin go all the time? (1:30 to 2). * * *

Mr. Taylor offered to present Jud Cousins with one of his baby bottles if he needed something to play with.

* * *

Always big hearted—that's Mr. Taylor.

* * *

These people who get the job of running errands for the office have a nice soft snap.

* * *

How do they do it?

* * *

One Freshman who was known to be absent on warm days and present on cold ones said that there was no heat at home so he came here to get warm!

* * *

I must needs go home and sleep!

* * *

Hear Ye!
Ye Crier
Sees Alle!
Knows Alle!

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL BANK

Home Room Treasurers:

(1.) Robert Schmidt, Bernard Herz.
(2.) Walter Willson, Grace Thompson.
(3.) John Hoxie, Louise Bampton, Katherine Plakias, Rose Steiman.
(4.) Robert Hall, Carola Nasmyth, Philip Mode, Ruth Golden.
(5a.) Dorothea Lakson, Celia Potter.
(5b.) Carleton Harvey, Mary Swartout.
(6.) Robert Monroe, Ethel Mills, Elizabeth Cusick, Esther Peterson.
(7.) Richard Holt, Hodee Walstein, Paul Rutledge, Miriam Hurwitz.
(8.) John Crankshaw, Charlotte Alm.
(9.) Stanley Chittenden, Katherine Forbes.
(23.) Marion Wiggin, Elizabeth Weston, Elizabeth Rosenfeld, Muriel Williams.
(24.) John Hornsey, Alice Fram, Edith Cherney, Helene Gaulin.
(26.) Elsie Dawson, Katherine McNeilly, Gladys Rosen, Ruth Rogers.
(27.) Richard Stevenson, Nordica Johnson, Ethel Hansen, Hazel Kilton.
(28.) Harold Levenson, Elizabeth Moreshead.
(33.) Albert Mason, Joseph Fitzpatrick.
(36a) Peter Niland, Evelyn Ormansky.
(212.) Herbert Finn, Virginia Price.
(213.) Ruth Kinsman, Mary Liden.
(217.) Doris Willett, Margaret McKenzie.
(219.) Frank Reinherz, Bernice Gordon.
(220.) Margaret Hogan, Mary Donnelly.
(212.) Rockwell Gray, Blanche Taylor.
(222.) Evelyn Pinkerton, Madeline Marsh.
(224.) Evelyn Tannen, Van Crews.
(315.) Robert Stone, Eleanor Umschied.
(316.) Irma Pendleton, Caroline Sherrill.
(317.) Donald Allen, William Dean.
(319.) Warren Lothrop, Mary Ryan.
(320.) Agnes Alm, Muriel Dodsen.
(321.) Alice Colby, Helen Finnerty.
(322.) Albert L'Esperance, A. McCullough.
(323.) Virginia Seavey, Ruth Tannen.
(324.) Allen Bennett, Alice Dawson.
(418.) Bettina Blunt, Natalie Broudy.
(419.) Otto Herman, Doris Cohen.
(420.) Philip Hunter, Edna Friedman.
(421.) Audrey Price, Helen McIndoe.
(422.) Blair Whittier, Preston Woodlock.
(424.) Winslow Robart, Margaret Holt.
(M21) Paul Dean, Almeda LeGacy.
(M22) Norma Jakeslaird, Lillian Johnson.
(M23.) Grace Love, Florence Hattersley.
(M24.) Leslie Horn, Munroe Aborn.

Alternate Treasurers:

(24.) Anna Goldberg.
(4.) Ruth Friedman.
(24.) Jerome Horne.
(26.) Sara Irwin.
(26.) Katherine Baker.
(5a.) James Mason.
(6.) John Lally.
(3.) Hall Hoxie.
(221.) Marion Wilband.
(424.) Betty Greenleaf.

J. KENNETH GODKIN

It was with deep sorrow that all his associates and all who had been his pupils at Brookline learned of the sudden death of Mr. Godkin on the 16th of last month. Although he had been on leave of absence due to continued ill health since early last spring, he had been making steady, tho gradual progress towards recovery, and it was hoped he might be back with us next September. The end came with altogether unexpected suddenness at Turner Lake, N. Y., where he had been making his battle for health since leaving Brookline.

J. Kenneth Godkin was born in Hartford, Connecticut thirty-one years ago. He prepared at the Boston Latin School for Harvard from which he graduated in 1919. During the World War he had enlisted in the aviation service, in which service he won a lieutenant's commission. His first teaching was done at the high school in New Britain, Connecticut. He came to Brookline in the fall of 1922, and was in continuous service here until his enforced leave of absence last spring.

Of a reticent and unassumning disposition, Mr. Godkin none the less made an almost instantaneous impression of sincerity and integrity. His range of interest was wide, his scholarship of high standard. His influence for good was exercised in many quiet ways, and this influence, tho he himself is gone, will be lasting.

B. C. H. TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 1)

second place, and Litman's time, a second slower, allowed him to pick up the extra point. In the second heat Badaracco raced away from a B. C. H. opponent to win the heat and the event in 36 3-5 seconds, about a second faster than the time he turned in the first Newton meet which was held on the same track.

The "600" found Smith pitted against Walsh of B. C. High. Walsh jumped into the lead at the start and remained in front for a couple of legs, until Smith passed him and raced to the tape in the fastest "600" ever run on the board track.

The thousand yard run was the most thrilling event of the day. O'Brien of B. C. High jumped into the lead at the very start, with Donald Blunt of the Red and Blue running in his footsteps. Blunt and O'Brien raced in this same position until Blunt began to challenge the leader on the last lap. As they hit the last corner Blunt was inches behind the B. C. H. boy, but with a final surge that took all his remaining strength, he pulled up on even terms with his opponent, and they finished in a dead heat. The race had the spectators on their toes, yelling their loudest.

The field events were contested in the gym. Harry Fink won the shotput without exerting himself, Ben Hootstein finished second, with a B. C. H. boy third.

Al Lo Cascio won the broad jump with a leap of nine feet, 6 inches. Pete Racheotes nosed out Steptoe of B. C. H. for second place.

Frank Hall won the high jump at five feet, six inches. Four Brookline men, Racheotes, Dermody, Smith, and Barrie finished in a tie for second place, an inch lower than the winner.

Brookline Aero Club Membership Soars

Club engages in Aircraft Tournament at English High

ROBART AND HORN STAR

During the prevalence of the Yuletide spirit, the membership of the Aero Club soared to 132, just 18 less than our objective! Through the combined efforts of George Mason, Bob Stone, Mr. Downing and Bennie Sheinwald, we were able to realize this substantial gain. Through the courtesy of Mr. Packard, technical adviser of the Girl's Aero Club, 22 members of affiliated aero-nautical organizations of Brookline, under the leadership of Mr. Downing, will visit today the Technology Buildings to attend a lecture on "Why the Airplane Flies."

The performances of two members of the Brookline Aero Club held the attention of the 500 persons in the English High School Drill Hall during the course of a Miniature Aircraft Tournament last Saturday Arthur Horn and Winslow Robart won first places out of a possible five, each acquiring two first positions in his respective class. Robart sent his tiny ship up for the sensational time of one minute and seventeen seconds, while Horn sent his craft into the blue for the breath-taking time of 66 seconds, just 11 seconds less than Robarts flight.

In conjunction with this contest, Arthur Horn is giving a series of talks every Tuesday evening at 6:30 P.M. over station W. E. E. I. through the courtesy of the Big Brother Club. These talks will cover the building of two model airplanes. Every student is cordially invited to listen in at the above hour each Tuesday evening.

Honorary Membership Talk: Miss H. M. Murdock and Charles H. McDowell are reported to be planning a tour of Europe in the interest of aeronautics. Miss Murdock will sail in May, while Mr. McDowell will embark July. Both of the above are our most active honorary members.

Janet: Before we were married you swore you would never look at another woman.

Jack: That was only a campaign promise.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every other Friday (vacation excluded) from October to June, by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

Business communications should be addressed to the Treasurer; notices and complaints as to news to the Assignment Editor, and complaints as to make-up and all other communications to the Managing Editor.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 3 p.m. every school day. No copy accepted later than Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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Advertising rates on application

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VOL. XXXV FEBRUARY 8, 1929 NO. 8

THE FUR COAT BUSINESS

Because the fur coat of a boy was stolen from the locker room last week, a Boston paper has felt it its duty to investigate this wearing of fur coats by high school pupils. Besides the publishing of an article on the front page telling of the unfortunate theft, an editorial appears commenting on the fact that high school pupils should not wear fur coats anyway.

Not yet content, the newspaper sends a reporter to the school to evaluate the different kinds of coats worn by the girl pupils.

He found that approximately $75,000 in furs walks nonchalantly into the school at a quarter to nine. The pupil who can nonchalantly arrive as late as a quarter to nine is yet to be found. To show that he has enjoyed the benefits of a high school education, the honorable news-hound, probably after hours spent in counting on his fingers, figures that one girl out of three wears a fur coat. At least the ambitious news hunter did not use the somewhat time-worn comparison that four out of five have one.

He follows this enlightening statement with details regarding the prices and kinds of coats. Then comes the pièce de résistance;—an interview with one young lady.

She does not wear her fur coat to school she says, because, "We are so afraid of having them stolen. But it does seem a pity to have to shiver to school in a cloth coat when you have a nice fur coat at home."

Despite the fact that the pitifulness of the young lady in question seems to be exaggerated by her, the fact remains that something ought to be done to better the present locker system of the school. To sum up the whole affair, let us quote Mr. Akers, who asked for more lockers two years ago.

"Every student should have his or her private locker. But the boys and girls should dress more simply for school, and expensive fur coats have no place here. That is the only thing I can do to protect their coats from loss—ask them to leave the coats at home. Even the students who do have lockers frequently forget to lock them or they lose their keys."

SENIORS

Have you forgotten your promise? Back in November, the Senior Class voted to support the Year Book 100 per cent. Here it is February and not yet has even two-thirds of the class subscribed. What is the trouble? You can not expect the underclassmen to help put this book across, if you yourself will not come through. It is your book, your history. Something that in later years you will treasure and in whose pages you will find enjoyment.

Why the delay? Now is the time to buy!

True Stories? Listen to this! A senior was heard to say the following to one of the committee last week. "Gee, I am sorry, but I am broke, I'll bring the money in a couple of weeks." No sooner had our representative turned his back, than the narrator of this tale started telling his friends that he was taking a girl down town to theatre and dancing that night. That speaks for itself.

During the next two weeks, let the seniors who have not done so, realize their duty and subscribe. Beware!! Class Day would certainly be gloomy, if there were no Year Book.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH KNIVES TO GRIND

The dull tolling of a bell smote my ears. I sprang to the window to see what the cause of the sadness might be, half expecting to find a funeral assemblage passing, but there was no one in sight. Still the sound persisted; I could not be mistaken. Then slowly around the abutting corner there appeared an old gentleman, pushing, with an air that would have done credit to the Melancholy Dane himself, a grinding wheel on casters. His modus vivendi seemed to be no older, no more rusty than himself; both had long since passed the stage of verdant and breathing life. One could imagine the piercing shriek of mortal agony bursting from the dumb mechanical lips at any forcible and sudden use, and one could feel the creaking progress the man made through what of life was left to him. Together they were a glorious couple.

An artist would have loved the hat. It was a triumph of a hat; well-peaked it was generously crowned, with a sort of rakish air, yet quietly and entirely in keeping with the rest of the assembled garments. It was a garrulous old hat, at once challenging, sensitive, delicately poised, abrupt, sentimental; it was the acme and peer of all hats; it was a master-piece. Before—or should it be under—such a hat all but the most distinguished of faces would have failed. This face did not fail. It was just such a face as should be seen under a hat of that discription. It was a delight to see the rugged features, that drooping moustache that entangled its edges like fringes around the Matterhorn of the chin, the mellow eyes quite shaded beneath the turned down hat brim. It was a sad face, one that made me feel as though I had partaken of the sadness which had left its stain there.

He must have gone back to the Bible for his coat, to the story of Joseph, but I think he had Joseph beaten hands down. I never saw Joseph's coat of course, this is pure surmise. It was patched here, pierced there hemmed yonder, stained an inch or two farther on mended just below that, torn at the wrist ragged at the flapping at the collar; the seams were loose; the buttons were off; the belt flew in the wind; the lining was gone; the back was ripped half-way down sewed up, ripped again, but the thread still clung grimly. The force which kept it together must surely have been brotherly love nothing else could be strong enough. He wore that coat like an ermine cape with an overdress of royal purple.

Where the coat ended, failing by an inch to sweep the ground, the battered, scuffed toes of cast-off boots peeped out shyly. The least that can be said for the shoes is that they were in perfect keeping with the remainder of the ensemble. The most that can be said for them? Words fail me.

Upon seeing my enquiring head he hailed me in a voice that he drew from the soles of his feet; had I any knives to grind or scissors? I gave him the family cutlery, all of it—do you blame me?—and I rather hoped I wouldn't get back. After all he needed it more than I did.

It might be interesting to remark that the cutlery did come back.

And so, for the time being, I forgot about the old sharpener; the casual meeting faded and soon the remembrance vanished from my mind.

It chanced one evening about two weeks later that I happened to be attending the theatre to witness a play that had been rather highly spoken of. All went happily during the first act. It was during the intermission that the young lady I was escorting pulled my arm and cried, "Do look up there at that box. If that man is not the most impressive figure I have ever seen."

I looked. There, to my utter amazement, seated in the left box dressed in the height of fashion and fairly radiating an atmosphere of affluence, sat my knife grinder. He was unaccompanied. Beyond the ease of his carriage and the fine dress he wore, his absolute enjoyment of a play that surely had no appeal for a man of low intellect, was marked, and dressed as he was I could not let this chance go unheeded for you must know that I am a student of the strange and unusual in life. I wrote a short message on my card asking for an interview during the next intermission and enlisting the aid of an usher, had it sent to his box. I returned from that five minute interview a wiser man, for this is the story I heard:

Twenty-five years ago an Italian farmer kissed his son good-bye and wished him good-luck on his journey to the far United States. The son, a young man of about twenty-five, had by means of two scholarships, secured a university education and was traveling to America to see to what use he could put his knowledge in this country. But alas for his hopes gaining a position here was fraught with many difficulties. The young Guiseppe was at last reduced to the degradation of trundling about a grinding wheel for his living. Much as he detested this mode of existence he could find no other suitable avenue of escape from starvation.

(Continued on Page 5)

Around the World With the Faculty

Miss Bliss, an advocate of the motto, "See America First," here presents a short account of her journeyings through our country.

Some years ago, in "Life," a most significant cartoon appeared. It was a drawing of an up-to-date Trans-Continental Limited crossing the Western prairies. On the observation platform were several well dressed women and men, evidently bored. Under the picture were the words: "What a singularly dreary and uninteresting country!" All about the observation car group, there appeared shadowy outlines of the explorers, fur-traders, missionaries, voyageurs, hunters the "Covered Wagon" crowd, buffalo, Indian fighters—the air was full of those ghosts of the Past! But the people on the train did not feel their presence. They did not know their country had a history filled with romance and adventure. That one picture tells the whole story of many who have the opportunity to travel in "Our United States."

It has been my good fortune to cross the American Continent six times—each time by a different route, but eleven states remain undiscovered, and I have the others yet to re-discover.

One of my travel opportunities rolled back the pages of our history some sixty years, and visualized for me the development of the great West. It began at Calgary, Alberta, at the great Stampede—the Canadian Rodeo. I shall never forget the Parade. First rode Indians from six reservations, brave in war-paint and feathers; next the pioneers—many, the original settlers of fifty years ago, Red River carts, chuck wagons of 1883; a thousand cowboys and cowgirls magnificently mounted, whirling their lassoes; historical floats dating back to the days of the Hudson Bay Co., and the world's largest team—22 horses, 10 mules, 8 wagons driven by Slim Morehouse with a jerk rein.

Then on thro' vast treeless levels of wheat and cattle country to Edmonton, the farthest north of all American cities. We enjoyed four days in Jasper Park—the largest in the world, equalling Connecticut in area, with hundreds of mountain peaks, few below 8000 ft. in altitude, less than 100 miles of road and no connection with the outer world except the single track of Canadian National R. R. The trip from Jasper to the Coast takes one over one of the newest railroads in the world—opened to passengers since the close of the World War. For generations before the coming of the railroad, these vast solitudes echoed the songs of the voyageur and coureur des bois and the shouts of "Hudson's Bay." Our train followed the old original fur-trader's trail across the Tête Jaune Pass through the old trapper paradise—a two day run through virgin country—the railroad preceding settlement.

The chief construction engineer, who had built this stretch of road, and I were the only passengers to brave the cinders and view the marvelous panorama from the observation platform. It was a rare opportunity to hear first-hand the story of the many tunnels that had conquered the mountain fastnesses, to see the narrow path by which we crawled at the foot of the Canadian Rockies, by unnamed waterfalls, only to look down a thousand feet into the roaring Fraser River gorge below.

A stop at "Resplendent"—well named as to view, but where was it? Only a station, with a second story in which the station agent's family lived, white curtains and all, and not even a path to be seen in all the trackless forest surrounding it. "Why, a station here?"—I asked. "Just a stop for the water tower and the telegraph," was the reply. The freight trains that passed us were carrying furs and fish to points East—even Fanueil Hall Market. Only guides, trappers and a few Indians boarded the train. It was quite an event when we passed the one other passenger train of the day. There

(Continued on page 6)

PORTRAIT

(Continued from page 4)

For twenty-four years he plied his trade day in and day out, in wind and rain and snow; for twenty-four years he clung to the same wheel, never changing or repairing it while there grew up in him a liking, a passion which would not allow him to remain apart from the wheel. He grew to love its very creaks, and the melancholy bell and what it all means to him—daily bread, a place to lay his head at night, these rags he needed to cover his body. And then came the crisis.

His old father in Italy died, leaving Giuseppe all his possessions. But instead of the meager amount he expected, he found that a small fortune of one hundred thousand dollars was his. The government had bought some land of his father's, and with careful investment, the original sum had mounted up surprisingly. Giuseppe found himself a wealthy man. Pleasures were his, intellectual enjoyment such as he had long craved.

But somehow, it was hard to give up the old wheel—the urge to tramp the streets was strong upon him. Thus this amicable arrangement was forthcoming. By day he walked the streets and fed his soul, dressed in his old clothes as of yore, pushing before him his beloved wheel with the melancholy bell tinkling; at night garbed in the excellence his money brought him, he fed his mind, attending the best drama, the finest music, art, that there was. Such was the dual existence he led. And there his story ends. . . . Except for this:

Ever and anon, as I sit at my desk, I hear the gentle sound of the bell which never fails to stir me, and make me peer out the window to see if it is indeed Giuseppe whom by now I regard as an intimate and bosom friend. And ever and anon I feel my heart go out to him. I sometimes like to believe that his, in return, goes out to meet mine half-way, to hold communion in some sylvan paradise. It is such a comforting thought.

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FORTUNE IN TRACK SUITS ON SCHOOL BOYS

Worn by four out of five at Brookline High

Sky Blue most popular among Students

More than five dollars wanders aimlessly into the municipal gymnasium during the week, wrapped carelessly around the 15 to 20-year-old students, with very little to protect them from the chill winter winds.

This fortune is represented in track suits of all colors and types; large, medium-sized, and small; white, pink, and blue; and often striped, these "clothes" that are so nonchalantly worn by the high school juniors and seniors, and hang, during other classes in cold steel lockers; sometimes out lying upon the dirty floor, where they may be trod upon, or stolen!

More than four out of five boys apparently own and wear valuable cotton track suits, as your reporter found out yesterday, spending weary moments running about the gym, and conversing with the young men in the locker rooms and lunch rooms. These many suits average in value as high as 75 cents a piece.

But these running suits were noted upon the older boys, the juniors and seniors, while the sophomores are wearing less valuable apparel. Many of these older boys step from their pleasant day at school into the waiting limousine, to purr off to the afternoon tea—perfect young gentlemen of the world from their be-spatted heels to their soft fedoras.

A beautiful pink suit, trimmed with luxurious orange braid, was the most valuable ensemble noted by your reporter, that was worn by a slim, light-haired young man, who held is as tightly about him as many a track star might. This type of suit may only be purchased in fine department stores at a price ranging as high as one dollar.

Sky blue is, however, the most popular color to be seen. It almost seemed as if every other boy wore one of these expensive outfits. One boy said that many of his friends used this suit for ordinary wear, saving the more expensive and softer combinations for special occasions.

Although one of the boys lost his blue suit, valued at 75 cents, stolen last Wednesday, the majority of these students seem to go on wearing their various colored affairs, seemingly unconscious of the danger of losing them.

An interview with Mr. John H. Jewel, bought out the fact that, although he has asked the town to appropriate money to buy more much-needed lockers, he has not, as yet, had much in the way of results. "We can only ask the boys to carefully lock up their clothes, so that they may not be subjected to such an inconvenient loss, as was sustained by one of our boys last week", he said.

Courtesy of "The Boston Boaster"

Interesting Articles in Magazines.

"Code of a Good Sport"—by Evaline Harrington in English Journal for January.

"George Washington, Business Man", In American Magazine for February.

"Fundamentals of Basketball—in Scholastic for January. 19, 1929.

"I am Learning to Fly"— in Popular Science for March.

New Books, January 22, 1929.

"Engines"—by Andrade

"Foods—Preparation and Serving"—P. S. Bailey

"First Course in Home Making"—H. R. Calvert

"Intrductory Chemistry"—N. E. Gordon

"Chemistry in Medicine"—J. O. Stieghtz

"Economic and Vocational Civics"—Phillips and Newton

"Household Arts for Home & School"—Cooley and Spohr

"Everyday Problems in Science"—Pieper and Beauchamp

Our "Library Heading", designed by R. Galvin needs some "Jingles" about libraries to go with it. Will our budding young poets please drop some in the "Sag" box in the library, or leave them with Mrs. Siebens.

Library News—

The publication at one of the Bridgeport High Schools printed an article telling about the library at the Brookline High School. It was sent to them from us, in the hope that it might give useful suggestions.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

(Ballades francaises; La Ronde autour du monde; E. Flammarion, éditeur.)

L'âme humanine est comparable à un instrument de musique d'un maniement difficile. L'éducation apprend à s'en bien servir, mais elle ne transformera jamais l'instrument médiocre en instrument supérieur.

Docteur, mon êtat est grave, mais je suis fort, dites-moi ce que c'est?

C'est deux cents francs.

Tu es en retard!—J'ai vu une personne écrasée par une auto.—Je t'al défendu de t'amuser en chemin.

PRIZE SPEAKING CONTEST

(Continued from page 1)

Jane Miller. Joseph Weisberg next narrated a thrilling selection by Hugo taken from his "Toilers Of The Sea."

A scene from "A Well-Remembered Voice" by James Barrie was delivered by Geraldine Stearns, after which Bert Richards gave a selection from "John Brown's Body."

Anne Martin, the sole representative of the Junior class, recited a humorous selection by Mabel Fiske. She was followed by Robert Levi, whose selection was from "A Tale of Two Cities", by Dickens.

"Hearts To Mend" by Harry Overstreet, the final selection on the program, was spoken by Dorothea Lakson.

Due to the difficulty in selecting the winners, the judges were out a long time.

Rev. Abbot Peterson, chairman of the Brookline school committee, announced that this year the speakers were judged on the basis of posture, enunciation, power of expression, and general effectiveness. Unlike previous years the contestants had no outside coaching whatever, as Miss Hannon, who is in charge of the course in voice culture, coached each person individually.

The other two judges were Jessie Alison Arnold, the nineteen-seventeen prize winner, and Priscilla Potter White, formerly of the Curry School of Expression.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 5)

were several stops of fifteen or twenty minutes so that we might enjoy glorious views. In the evening we entered Prince George—the heart of the Canadian fur country, so cold that the martin grow the thick pelts that make it among the most valuable of furs. At night the berth seemed to be the saddle of a bucking broncho, as the uneven track, so few weeks freed from frost, twisted and turned and seemed almost to loop the loop. In the morning Kitwanga and its poles make us feel that Alaska was very near, then down the Skeena River valley with salmon canneries, Japanese settlements with the little mothers and children in native dress, to Prince Rupert from which port we were to sail to Alaska.

The Canadian National railroad is opening this country to settlement, cheerfully paying the large annual deficit. First, they say, will come, the French trappers whose temperament has made them the ideal pathfinders, then the Scotch whose energy and courage make them indefatigible clearers of the soil, then English settlers—and the country is won.

Our own West of today seems to be the sequel to the story and we repeople our western trails with the adventurous souls of all nations who dared and delved and made it what it is today.

The new era of transportation has dawned. One may go by bus from Chicago to Los Angeles for $45, each of the 8 nights obtaining lodging for $1.50, or traveling across the desert by "Arizona Nights", or by Pullman "sleeping-bus." The buses of the Pacific coast are indeed wonderful—Containing individual reclining chairs, a well-appointed lavatory, a steward to

(Continued on next page)

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ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Alice Johnson '27 has completed her requirements for the secretarial course at the Bryant and Stratton Commercial School of Boston. She will receive her diploma at the graduation exercises in June.

Miss Louise Brown '28 is a student at the Byrant and Stratton Commercial School of Boston.

Miss Margaret Comstock '28 is a pupil at the Wheelock School, Boston.

Miss Estelle Serber '27 is studying at the Old Colonial School of Boston.

Miss Barbara Rollins '25, a Senior at Wellesley, has recently announced her engagement.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 6)

serve delicious hot meals on trays cunningly devised to fit across the seat. Or one may fly over the colorful West—daily service between the Coast cities at very reasonable rates, and spectacular flights across the Grand Canyon and over Pike's Peak. And then the Ford!—the "Coveren Wagon" of our generation—in which entire families roll along the National Highways, into our National Parks—worthy playgrounds of this great nation.

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SAVING

The telephone was almost brought to naught as a commercial instrument because of lack of funds. Luckily Alexander Graham Bell's father-in-law who had saved money—came to the rescue.

Only because he had saved $50 was Frank W. Woolworth able to find a position in a dry goods store. And this money he had saved under the most disadvantageous circumstances. He saved it while a lad working without regular pay on his father's farm.

Most of you have a mistaken idea and Henry Ford, Julius Rosenwald, J. P. Morgan and Charles Schwab were born with money. Please correct this erroneous thought. Practically all of those mentioned heretofore had to leave school, if they went at all, between the ages of 10 and 15, to go to work, so that they might save.

Each one possessed the will power, self denial and discipline to save rather than to spend. This plus a little insight has made all of them heads of huge corporations today, which yesterday were naught.

The same opportunity is opened to you. Make the most of it. You have better opportunities to save and get ahead in the world of today than they did in the world of yesterday. The combination of both the will to save and the desire to get ahead will make any one of you a success in life.

Don't forget the saying that if a man spends as he goes he never goes far. To save your self-respect, save your money.

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"Have a mint, Senator?"

"Certainly not; I'm not open to bribery."

* * *

"Courses" in a Restaurant

Lewis—Brett says he is a college man.

Clarke—Bah! The only courses that bird ever had was in a restaurant.—Border Cities Star.

* * *

No Fixed Date

Mother—You must not talk all the time, Virginia.

Little Virginia—When will I be old enough to mama?—The Pathfinder.

* * *

Employer's Point of View

Clerk—O—er—I wonder if you could raise my salary, sir?

Employer—Confound it! Don't I put in 10 hours here every day raising it?—Border Cities Star.

* * *

"Say," casually said one steeple jack to the other, "how far d'ya suppose it might be down to the street?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the other wearily, as he continued to paint his side of the flagpole. Looking down, he said. "We-ell. I guess a person could just whistle Yankee Doodle through about wunst 'fore he lit if he wuz to fall offa here."

"Kin you whistle pretty good?"

"Oh, so-so."

"D'ya know Yankee Doodle?"

'Uh-huh. Why?"

"We-ell, nuthin, only there's just about one stand what ain't given away yet on that rope of yours what's holdin' you up."

"Uh-huh. Guess I'll have to see the boss about it this evenin' some time."

* * *

Doctor—Deep breathing, you understand, destroys microbes.

Patient—But, doctor, how can I force them to breathe deeply?

"How's this?" asked the lawyer. "You've named six bankers in your will to be pall-bearers. Of course, it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?"

"No, that's all right. Those fellows have carried me so long that they might as well finish the job."

* * *

As the two married women were returning from church, they discussed the sermon that the young curate had delivered upon the beauties of matrimony.

"It was a fine sermon," remarked one.

"Well," returned the other, "I wish I knew as little about the subject as he does." * * *

A number of viscous mules had just arrived at the camp and a new recruit made the common mistake of approaching too near the business end of one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, experienced the swaying motion as he was being carried along, and hakily lowered his hands over the sides only to feel space.

"My land!" he groaned, "I ain't hit the ground yet!"

* * *

Preference

Critic—You'll never have your name inscribed in the Hall of Fame.

Author—Maybe not; but I'd sooner have people asking why it isn't there than asking why it is.

* * *

None Such

Bug—Well, Mug, I hear you're going to get married.

Mug—Yes, I going to marry a mighty pretty girl and a good cook.

Bug—Can't do it, boy, its bigamy.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 9 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 1, 1929 TEN CENTS

B. H. S. WINS ANDOVER TRACK MEET FOR FIRST TIME

SMITH BREAKS RECORD IN 600

Relay Team Wins in Fast Time —Team Wins by 4½ Points

On Saturday, February 23, Brookline's well-balanced track team won the Andover track meet by four and a half points; Newton and Lawrence were second and third respectively. Dana Smith broke the record in the "600" by winning this race against a fast field in 1 minute 18 2-5 seconds, bettering the old mark of one minute nineteen and one fifth seconds. Harry Fink, tossed the twelve pound pill forty-five feet three and a half inches to win from Knightly of Lawrence and Pescosolido of Newton. Al LoCascio jumped 9 feet 5½ inches to place third in the standing broad jump which was won by Rigby of Lynn Classical. No Brookline men were able to place in the running high jump, an event which was won by James Sandler of Lowell. In the second heat of the thousand yard run, Donald Blunt gave the favorites a merry battle, but was unable to win a place in that nervy race which was won by Cuneo of Medford in 2m. 28 2-5s. The thrilling "300" dash was won by James Doherty of Brockton, who established a new record of 34 4-5s. Dineen of Lawrence and Andrews of Medford came second and third respectively, while Captain Badarracco of Brookline was able to get only a fourth place. Lebowich and Duane got as far as their second heats in the hurdles, an event that was won by James Hayes of Somerville, who also won the forty yard dash. Besides tying the records of both of these events, he was the only double winner of the day. Brookline's crack relay team composed of Duane, Smith, Badarracco, and Racheotes closed a successful day by winning from Brockton in the snappy time of 2m. 25 1-5s.

MARSHALS ELECT NEW CAPTAIN BOLD

The Marshal Meeting on February 25 was for the purpose of selecting a new captain.

Mr. Packard thanked the marshals for their services on the 22nd. He stated that the condition in the force is so poor, that he has been appointed by the T. S. C. to take charge of its affairs.

Dave Barrie, the newly appointed captain, asked for the co-operation of the marshals, and warned them against leaving their class-rooms too soon.

B.H.S. WINS FROM GARDNER 47-17

SHORT STORY CONTEST JUDGES CHOSEN

The judges of the Sagamore Short Story Contest will be Miss Allen, Gertrude Lakson and Josiah Lewis.

TWO RECORDS BROKEN IN ST. GEORGE SWIMMING MEET

In an exciting meet at St. George's pool, two records were lowered, one by Andrew Conway of Brookline, and the other by Robinson of St. George. The latter clipped the time in the "200" by four-fifths of a second, defeating John Coutts of Brookline by a touch, and Billy Hyland came third. Conway churned the foam in the century breast-stroke to the tune of 1m. 19 1-5s with two St. George men taking the rest of that event. John Hyland of the Red and Blue gave his opponent, Cooper, a close duel in the "100" freestyle for second place and finally obtained it. Marty Ford, as usual, won that event, and also the fifty yard dash. In the hundred yard backstroke, Bencks and Broadbent of Brookline came first and second respectively, and Jones of Rhode Island made third place. Bert Richards, the freshman diving star of the invaders won his event while Duane of St. George and Nisson of Brookline were awarded second and third. St. George contrary to expectation won the relay race from Broadbent, Ford, J. Hyland, and Conway, who were no slouches. The winning set were Clark, Vander, Poel, and Cooper. Although the meet took place in strange waters and was very close, NacNamara's boys have yet to be defeated.

JUNIOR SOCIAL

Dancing In Lunch Room

The traditional Junior Social, to be given today in the lunch room, will introduce a few innovations. A few games will be played to break the ice, and then dancing to the syncopation of Zakon's Music Masters will hold sway until 4:30.

This year it is open to Juniors and Seniors only, as the Sophomores and Freshmen have already had their Social.

Faculty Committee

Miss Parker, chairman
Mr. Case
Mr. Hartman
Mrs. Nasmyth
Miss O'Brien

Student Committee

Eleanor Thomas
Francis Muldowney, chairman
Esther Graham
Marion Myers
Edna Friedman

(continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE vs PAWTUCKET SWIMMING MEET

Wednesday, February 13, our feminine natators triumphantly competed against Pawtucket High School. The total score was 41-21 in favor of the Red and Blue mermaids. The first event, the relay, composed of T. Morison, M. Myers, R. Myers, B. Richey, M. Stanford and A. Werner, gave Brookline a nice lead of eight points. The next event was the fifty yard breast stroke in which Pawtucket placed while Betty Richey and Mary Galvin were second and third. In the fifty yard freestyle Tella Morison was first and Betty Richey second. The result of the diving, our team composed of Marion Myers and Charlotte Levine, was Marion first and Pawtucket second and third. The eighty yard freestyle was won by Eileen Manning with Pawtucket second and Rosalind Badaracco third. The next event was the twenty five yard back stroke which was won by Alice Werner and Eileen Manning third. The final event, the twenty five yard freestyle, was won by Pawtucket with Helen Cooper second and Leila Barclay third.

BETTY RICHEY TO CAPTAIN LEAGUE FOR YEAR 1929

At the girls' League Party the day before vacation, the elections for the ensuing year were held. The Sophomores furnished the entertainment. Frances Somers opened the program with three piano selections played to an appreciative audience. Evelyn Landers presented "Art of Dancing." Then followed a very clever pantomine, "And the Lamp Went Out", the cast being Miriam Helpern, Andrey Price, Dorothea MacMillan and Esther Sussman in the cast. Phyllis Green was the reader. Doris Cohen danced to "Ten Little Miles From Town." A Sophomore-Senior spelling match resulted disastrously to class III, with a 0-8 score.

The results of the balloting were announced at the end of the entertainment. For next year the girls have elected Betty Richey, President, Betty Greenleaf, Vice-President, Alice Werner, Secretary, and Blanche Taylor, Treasurer.

BROOKLINE SUFFERS FIRST DEFEAT OF SWIMMING SEASON

Our fighting tankmen were not able to cope with the strong Andover swimming team on Wednesday, February 20th, at Andover, and in the most exciting meet of the season were nosed out by the score of 34 to 28. This is our first loss of the season although officially it is not a defeat since Andover is a prep school.

(continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE IS HOST TO TEACHER-STUDENT COUNCIL CONVENTION

Weinberg and Muldowney Elected to State Offices

Student Government Discussed

The Fourth Annual Convention of the Associated Body of Massachusetts High Schools, held at Brookline on February 22, 1929, was in every way in every way a magnificent success.

The registration of the delegates was from ten to eleven o'clock, although they arrived steadily from nine-thirty throughout the morning. They were shown around the buildings by volunteer student ushers.

After the meeting was formally opened by President Herbert Maguire, of Everett High School, William T. Reid, Jr. welcomed the delegates in behalf of the school committee. He remarked that teamwork is necessary to reach the highest point in development, and that the student may get as much out of the teacher as he is determined to.

Mr. Jewett added to this, the fact that student government is not only the student's right and privilege, but it presents a better opportunity to grow and develop than formerly.

Chandler Hagen-Burger stated that student government, at which a first attempt was made in 1897, is a medium between the teacher and the student. This form of government is secure as long as it continues, and it should show marked progress in the future.

These welcomes were followed by an address by Hon. Frank W. Wright, Deputy Commissioner of Education, whose subject was "The Three C's."

He declared that modern civilization, unless veritably controlled, is a serious menace. This student government is training the younger generation which will carry the responsibility later, for a cleaner, more honest, self-sacrificing government. In America it is impossible to grow up illiterate because of the school laws, although one may grow up without more fundamental things than the three R's, readin', ritin', and 'rithmetic. Student-government is an opportunity, also, for self-discovery, but the three C's are absolute necessities. Character is the most important of these. Culture is difficult to discover. Mr. Wright forcibly stated that a nation which is spending two billions a year on education hasn't as much culture as might have been expected of

(continued on Page 2)

T. S. C. CONVENTION

(continued from Page 1)

it. The third C, Citizenship calls for a love and loyalty to one's country, and is the one C that the majority possesses. Mr. Wright closed his address in quoting Louis Pasteur's definition of Democracy, often repeated by former President Elliot of Harvard College.—"Democracy is that form of government which gives everyone an opportunity to do his best for the good of all."

Next, a nominating committee was appointed by the chair, after which the delegates adjourned to have the picture taken.

At one o'clock the representatives were served with a catered dinner in the lunch room. At the tables many of the old songs were sung, and after-dinner speeches were delivered by Mrs. Maguire, mother of the Association President, Mr. Packard, and Henry H. Harris, the principal of Lowell High School.

The afternoon session was opened at two-thirty, a little later than scheduled.

Hon. Frederick P. Cabot, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Boston, spoke on "The High School Boy and the Court."

This court has a chance to deal with those boys and girls between the ages of seven and seventeen who have done wrong or been wronged,—who are possibly the future criminals. The court must protect the public. The point of view of the Juvenile Court, although different than that of other courts, has the same law,—this being that the judge proceed in the same manner he thinks a parent would, and use the same measures. Their purpose is to try to reform them into a sense of duty and right to other people.

The next event was the election of officers for the coming year. It was voted that the office of treasurer be added to the other three. The candidates were as follows:—President—Chester Eaton, Worcester Classical High School, and Alvin Weinberg, Brookline High School; Vice-President—Francis Sargent, Lowell High School, and Alice Woodman, Dorchester High School; Secretary—Barbara Denny, Worcester Classical High School; Dora Farland, Durfee High School, Fall River; Irene Horrigan, Holyoke High School; Francis Murphy, Framingham High School; and Elizabeth Ridlon, Wakefield High School; Treasurer—George Leonard, Boston English High School, and Agnes Johnson, Girls' High School. Three were chosen from this list for Board of Directors:—J. Kavanaugh, Everett High School; John Kszystyniak, Fairhaven High School; Lino Linzi, Plymouth High School; Francis Muldowney, Brookline High School; W. Nelson, Beverly High School; and Ruth Sheinkopf, Memorial High School.

Alvin Weinberg, Alice Woodman, Barbara Denny, George Leonard, J. Kavanaugh, Francis Muldowney, and William Nelson emerged the victors.

Reports on what has been done by the School Councils were read by delegates from Framingham, Worcester, Classical, Beverly, Brookline, Commerce, Mechanics Arts, Somerville, Dedham Newburyport, Fitchburg, and Holyoke High Schools.

The delegates voted on a seal which is to be the official insignia of the association. It consists of a map of Massachusetts a gavel, and a scroll, enclosed in a hexagon, which has the name of the association just inside.

Beverly High School made the only offer received for next year's convention city, and subsequently Beverly was voted upon. The convention will be held on April 19, 1930.

At four-fifteen the convention was brought to its termination.

The local Committee consisted of: Mr. Packard, chairman, Mr. Downing, Edith Greenleaf, Chandler Hagenburger, Mr. Harbour, Chester Litman, Alvin Weinberg, Alice Werner.

ANDOVER SWIMMING MEET JUNIOR SOCIAL

(continued from Page 1)

Andover won the relay at the start of the meet, by about 2 yards. From then on the finishes were so close that in practically every event the spectators could not tell how the men had placed. "Marty" Ford was our high point scorer, winning the hundred by a couple of inches, and placing second in the fifty, being defeated by about the same distance. Our other winners were Coutts in the 200 and Conway in the breast stroke. The other second place men were Richards in the dive, Hyland in the 200, and Bencks in the back stroke. "Rocky" Gray was our lone competitor who finished third, scoring this point in the breast stroke.

JUNIOR SOCIAL

(continued from Page 1)

Majorie Delle
Esther Muldowney
Rose Badaracco
Rockwell Gray
Herbert Finn
Charles French
Van Crews
Preston Woodlock
John Hahn
Albert Lo Cascio

Special Guests

Miss Horn
Miss Rice
Miss Nichols
Mr. Neumeister
Mr. Roman
Mr. Eldridge

They laughed when I sat down at the piano. Some darn fool had removed the stool.

* * *

Betty—"You're an hour late. What do you mean by keeping me standing around here like a fool?"

Bill—"I can't help the way you stand."

MUSICAL NOTES

The Boys' Glee Club relected Tom Reynolds president. Harold Small fills the position of vice-president. Alva Allen that of secretary-treasurer. The boys are learning selections from the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pirates of Penzance," to be sung together with the Girls' Glee Club at Dramatics.

At the Teachers' Party held in the Devotion School three weeks ago, the Orchestra presented the following program:

(1.) Selections from the opera "Carmen" by Bizet.
(2.) Straussiana.
(3.) Minuet by Haydn.
(4.) Excerpts from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

During the 6th Annual International Musical Festival, Brookline was well represented by an orchestra composed of pupils from public and private schools in and about Boston. It was held February 17th in Symphony Hall. The conductor was Mr. Cook. Governor Allen presided. The "Largo" from the New World Symphony by Dvorak and a minuet by Haydn constituted the program.

The following played: Alex Brown, Concert Master; Harry Paul; William Glaser, Assistant Concert Master; Elsa Cohen; Barbara Burt; Dorothy Burt; Cyril Blackwood; Mary Blackwood; Dorothy Kelly; Elizabeth Miller; Anita Freedman; Grace Higbie; Nelson Hastings; Janet Adam; Caroline Cowper.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

MARS

Oh! que mars est un joli mois!
C'est le mois des surprises;
Du matin au soir dans les bois,
Tout change avec les brises.

Le ruisseau n'est plus engourdi.
La terre n'est plus dure;
Le vent qui souffle du midi
Prépare la verdure.

Les laboureurs, frais et contents,
Sont sortis de la grange,
Où les ont retenus longtemps
La gelée et la fange.

Le rossignol n'est pas venu,
Rempli de douces notes;
Mais déjà sous le hêtre nu
Résonnent les linottes.
Par-dessus la haie en éveil,
Fière des fleurs écloses,
On voit le pêcher au soleil,
Ouvrir ses bourgeons roses.
Gelée et vent, pluie et soleil,
Alors, tout a des charmes;
Mars a le visage vermeil
Et sourit dans les larmes.

Alfred De Musset

(*Revue Belge de Pédagogie.*)

Pouvez-vous trouver le mot?

L'extension prise par l'industrie cinématographique a nécessite la creation de mots nouveaux: la plupart du temps, on emprunte à la langue anglaise, en les déformant le plus souvent, les expressions nécessaries.

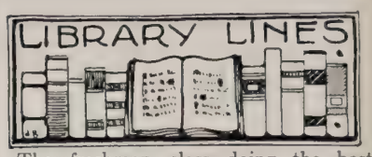
Les spécialistes voudraient désigner par un vocable bien francais le metteur en scène dont le rôle est bien plus important que celui des metteurs en scène de théatres... On essaie déjà d'imposer le mot anglais *producer;* des confrères s'en sont vite indignés et on lance déjà dans la conversation *écraniste, écranisseur, écraneur.*

Nos lecteurs estimeront que l'on pourrait aisément trouver mieux. Nous aideront-ils à trouver le mot juste?

A l'américan!

—Tu ne vas plus à l'école?

—Il n'y a pas d'avenir à fréquenter l'école.... Je travaille pour le cinéma.



The freshman class doing the best work in library lessons was Mr. Eldredge's IVA. Of thirty-one pupils in the class there were 28 A's and 3 B's. Miss Sears' was a close second, having 28 in the class—26 A's and one C.

The Senior classes having the best grades were Mr. Neusom's IJ and Miss Sawyer's IV 9.

Contemporary American Authors by J. C. Squire and other critics of the London Mercury.

Our Wonderful Universe by E. A. Chant.

The Library Key by Zaidee M. Brown—an aid in using books and libraries. College Entrance Board Examination questions in Mathematics (1921-1925).

Story of Public Utilities by Edward Hunger Ford.

One Hundred Years of American Railroading by J. W. Starr.

First Down, Kentucky, by R. D. Paine.

New Books—February 5.

"Adventures in Citizenship"—Stewart & Hanna

"Natural History of the American Lobster"—Bulletin of Bureau of Fisheries

"Opportunities for Women Learned in Home Economics"—by Woman's Occupational Bureau, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Siebens has ordered many new books for our library, and they include excellent fiction and many books on aviation.

Interesting articles in Magazines.

"Fundamentals of Basket Ball"—Dr. H. C. Carlon—In Scholastic for February 2, 1929.

"Four Fundamentals of Debate"—also in Scholastic.

At a recent Library Club convention, (held at the Hotel Statler on Friday, February 7) the question under discussion was: "Should a high school library be controlled by school or by the municipal library." Mrs. Siebens spoke, giving her views in favor of the latter.

FIRST OF MOTION PICTURES PRESENTED FEB. 5

Tuesday, February 5, there was presented in the Auditorium through the courtesy of the General Electric Company the first of a series of motion pictures sponsored by Mr. Packard of the science department. This series will be continued at forthcoming assemblies and the pictures will be mainly on scientific subjects and the savants of modern science.

Thomas A. Edison and the invention of the incandescent lamp was the subject of the first of this group and it was indeed a pleasing departure from the prosaic form of educational, school picture so often presented.

Mr. Packard announced the subject of the picture and thanking Mr. Hollingsworth who operated the projecting machine, was in return thanked by a hastily scrawled message shot upon the screen.

The picture led through the boyhood of Mr. Edison, his early scientific inclinations and subsequent ludicrous experiments. Subtly portraying his industriousness and force of concentration, it finally followed through to the invention of the incandescent lamp after countless disheartening failures. There were many interesting illustrative diagrams and the picture, well cast, acted and directed, was as entertaining as it was educational.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

The meeting of February 5 took the form of a demonstration lecture in quick breads by Miss Griggs. The following Thursday afternoon, a prize contest was held in the Domestic Science rooms. The prizes for the best bread were:

First prize: Betty Gustafsen (President of the club)

Second prize: Esther Byer

Third prize: Helen Saunders

Hon. mention: Barbara Houghan

RED CROSS

Miss Esther Hunsicker left High School, February 3, to go to Seward, Alaska. Miss Hunsicker has been one of the most enthusiastic and efficient workers in our Red Cross, being the representative for Room 1. She goes equipped to extend Junior Red Cross in Alaska, and will work with Esquimaux and white people. We shall watch the Sagamore with interest as we hope to hear of her through its columns.

The latest gift of the B. H. S. Junior Red Cross to the Brookline Milk Fund has been acknowledged by the Trustee of the Fund.

ASSEMBLY OF FEBRUARY 12

The lofty Seniors and proud Juniors were made to ponder thoughtfully and seriously at an assembly February 12, upon the realization of graduating this term or the next.

The cause of the profound thoughtfulness of the upperclassmen and produced by an advisory address by Mr.

(Continued on Page 5)

BROOKLINE SEVENTH IN B. A. A. MEET

In a meet featured by upsets in practically every event, our track athletes were only able to place seventh, scoring 6½ points. Exeter won the meet with 12½ points.

The high schools who finished with a greater number of points than Brookline were Medford Newton, and Brockton.

Our entries in the dash were Badaracco, Racheotes and French. Badaracco placed second in his heat and in the semi-final, but was nosed out for third in a blanket finish in the final.

In the hurdles Lebowich and Johnson placed in their heats but fell by the way-side in the semi-finals.

O'Neil was our only entry in the 300. He was third in his heat but did not answer the starter's gun in the final. In the 600 Dana Smith, the track "find" of the year won his heat easily, tearing around the track in the fastest time of all three preliminaries. However, the expected struggle between Bloss of Newark Prep, who was recently named All-American Soholastic six hundred yarder. Smith sacrificed the individual glory of racing in the final of this race for the benefit of three other men, by staying out and helping them score 5 points in the relay The time, 3. 13 4-5 was only 2 4-5 seconds slower than the record. Baddy secured a lead of 15 yards from Burton of Newton and Smith, Duane, and Racheotes never relinquished it. In the thousand, Blunt led the pack for three laps and then faded and wasn't able to place.

The team scored the other point and a half in the field events, placing in both. Harry Fink secured third in the shot with a heave of 45 feet 9½ inches and Racheotes tied with five other fellows for second in the high jump.

EL CIRCULO ESPANOL

One of the best and most delightful afternoons was enjoyed by many members of El Circulo Espanol on Tuesday, February 5. This meeting was held at the home of Miss Adams.

At first Ruth Douglas, president, conducted the short business meeting. Then under the instruction of Miss Adams, the members played an amusing and educational game, a contest to see who, spoke Spanish most fluently. The winners were Ruth Douglas, & Beatrice Finn. Each winner was presented a yellow and red rose respectively.

Miss Ruth Pass gave a short recitation, which was greatly applauded.

A card game corresponding to our game of Authors was played.

Delicious refreshments were served and thus the meeting came to an end.

The honored guest of the occasion was Mrs. Douglas, mother of the president of the club.

BEFORE THE MIKE AT W. E. E. I.

Arthur Horne Gives Experiences at W. E. E. I. Studio

The Sagamore representative who interviewed Arthur Horn, the school's only radio broadcaster, has found out many interesting points which are unknown to the public.

In divulging these secrets of the padded studio, Arthur said, "Of the many interesting bits of information that you have asked me for, I can say with gratitude that 'Big Brother,' Bob Emery, has told me each and every one concerning studio behavior. I will tell you about them with pleasure."

"Be Yourself"

To be a successful microphone speaker above all you must "Be yourself." A realization that the broadcast is being received by people of all degrees of intelligence and of all creeds is quite necessary. Blasting, or speaking too loudly for the instrument, is a serious fault which can be overcome. "As for the distance from the microphone at which an announcer stands, a foot is considered desirable, as a greater proximity to the "mike" produces sibilance, or pronounced use of the letters "s," "t", "f." Mr. Emery has so little of this that he may speak within a few inches of the instrument. A point to be remembered when thinking of what to say, and a very good rule is—never say I. Sentences must be reconstructed to avoid the first person. So far, however, I have used the word 'I' on the air only once in the first broadcast." An announcer must remember that the program is of first importance,—that he is only a scene-shifter, there to preserve the continuity or smooth sequence of a broadcast.

The mechanical operation of a studio is interesting outside of the human element. "Before the broadcast is on the air, all is jolly in the studio. Suddenly there is quiet, as the green light shines forth from the control box on the wall, the signal that all is ready in the operating room. A bright red light shines, as the announcer in charge turns to his microphone and commences the program. That red light glares as long as the microphone is in operation, and a warning to all for absolute silence. A white light may flash on as a signal for someone to hurry into the ante-room and listen to the monitoring device for anything which may be wrong with the transmitting. The monitor is a loud speaker which enables anyone in the ante-room to hear the broadcast."

Arthur was then asked if stage fright ever overtook him while broadcasting. "No, but the first time I broadcast a talk from W B Z—W B Z A in place of my friend George Mason, I had a hard time fighting it off. Microphone fright, according to Mr. Emery, is a machination of one's imagination. It is brought about in this manner. You think of the hundred thousand people listening to you, but no sound of your own voice is audible to you in the form of echo, as the studio is carefully sound-proofed, and you wonder if you will make a mistake. The studio is strange, no one answers your voice, and then a panic sets in. The preventative of this is to forget the microphone, where you are, and what you are doing. I find a sure cure in cracking a joke with someone and thus getting in a good humor before the broadcast."

"Well, isn't stage or mike fright a case of bravery or courage, Art?"

"No, not necessarily, for one time a war surgeon who had braved the rigors of warfare and had struggled amidst great bloodshed came to W. E. E. I. to speak in behalf of Red Cross. Mr. Emery, the announcer, thinking the gentleman capable of conducting himself, left the room for a drink of water. When he came back the studio was empty. The speaker had started well, spoken a few words, gurgled something,—and fled. Amusing, yes but your chances are about as good as his."

Commercialism in broadcasting is entirely dependent on the good taste with which it is presented.

A children's program such as the Big Brother Club puts on, must have an educational value, and must capture the interest.

At the present time, Arthur Horn, who has won many model airplane championships both here, in Detroit, and in Atlantic City, is instructing about three thousand members of the Big Brother Club how to make a small practical model each Tuesday evening at six-forty.

THE HIGH SCHOOL BANK

In previous issues of the Sagamore, there have appeared the names of the bank officers, directors, and homeroom treasurers, and today we record the names of the real banking staff upon whom fell the greatest amount of work and responsibility and corresponding honor for what was so well done on the opening day.

Under the efficient direction of Miss Nickerson of the Commercial Department, these students acquitted themselves with great credit, and they deserve the appreciation of the entire school.

Bankers:

Mary Mawhinney
Sophie Kelley
Mary Geoghegan
Adelle Lubitz
Charlotte Levine
Ruth Blackwood
Joseph Dublin
Albert Kefaurer
Mary Niland
Mona Peterson
Virginia Chase
Anne Martin
Beatrice Rittenberg
Marcella Liberty
Sadie Strelctsky
Ethel Hansen

(Continued on Page 6)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:30 to 3 p.m every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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ON THE THRESHOLD

Nature is prodigal of life but careless of it. Men have always had to fight a thousand dangers to keep alive.

But for centuries unnumbered, man, to protect himself, has been forging a giant weapon, shaped by necessity, tempered by experience, and sharpened by costly failure. That weapon is science. With science man loses his fear of the merciless power of nature.

With science man is akin to the gods. He clamps halter and bit to lightning and compels it to labor for him. He creates new plants and becomes a taskmaster to Nature. He developes new species of animals, measures the universe, and derives means to destroy his microscopic enemies.

Once he was the victim of Nature's whims. Today he is the craftsman, and life itself is his material. What will he make of it?

Already he has lengthened his years and crushed out many diseases. Gradually he is ridding the world of its pestilence, its poverty and its fear.

The story of science is the story of man conquering his environment and through science he is freeing himself from fear of Nature and from slavery of back-breaking labor. Scientific knowledge has grown tremendously in the last few decades. Today's marvels —from vacuum cleaners, radios, automobile engines, to the most dramatic discoveries, such as the creation of matter from energy in space and the location of the center of the universe —quicken the pace of progress, and who knows but we are on the threshold of a new type of civilization!

TRADITION

We Americans have not yet reached the quintessence of tranditionalism as typified by Europe's regard for family heirlooms and ancestral halls, but we have a tradition peculiarly our own. We have a Tradition of Americanism, as alien to that of Europe as our customs and our language are alien.

There is a line in one of Kipling's short stories: "The fun, which to an American means work, was only beginning." We are essentially a race of workers. Until well past the middle of the last century we were a nation of pioneers, fighting desperately for a mere existence. There was no room for the man who sat back and waited for someone else to do the work. No one had time to help the weak and the lazy. The rule of the first settlers was: "He who will not work must not eat." We became a race of strong, healthy men and hardy indepent women.

The first Americans worked of necessity. We later Americans work because of our ingrained contempt of shirkers. Our aristocracy is made up not of those whose ancestors worked, but who themselves still work and are proud of it.

New Sagamore Board

In a meeting last Monday, the Sagamore Board elected the personel of the Board for the coming year. The position of Editor-in-Chief which was discontinued two years ago is to be filled this year by Roger Burkhardt. The Assignment Editor is Norma Berlow; the Managing Editor, Kenneth Goodyear. Allan Bennett, Martha Lewis, Leana Moss, Dorothy Alter and Sidney Rabinovitz are also on the new Board. For complete list see the Sagamore box above.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

THE SADHU

By
James H. Boston

It was not a large house, this last bequest of my father, the honorable Philip Worthington. Indeed, were it not for a projecting front gable and three massive chimneys which like pillars of an ancient temple, stretched their crumbling lengths to the sky, the dwelling might easily have been mistaken for an outbuilding of one of its larger neighbors. Built, no doubt, to conform with the growing demand for housing it had literally been wedged between the two adjoining residences, scarcely ten feet of space existing between each of the three. These last structures spacious, beautiful, exhibiting the graceful and enduring skill of an architect long since dead, formed a striking contrast to my small, boxlike acquisition.

Although most of the houses on the street were in a wretched state of repair this one boasted a condition of dilapidation scarcely to be surpassed by buildings many years its senior. Weather-beaten blinds hung rakishly sidewise on their hinges and the blistered clapboarding had been hideously cracked and warped by the devestating frosts of winter. Rank privet and lilac, overspreading the meagre lawn space tried, with partial success, to screen tht offensive ruin fsom the sight of the passerby.

From the nearby square the subdued hum of life droned sleepily. A cricket chirped monotonously in the grass and the feeble cry of a sick infant intermittently disturbed the awesome quietude of the sultry August night. Somewhere the solemn-toned peals of a bell announced the hour of midnight to the slumbering city.

Coming from the carefree pleasures of a Cape Cod vacation to repair this deteriorated bit of property for rental was certainly a disheartening prospect for a young man, unacquainted with the method of business procedure.

Opening the rickety, iron gate, I crossed the weed-grown flag-stones, ascended the short flight of steps and entered the stuffy vestibule. As I stooped to insert the key in the rust-pitted lock of the heavy, oak door, my face became enmeshed in a tenacious threads of a spider's web. Frantically snatching at its bloated, loathesome builder who, trailing some strands of the hateful snare, crawled with hairy, clinging legs across my forehead, I succeeded only in entangling the mummified form of a large fly between my fingers.

The spider having escaped, I turned my attention to freeing myself of the sticky web and encountered once again the octopede's unhappy victim. Dead, crisp to the touch, the insect yet inspired me with a strange sense of revulsion and dread.

Being in a philosophizing and despondent turn of mind, it occurred to me that Fate was not unlike the crafty spider. Spinning her fine, silken web of Time she lies in ambush for us all. Relentless as the wolverine, invisible as a thought, capricious as a fickle maiden, Fate crushes one in her cruel jaws while weaving a pathway of spun gold for another.

Little did I think, however, as I stepped into the chill of the front hall that a web of condemning circumstances was being invisibly woven around my own life; Death ignoble and violent lurking in the center of the radii.

It was dark in the passageway. Neither the glare of the street lamp nor the moon's rays penetrated the heavily shuttered windows. Striking a match I perceived a carpeted staircase before me while to my right and left lay two rooms, the doors of which were tightly closed. Carefully shielding the wavering flame of my match, I succeded in forcing open the door at the right. Evidently it was the parlor but its appearance instantly recalled to my mind the image of a snow-blanketed grave yard. Chairs tables, and even a piano were enveloped in white, cloth coverings. Canvas was spread on the floor and the pictures, hanging on the walls, were draped in black sheeting, the ends drooping half way to the floor like mourning crepe. A ghost of a parlor it seemed and might well have been for no foot had broken its undisturbed lethargy for more than seventeen years.

Hosts of fleeting shadows hovered in the semi-darkness and it was with a feeling of relief that I withdrew and lighting another match ventured up the stairs. The sharp, mournful creaks that issued from beneath my retreating footsteps, bursting suddenly in the tomblike silence of the house, as if remonstrating at the entrance of an intruder, were by no means reassuring. Nervously gripping the banister, I reached the landing and half felt my way to the room situated over the grotesquely furnished parlor.

Locating the door, I burst it open and rushed in blindly. Through my unseemly haste, I tripped over the doorstop and falling, dislodged a small statue which, toppling from its pedestal, crashed to the floor. The door slammed shut; match, like an ungranted hope, sputtered out on the damp carpet.

Silence, darkness, cold the oblivion of the grave possessed me.

Then, to my indescribable horror, there rose from beneath my very form, where lay the shattered fragments of plaster, a stifled, human moan; a sound

(continued on Page 6)

R Colyum

This is told on reliable authority. A Salvation Army worker once went to Al Weinberg's house. Al himself opened the door.

"Sir," said the missionary, "I have come with the gospel."

"Oh," retorted Al, "my mother paid that last week."

* * *

Did anyone ever tell Pauline Pierce that she looks like Louise Fazenda?

* * *

Did you ever notice these wintry days that it is always the girls with the "nobby" furs who are chilly and have to wear their coats in class?

* * *

Maybe they forgot the keys to their lockers.

* * *

We were certainly surprised to find that the senior class didn't select "Red" Roud as class foto-grafer.

* * *

For those interested in becoming dectectives we recommend the new book by Harry Fink, Pete Racheotes, and Johnny Badaracco—"How to Track Men."

* * *

Eddie Duane may be a good driver, but we've yet to see him steer his struggle-buggy around the board-track.

* * *

This is the way R. K. would do it, if he were in school now:

If you can do your lesson
When all about are raising cain,
And by it both'ring you;
If you can keep on guessin'
The answer to a problem
Throught up by some hopeless "pain"
Without an angry snarl or two
While Sister Jane the rag must chew,
Then a better man than I are you
And to your name all praise is due.

* * *

Pretty poor poetry, R. K., but the sentiment is there.

* * *

When the editor was a little boy, a doctor told him if he didn't stop smoking he would grow up to be feeble-minded.

Now what we want to know is why didn't he stop?

* * *

We wish to announce that Monsieur Joseph (Battling) Melhado and Manseigneor Ball, Duke of Gymn, will meet on the field of honor (the school quadrangle) promptly at five tonight—it was going to be at dawn, tomorrow, but Joe doesn't get up so early.

The weapons will be swords, at twenty paces.

* * *

This is the way she said it: "Why don't you come to see Sonny-Girl anymore?"

* * *

Did you ever try:

"Pulling the wool" on Miss Bailey?
Arguing with Miss Liden?
Sleeping in Miss O'Brien's class?
A new alibi on Mr. Taylor?
Talking back to Mrs. Siebens?

(Continued on Page 6)

Around the World With the Faculty

In this issue Miss Taft repeats the slogan "See America First" with an account of her travels in Yellowstone Park.

"See America first!" So you were advised in the last issue of the Sagamore. I repeat it many times. There is hardly a state in the Union which cannot offer you something beautiful and inspiring in the way of natural scenery to say nothing of the many places of historical interest. But in the West, especially in the Rockies has Nature reached the zenith of wonder, grandeur, and thrilling beauty.

As the Yellowstone Park presents so many attractions, I have chosen to introduce you to its varied wonders. This is the largest and most famous of American parks, and there is nothing in all the world like it.

Situation of Yellowstone

It is an elevated plateau in the three states of Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho, 62 miles long from north to south and 54 miles wide. I chose to enter the Park through the Gardiner Gateway, in Montana, the northern opening. Automobiles met us at the picturesque little log station and soon we passed thro the Gateway bearing this legend, "For the Benefit and Enjoyment of the People." Over a delightful man-made highway, so constructed as to give the opportunity of seeing the snow-covered peaks, the fields of gorgeous flowers, weird rock formations, lakes of surpassing beauty, palisades of vari-colored sandstone, in close succession—and then the famous Mammoth Hot Springs. Here hot waters heavily charged with lime have built tier upon tier of white terraces which the waters laden with algae have colored faint tints of red, yellow, blue, and pink. Each terrace has upon its edge basins, elaborately carved and decorated, which, when the springs run dry, become white, and new basins are formed upon their edges. Sometimes whole trees are enmeshed in these terraces forming an astonishing spectacle. There are rides walks, and drives all about. Mountains individual in their beauty surround these steaming, tinted terraces. Here are the government offices where one may secure all the information he wishes about every detail of the whole park as well as visit the museums which contain many specimens characteristic of the Park.

Old Faithful

After a day and night here the sight-seeing motor cars took us towards the west over a roadway bordered by strange rock forms, cliffs of brilliant colored stone, steaming waters, areas of Christmas trees, huge dams built by beavers thro' the centuries, pools of boiling water and mud. As we neared our next camp, Old Faithful, the geyser which, every 65 minutes through the day and night, sends out volumes of steam and boiling water 150 feet into the air, greeted us roaringly. More than 100 geysers, big and little, are in close proximity, and between them pools of boiling water which make continual rainbow coloring, indescribably beautiful. Here as at all the camps both hot and cold water come out of the earth very near together.

The next day our journey was resumed; this time we traveled towards the east, along a highway very unlike the other two. Acres and acres of trees had given up the struggle to live in this intense heat and stood covered with lime, remains of an earlier forest. Instead of steaming water, beds of boiling mud of every dainty shade and tint like pots of paint awaiting the master hand to use them bordered the road. For a long way the route follows the edge of Yellowstone Lake. On its farther side were snow-covered mountain peaks, others green with fir trees, still others striped with the varying colors so often seen here. This lake is a fisherman's paradise. We stopped while the Waltons of the party tried their luck at a famous spot. Later we enjoyed eating from our hands the fish which they caught and dropped into the Fishing Cone, a boiling spring on the edge of the lake. Our camp this night was in the most fascinating scenery along the lake. Sunset and sunrise over it were experiences never to be forgotten.

Snowballs in Summer

Twenty-four hours later found us again riding thro scenery quite unlike that of the previous days. More trees, less heated spaces, arched bridges of rock over our heads, huge meadows of brilliant flowers, a thunderstorm below us and a snow flurry with us as we ascended Mount Washburn, where we snowballed each other and could see flowers of every hue, all these were pleasure on that day. Then we stopped for the night in Yellowstone Canyon, the climax of the Yellowstone. From Inspiration Point one looks down into an opening in the earth with a great waterfall at its head and farther along another fall, far more beautiful and steep, which tumbles into a silvery ribbon-like stream far, far below. Walls of deep rich red and brown coloring border the canyon in parts and others show glowing tints of pink, yellow, green, and blue. Its beautiful tints are beyond description. Streams of hot water spurt at intervals along the bed of the river, a strange ever-present combination in this wonderland.

A clear moonlit night added to the weirdness and awesomeness of this canyon.

The following day we reluctantly resumed the drive which would bring us again to Mammoth Hot Springs, our starting point. But this part of the drive has its beauties. We soon came to Roosevelt Camp near which are the fossil forests. Some of the stumps of the petrified trees are fully ten feet in diameter. Some of the hollow trunks are beautifully lined with many colored quartz. Near here also is the "Grasshopper Glacier", so called because the remains of extinct insects which look like grasshoppers are imbedded in the ice, where they were caught by a snowstorm so long ago no one can estimate. The scenery is more grand and imposing in this part of the trip, but words are poor tools to describe adequately the scenery anywhere.

Not the least interesting are the birds, beasts, flowers of this great playground so perfectly preserved and so admirably presented for all the people.

ASSEMBLY

(continued from Page 3)

Akers. Our headmaster said that naturally the definite object of all the students was graduation, and that after attending four years of school they would be presented with a diploma and sent out into the "cruel cold world." Mr. Akers said he was indeed surprised at the nonchalance of some Seniors receiving deficiencies in a subject the passing of which is necessary for graduation. The fact of the uncertainty of the acceptance of a pupil by a college was greatly stressed. Today, the acceptance of a person wishing to attend college, depends not only upon high scholarship, but also on the highest integrity, ambition and promise.

There are two ways to enter college, the first by examination and the second by certificate. The statement that pupils with A or B grades would pass the examinations caused a few faces to light up, but the next sentence that those with nearly deficient grades would surely fail, caused many looks of blank dismay. Mr. Akers also said that no one had the right to ask for a certificate, if he had not received A or B in every subjct.

Scholarships are given for four reasons: promptness in applying, the need of one, scholastic ability, and integrity of character.

Sam (dreamily): "Rastus, does you all believe they's a man in the moon?"

Rastus (all business): "Say boy, they's a mule in the moon what I sells."

CLEARWATER
BOYS'
GUIDANCE CAMP
FARMINGTON, MAINE.

THE SADHU

(continued from Page 4)

as of a spirit awakened in its mouldering vault; a tortured soul languishing in the withering fires of Hades: Piercing and shrill rose the wail until, staggering to my feet, I felt my way confusedly to the door and gained the welcome safety of the hall.

It was some time before I could muster sufficient courage to re-enter the room. Finally I did so and lighting the gas chandelier, with trembling fingers, surveyed the scene, half expecting some hideous presence to emerge from a corner. All was silent though and naught but the overturned statue gave evidence to the fact that anyone had been in there for fifty years.

A gray, webby dust coated everything and it was as if a mist obscured the eyes of the beholder. Even the light globes, shaded by a gnarled tangle of cobwebs, diffused but a dim spectral glow.

For a sleeping chamber it contained the most unusual assortment of furniture I have ever seen. On each side of the door, like sentinels, stood two, black marble pedestals. The left pedestal was surmounted by a statue of Siva, the Destroyer, most horrible deity of the Hindoo trinity, while at the foot of the other pedestal, in ignominious ruin, lay the broken image of Vishnu, the Preserver. Beside the pedestals were two, large bookcases each filled with thick, black volumes most depressing to the eye.

The four walls were bedecked with Oriental tapestries, the rich beautiful colors bleaming through the dust. Before the front window was placed a heavy, carved, ebony chest, flanked by two, tall censers, their corroded, blackened bowels symbolic of the long suspension of life in the room.

On the opposite wall a sealed up fireplace was partially concealed by an ottoman, heaped with richly brocaded cushions, long, gold tassels dangling to the floor. A Sadhu's sharpened tongs were the sole objects on the mantel.

The door of the closet in the corner was quite hidden by a long, Persian, tapestry, depicting a ferocious battle between a turbaned Oriental and a multitude of huge, black demons whose savage, beady eyes seemed to be jealously observing my scrutiny of the room.

Opening the tightly locked windows I soon had the dank, evil vapors that floated up from the cellar dispelled by the healthy atmosphere of the outdoors.

A small cot stood by the side window, covered by a heavy tiger skin, the enormous head resting at the foot between two outstretched paws, the long, curved claws spread as if about to strike. At the head of the cot was a wash bowl, an imposing array of varicolored and shaped botles being neatly arranged on a shelf above it. I picked one up and although a cologne bottle and labelled as such, the liquid, pitch black and of bitter odor, was undoubtedly of a different character.

I held the bottle up to the light wherat the liquid assumed a soft, golden appearance, flakes of crimson, as dregs in wine, floating through it. Shaking it vigorously I held it up to the light again and lo! A silver colored solution with floating, blue particles had been formed. Gradually as it settled the former appearance was reverted to.

This extraordinary phenomena recalled to my mind a very peculiar incident that had occurred in this same room seventeen years before.

An eccentric old lady had owned the house at the time, gaining a modest livelihood by letting rooms to students. Her death shortly after the event of the odd happening, had been attributed to the shock and excitement she had undergone at the time.

In the old lady's words what transpired was as follows:—"It was about the middle of October, on a particularly cold, blustery night, that I heard a loud, impatient knocking at the front door. I knew all the roomers were abed for it was past midnight. Nevertheless, as the knocks became more persistent and determined, I threw a wrap about my shoulders and went down to the door. Opening it, there confronted me a perfect devil of a fellow. He was fully six and half feet tall, dressed in a salmon colored, toga-like garment and wearing a mammoth, black turban. Had his heart been as black as was his beard Purgatory could not have held him.

"Bowing respectfully, he asked for lodgings, explaining that he was Ramu Daih, an Indian ascetic of the Saiva sect, here temporarily while taking a course in chemistry at a nearby college. Although I had qualms about letting such an unusual looking person into my house, I reluctantly accepted him as a roomer on his offering to pay double my usual rate.

"Next day his trunk arrived, by evening he had transformed his room into a veritable Eastern sanctuary.

"Two censers constantly poured forth dense columns of purple smoke to the eternal glorification of Siva while twice a day the Indian performed religious ablutions with musk-scented water. A grinning, human skull adorned the mantelpiece and a tiger skin, the head a triumph of taxidermy, guarded the Sadhu's couch.

"It is in his favor to say that he was quiet, unobtrusive and kept rational hours. Nothing especially unusual happened until about the first of the next April.

"One memorable day he came to me and placing three one-hundred dollar bills in my hand remarked casually, that in case he should not see me again, he desired that I should leave his room undisturbed until the money I had just received should have been expended for its rental. Going to his room he locked himself in.

"That was the last time my strange roomer was ever seen.

"Three days later, imagining suicide, I summoned the police who immediately broke into his chamber. All the windows were locked and the fireplace was obstructed by a divan. Every possible hiding place in the room was thoroughly searched but to no avail, Ramu Daih had disappeared."

This ill-fated individual, I recalled, was the last person to have occupied the room. My father, having been unable to take possession of the property because of litigation which developed with the sister of the deceased, had been forced to leave the property idle.

While thus musing, I had unconsciously shaken the bottle with such vigor that several drops cozed from the loosely replaced stopper. Trickling down the closed fingers of my right hand the shining liquid met a barrier in a broad, silver ring which encircled my third finger. Tired of examining the fantastically furnished chamber, I was about to replace the bottle and seek repose on the couch when I heard a sharp, hissing noise and my hand, wet with the strange liquid, was assailed with the most excruciating pains. A moment later my whole body became wracked with the same torturous agony. It seemed as if molten lead coursed through my veins; glittering blue flames danced before my eyes and a choking sulphureous smoke filled my nostrils.

Reeling to the divan, I slumped upon it. The bottle, slipping from my fingers, crashed to the floor.

Consciousness left me.

(continued next issue)

SCHOOL BANK

(continued from Page 3)

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R COLYUM

(continued from Page 5)

Did it work?

* * *

Pity the poor fellow who is taking a "P. G." in gymn.

* * *

What Lindbergh really meant when he was speaking of "WE" was "ME" and George Mason."

* * *

Did you notice that Mannie Koufman was without his gaitors this week?

He says, "What do I care if I catch cold in my ankles? They are getting too common, anyway."

* * *

Well good night, little kiddies; it's getting late, so fold your hands, say your prayers, and go to bed.

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TWINS! TWINS! TWINS!

Doris Smallman

Twins, twins, twins!—boy twins, girl twins, assorted twins and couplets that appear to be twins but really aren't. How they puzzle and muddle students and teachers alike at our old Alma Mater!

Today we shall attempt to unscramble the girl twins and put them in their proper places, so folks can tell one from 'tother. The Seniors boast of four sets of twins in their midst. First come the Denstens—Jackie and Evelyn who rarely get credit for being twins because of the marked variance in their appearance. Jackie is taller, a bit more buxom and much darker.

There's only a difference of a sneeze between the Kelloughs, "Dot" and Mable. The "ker chew" belongs to "Dot."

Next are the Coughlins, Ruth and "Dot"—so much alike that one simply gives up all attempt to tell them apart. Same height, same complexion, same color hair and, we surmise, same color eyes. But you can't go wrong by greeting them with "Hello Twinny!" Their instructors are secretly thankful that this brace are not in the same class rooms.

The Lewenbergs, "Dot" and Sylvia, are saved from confusion by a "head." Dot is a "head" taller than Sylvia.

This is quite a collection of twins for one class. Now let us see what the Juniors have to offer in the way of puzzling plurals. Not so much on quantity as quality. Think of it—two sets of twins from one family! John and Ruth Myers whose difference in sex keeps them from becoming confused. But what of Marion and "Lib" who are always being taken for each other?—And both good-looking, too! Whichever you pick, you can't go wrong on looks. The Juniors seem to have the honors on double doublets, for no other class can claim distinction in this respect.

The Sophomore Class has some Green twins—in name only, however. It is quite easy to part them even when they are together.

What hope is there for the school if Mrs. Frits can hardly tell her twins apart. One of these lady twins tried to help matters out by getting herself a boyish bob, but that scheme failed when Mr. Harbour simply coundn't remember which one had been bobbed! Mr. Fitzgerald had little difficulty, however, because he soon found that one of them frowned at him when she spoke.

The Sophomores also claim the great swimmers—Tina and Tella Morison. Now that one of them is letting her hair grow, they seldom get taken for each other.

The Vigeant twins, Helene and Yvonne, also belong to the sophomore class. There again the only safe way is "Hello, Twinny."

The Freshman usually have everything we want. Let's see where twins fit down there. Sure enough, there are two sets. We have been told that no two things are exactly alike but when we first caught sight of the Schmauks, we wondered. Here is a key to the mystery. One does most of the talking and has a higher pitched voice. Just keep the name of the loquacious one in mind and you will spare yourself a confusing moment. Then we find the Cunniffs, Edna and Edith, but they are so different it seems the only thing they have in common is their birthday.

Thus endeth the dissertation on the twins of 1929. Now go pick 'em out if you can.

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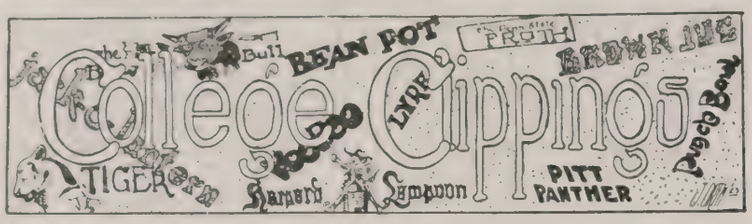

By Exchange

"The Night Before"

'Twas the night before pay day and all through my jeans,
I hunted in vain for the price of some beans.
Not a quarter was stirring, not even a jit;
The Kale was off duty, milled edged had quit.
Forward, turn forward, O Time, in they flight—
Make it tomorrow, just for tonight.

* * *

No Entertainment

Nell—Do you like moving pictures?

Harry—Nothing doing. I fell off the step-ladder and almost got killed the last time I tried it.

* * *

Rushee: "Do you mean to say, all the big activity men are in your fraternity?"

Brother: "Absolutely, besides we have a bunch of men in the faculty."

Rushee: "And none of the other fraternities rate at all?"

Brother: "No!"

Rushee: "Then I think I'll join one of the others and help them along."

* * *

"Who was that guy you were talkin' so nice to?"

"Aw, that's our old family druggist."

"What did he say."

"No!"

Question—What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?

Answer: A pessimist is one who wears both belt and suspenders; an optimist, one who wears neither.

Rogers, H. S.
Newport, R. I.

* * *

The Boy and The Bison

"Lord Curzon, who has been cured of insomnia by the Coue ethod of auto-suggestions, entertains Americans lavishly every season in his fine house in Carlton House Terrace," said a traveler. "His second wife, you know, is an American, and his first wife was American, too.

"At one of their Angle-American parties Lord Curzon told a funny story about the American accent, but Lady Curzon retorted with another story about a boy in a London board school whose teacher asked him what a bison was.

"A bison," the boy answered "is wot I washes in."

* * *

Flap: "Joe Doak, from the Alpha Upsilon house gave me a fur coat for my birthday."

Flap-flap: "What kind?"

Flap: "Fraternity seal."

* * *

"Hell hath no fury like a man misquoted."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 10 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 15, 1929 TEN CENTS

DRAMATIC CLUB TO PRESENT "THE RIVALS"

BROOKLINE FINISHES 2ND IN STATE TRACK MEET

Brockton Wins by 5 Points—Smith Wins in Jump, Not in 100

Our fighting track athletes finished their indoor season Saturday, March 2nd, with 18½ points, second place in the Class A division of the State Interscholastics. Brockton, the winner, finished with 23½ points.

At the start of the meet, our men picked up such a lead that it seemed insurmountable. "Al" LoCascio made a leap of 9 feet, 11 inches to win the broad jump. Harry Fink won the shot by a heave of 45 feet 5¾ inches to nose out Pescosolido of Newton by 2 inches. Dana Smith unexpectedly tied for first place in the high jump at 5 feet 6¼ inches, and "Pete" Racheotes tied for second, one inch lower.

We had 15 points before the running events commenced, with our nearest competitor, Brockton, seven points behind. But Brockton's points started to come thick and fast. We had to be content with second place when the meet was over.

"Baddy" was able to work his way into the final of the dash, but a bad start prevented him from scoring. In the "600" where 5 points were expected from Smith, only a half point, from fourth place, materialized. The event was run in heats and the times decided the place winners.

In the relay Brookline again did not score as many points as was expected, placing only fifth. Here we were pitted against Medford and Dorchester High Schools who were not fast enough to provoke us to any extraordinary time. Here the slippery track proved a hinderance for Micky O'Neil slipped while running around one of the corners, and lost a second or two. The relay quartet was composed of Badaracco, O'Neil, Dane and Racheotes.

CLASS DAY OFFICERS CHOSEN

On February 27 in the auditorium a meeting of the Senior class was held to nominate the officers for Class Day. The following were nominated, to be voted upon March 6: Class Historian, Arthur Anderson, Melvin Anshen, David Barrie, Harry Fink; Class Prophet, Joseph Donohue, Edward Duane, Josiah Lewis, George Mason; Class Prophetess: Jacquelyn Densten, Betty Jacobs, Gertrude Lakeson, Eleanor

(Continued on Page 2)

New Officers of Teacher-Student Council Association

Alvin Weinberg, president and Francis Muldowney, a director photographed in front of the new building after their recent election at the Massachusetts Teacher-Student Council Association Convention.

JUNIOR SOCIAL

The social given by the class of 1930 in the lunch room on Friday, March 1, although attended more largely by the Seniors, afforded a pleasant afternoon for members of both classes.

The Silver Moon Syncopaters, composed of six high school boys, provided the music due to the fact that Zakon's Music Masters were unobtainable. However, this music, played by Charlie Rosenberg at the piano, Vincent Pollina, Alfred Levine, and Ralph DeAvila, saxophonists, William Dean, trumpeter, and Roland Taylor drummer, was up to the minute, because it far surpassed expectations, it proved to be one of the surprises of the afternoon.

The first number on the program was a game called "Who's Who." The names of certain actors were pinned on the boys' backs, while similar names were attached to those of the girls. The ones who had the corresponding appellations were partners for the first dance.

Then the boys formed a circle encompassing a circle of girls. The brooms, which were given to a member of each group, were passed around, and the two in whose hands the brooms were when the music stopped, were consorts in the next dance.

Then came a grand right and left, followed by a Wand Dance. Only the holders of the sticks previously given to a number of side-line boys, had the privilege of cutting in. Subsequently, a series of fox-trots were played interrupted only by the award of prizes to Majorie Tarbell and her partner, holders of the lucky number.

The last dance a waltz, brought another gratifying afternoon to a close.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, SEES THE OPENING OF BROOKLINE'S 29th ANNUAL DRAMATICS

DRAMATICS ASSEMBLY

After the presentation of the trophy won by the track team at Andover, the assembly on February 26 was given over to the interest of Dramatics.

Robert Levi, business manager, stated that as this is the most important social function of the year, it is not only open to the entire school, but to outsiders as well. The proceeds are for a worthy cause, and a superb performance together with a general good time is guaranteed.

Previously, dramatics has provided forty-four students with scholarships, and for this reason the estimated quota is set at twelve hundred dollars.

There are to be seventy-five cent tickets, as they were never in demand.

Miss Allen dealt with the literary part of dramatics, showing how closely the plot of "The Rivals" is connected with an incident in Sheridan's life.

Francis Muldowney, stage manager talked about the staging which is to beautify this year's play.

Mrs. Henderson urged those who are unable to take an active part in dramatics to help out either by selling candy or contributing it.

The quota set for candy proceeds is two hundred dollars.

"Red" Record spoke of the financial advantage and helpful opportunity a scholarship presents.

BROOKLINE MERMEN WIN SECOND MEET WITH GARDNER 17-25

The final score of the swimming meet between Brookline and Gardner on Thursday, Feb. 28, again proved the former's prowess. The relay race a nip and tuck swim throughout was one of the closest and most exciting events of the day. Captain Ford, the third man, closed the lead which Gardner held over John Hyland and Conway and also gained a lead that Broadbent, the anchor man, was able to hold.

Bert Richards of Brookline clinched first place in the dive after having displayed some beautiful form in classy flips. Peltolla and Heywood of Gardner came second and third respectively in that event.

Andrew Conway won the breaststroke by a large margin in one minute and

(Continued on Page 2)

EXPECT TO CLEAR $1000

Tickets 50c, 75c and $1.00 — Dancing in Lunch Room

On Friday next Brookline High is to see the opening of its 29th Annual Dramatics. The play, "The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheriden, will be followed both nights by dancing in the lunch-room. Caldewood's Isle o' Rhythm Orchestra will furnish the dance music.

Brookline High is famed for its splendid presentations and the large crowds it draws. A good crowd is expected to attend this year's product.

'Way back in 1900 The First Annual Dramatics were presented. In 1910 "The Private Secretary" was given and proved to be a success. These early Dramatics were followed by many fine presentations: in 1913 we find Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer", first presented in 1773 two years before Sheriden brought out his "Rivals". It met with great success. In 1916 "The Man From Home" was given and met with such a fine reception that two more "Men" were given: "The Man of the Hour" (1917) and "The Man who stayed at Home" (1918). In 1925 Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" appeared at B. H. S.

Many of the teachers in reading this article will remember with pleasure the fine acting in the preceding shows.

'Tis a well-known fact that the ghosts of characters haunt the theatres where they have appeared and wandering into the "prop" rooms brings back memories of what has been. The trials and tribulations of putting on the performance are looked upon lightly on their return to the scene.

This year's presentation is going to be fully as good as any in the preceding. Miss Lewis said, when interviewed: "It's a good play and the parts are well cast. The scenes will be charming. The character work is well done and will provide the humor to a great extent. The cast this year intends to keep the wonderful tradition alive.

"In a school growing as rapidly as Brookline the need for keeping a live tradition is felt. If it were not for that, many a school would soon become a place for work with no more spirit than an office building."

(Continued on Page 3)

R Colyum

We noticed that the Seniors took advantage of the Junior Social.

* * *

How is it that Don Broadbent was the only Sophomore who crashed the gate unmolested?

* * *

It was remarked that Baddy was tracking around with some petite miss.

* * *

However, it was only his sister.

* * *

Talking about captains, why is it that Barrett Roberts is so eager for the lunch room the 5th period?

* * *

To make matters worse Miss O'Brien has a peculiar habit of mentioning French foods in that period.

* * *

Our sympathy, Barrett.

* * *

At the first false signs of Spring all the B. H. S. students flock to the Coolidge Corner Branch Library.

* * *

Those seeking for knowledge usually find it there—and walk home with her.

* * *

Al LoCascio's moustache is certainly coming up in the world.

* * *

It's quite fortunate for Dave Barrie that he was appointed as the new marshal captain.

* * *

Otherwise it might have been said that the girl marshals had elected him.

* * *

Oh, well, looks aren't EVERYthing.

* * *

Pupils Hear Inaugural

At twelve o'clock Monday, March 4, the school assembled both in the Auditorium and in Shailer Hall to hear the commencement of the Inaugural Program. Despite the courtesy of the Dow Radio Company and of Mr. Jewett, who provided the sets, the address of Mr. Hoover was scarcely audible. The welcome extended to the Senate by Vice-President Curtis, the installation of thirty-two new members, however, gave us a fairly, clear idea of what was going on in Washington.

Surely it will not soon be forgotten that every member of the Legislative body must swear "to defend the Constitution of the United States without any mental reservations whatsoever."

CLASS DAY OFFICERS

(Continued from Page 1)

Roach; Class Lawyer: Edward Andrews, James Eadie, Robert Haynes, Eliot Hurwitz, Joseph Melhado, Charles Record, Ralph Shikes, Walton Goodwin; Class Orator: Lawrence Cohen, Evelyn Densten, Morton Goldstein, Robert Kaplan, Robert Levi, Joseph Weisberg.

The elections, to take place in the Senior home rooms, were postponed until March 8, when the following came out victors: Class Historian, Melvin Anshen; Class Prophet, Josiah Lewis; Class Phophetess, Jacquelyn Densten; Class Lawyer, Eliot Hurwitz; Class Orator, Robert Levi.

The Sagamore short story contest has been continued until April 12. This is to accommodate those who felt that there was not enough time to permit — er—revision of some of the stories which have already been submitted.

ALUMNI NOTES

Miss Effie Waterman, '25, now teaching in Newton, has just announced her engagement, and plans to be married in October.

Miss Bertha Stonehouse, class of '28 is a Freshman at the School of Secretarial Science at B. U.

Misses Lucienne Wilkinson and Helen Taylor, '28 are members of the Freshman class at Miss Sackers' School of Art.

Miss Muriel Adams, '27, pupil at the Designers' Art School, is spending a few weeks in the South.

Miss Phyllis Greene, '27, is at the Vesper George School of Art.

The Misses Mildred Murphy and Helen Wingate '27 are attending the Garland School of Home-making.

Velma Hutchinson '21, secretary to Miss Sacker, is spending the winter abroad.

Stanley Blish, '19, and family have recently moved to Chicago where he continues his work with the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.

EL CIRCULO ESPANOL

The March meeting of the Spanish club was held in B-4, Tuesday, March 5th.

The meeting was opened informally by a group of songs. A short business meeting followed. Florence Burton then played the Royal Spanish March.

A brief dialogue, "Quién Supiera Escribir", was given by Beatrice Finn and John Hannon.

Once more the members enjoyed playing "Authors", in Spanish, and the prize for the highest score was awarded to Mary Crawley.

After the serving of refreshments, the meeting adjourned.

GARDNER MEET

(Continued from Page 1)

nineteen seconds. Second place was conceded to a Gardner swimmer and Gray of Brookline took third.

The "200" freestyle was the only event in which a Gardner man took first. Coutts held the lead for some distance but had to be content with a close second, William Hyland of the same school with third. Broadbent and Paul Bencks, both of Brookline, fought to what appeared to be a tie in the 100 yard backstroke, but the judges awarded the premier place to the former who covered the distance in 1 minute 2-5 seconds.

Captain Ford, the only double winner of the day, won the fifty yard freestyle with his teammate, Broadbent taking second. Ford also won the "100 freestyle to the tune of 1 minute 3 2-5 seconds. Nadeau, of the invading team took second and Weinrebe of the winner's horde pulled third.

LE COIN FRANCAIS

Les Douze Mois

Voici les douze mois:
Ils marchent trois a trois!

Avec son blanc chapeau de neige,
Janvier mène le grand cortège.
Et Février, sur le même rang.
A honte d'être si peu grand.
A ses côtés, c'est Mar fantasque.
Le nez mouillé par la bourasque,
  Voici les douze mois:
  Ils marchent trois à trois!
Admirez Avril qui s'avance,
Son bonnet de fleurs se balance.
Mai joyeux lui donne le bras,
Vêtu de rose et de lilas,
Et Juin, les tempes vermeilles,
A des cerises aux oreilles.
  Voici les douze mois:
  Ils marchent trois à trois!
Sur le chemin sec Juillet trotte,
Il a du foin dans chaque botte,
Août s'en va couronné de blé
Et par la chaleur accablé,
Et Septembre titube et joue
Avec des grappes sur la joue.
  Voici les douze mois:
  Ils marchent trois à trois!
Octobre porte sur sa tête
La pomme à cidre et la noisette,
Novembre, dans ses maigres bras
Tient un tas de vieux échalas,
Et Décembre ferme la marche,
Triste et froid comme un patriarche!
  Salut aux douze mois
  Qui marchent trois à trois!

(Extrait de: **Le Livre qui chante** par Octave Aubert; Fernand Nathan, Editeur.)

La Vieille Légende

Sainte Geneviève, dit la légende, êtait une jenne bergère du village de Nanterre. Très pieuse, elle avait une dévotion particulière au grand saint Denis dont le tombeau se trouvait là ou nous voyons aujourd'hui la belle basilique qui porte le nom du saint. Le jour du pèlerinage de saint Denis, Geneviève devança l'aurore, et partit, emportant son gros livre de prières, et tenant un grand cierge qui devait l'eclairer tout le long du chemin, car dit la vieille légende: "la nuit était obscure, les bois grands, et pleuvait fort." Que serait-elle devenue, si son cierge s'était éteint? Le diable ne manqua pas une si bonne occasion d'exercer sa malice, et plus d'une fois, tandis que Geneviève cheminait, il vint souffler sur la petite flamme vacillante. Mais l'ange gardien de Geneviève veillait, et chaque fois que le diable éteignait le cierge, l'ange aussitot le rallumait.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. James Thomson a graduate from B. H. S. in 1922 and of Bowdoin College in 1926, recently visited our school. Mr. Thomson, who is associated with the United Fruit Co., has been for the past two years in Honduras, where he has achieved success. Mr. Thomson's stay in this vicinity is a short vacation for him, for he is en route to an important conference of his concern in Chicago.

Miss Barbara Hagen-Burger '29 is studying at Miss Sacker's, where we also find Lucienne Wilkinson '28.

New books:—

"Beau Geste" — Wren — Adventure with the Foreign Legion in Africa.

"Plain Tales from the Hills"—Kipling—Some of this noted author's best short stories of India.

"Historical Selections"—Webster

"Our Wild Animals"—Moseley.

"White Fang"—London.

Recent magazine articles:—

In "World's Work"—March.

"A New First Lady becomes Hostess for the Nation"—Mary Roberts Rinehart.

"Sky Law" by D. C. Lunt.

In "Scholastic"—Feb. 16th.

"Four Fundamentals of Debate" by D. C. Fonekes.

In "English Journal" for February.

'The High School Annual Rejuvenated" by C. H. Butler. Of interest to those who are looking forward to the new year book.

In "Review of Reviews" for March.

"Boys, Gangs, and Crime"—Howard MacLellan.

In "Currant History"—March.

"Presidential Inaugurations—Old and New" by L. C. Merrill.

Sagamore readers: what would **you** like to have in "Library Lines"? Give your suggestions to Mrs. Seibens in the Library or Janet Alexander in 224.

TEN LITTLE FRESHMEN

Ten little Freshmen, running down to dine,
  Miss Miller stopped one, and then there were nine.
Nine little Freshmen, losing lots of weight,
  One got on the track team,—then there were eight.
Eight little Freshmen, their number once more even,
  One sassed Mrs. Seibens—and then there were seven.
Seven little Freshmen, frightened little chicks,
  One got Mr. Case for Math.—then there were six.
Six little Freshmen, practising a dive,
  One kerplunked on Marty Ford—*** then there were five.
Five little Freshmen, at the Chem. Lab. door,
  Tizztppfffttt—HNO^3 — then there were four.
Four little Freshmen, full of happy glee,
  One took a Mid-year—then there were three.
Three little Freshmen, feeling rather blue.
  Mr. Jewett caught one—then there were two.
Two little Freshmen, no French homework done,
  Miss O'Brien found one out— — — then there was one.
One little Freshman, working all alone,
  He got made a Sophomore—
    and then
      there
        were
          none!

DRAMATICS

(Continued from Page 1)

After seeing a number of rehearsals your reporter concurs with Miss Lewis in her statement that the cast measures up to the mark of previous presentations.

The cast, herewith presented, is the same as published recently with the exception of Alva Allen, whose voice was not found suitable for the part of Sir Anthony.

The Cast

Thomas, a coachman..... James Boston
Fag, servant to Capt. Absolute
Joseph Weisberg
Lucy, maid to Lydia ... Elaine Skidmore
Ludio Languish, niece of Mrs. Malaprop————Jean Goodale
Julia, Falkland's inamorata
Thelma Science
Sir Anthony, father of Capt. Absolute
Melvin Anshen
Mrs. Malaprop, aunt of Lydia
Dorothy Gay
Falkland, friend of Capt. Absolute
John Drum
Bob Acres, a country gentleman
Alvin Weinberg
Sir Lucius O'Trigger, an Irish nobleman.....Thomas Ducy
David, servant to Acres
Lawrence Cohen
Boy ..... Frederick Durkee
Capt. Absolute..... Alfred LoCascio

There are many outstanding characterizations among these parts, of which one of the most pleasing, most humorous is Sir Lucius O'Trigger as played by Tom Ducy. In the scene on the north Parade in Act II his swagger is delightful and his brogue-delicious! Elaine Skidmore's interpretation of Lucy in the same scene is also splendidly done.

Melvin Anshen plays the irate father in a creditable manner and Lo Cascio carries off the role of a dashing young army officer splendidly.

Al Weinberg's blustering, blundering Bob Acres suits him to a T.

Dorothy Gay as Mrs. Malaprop, certainly has a great memory. The way she handles the misused tongue twisters is superlative. Lydia, her niece is admirably taken by Jean Goodale.

The scenes are to be superbly decorated and will cost a large amount of labor on the part of the stage hands.

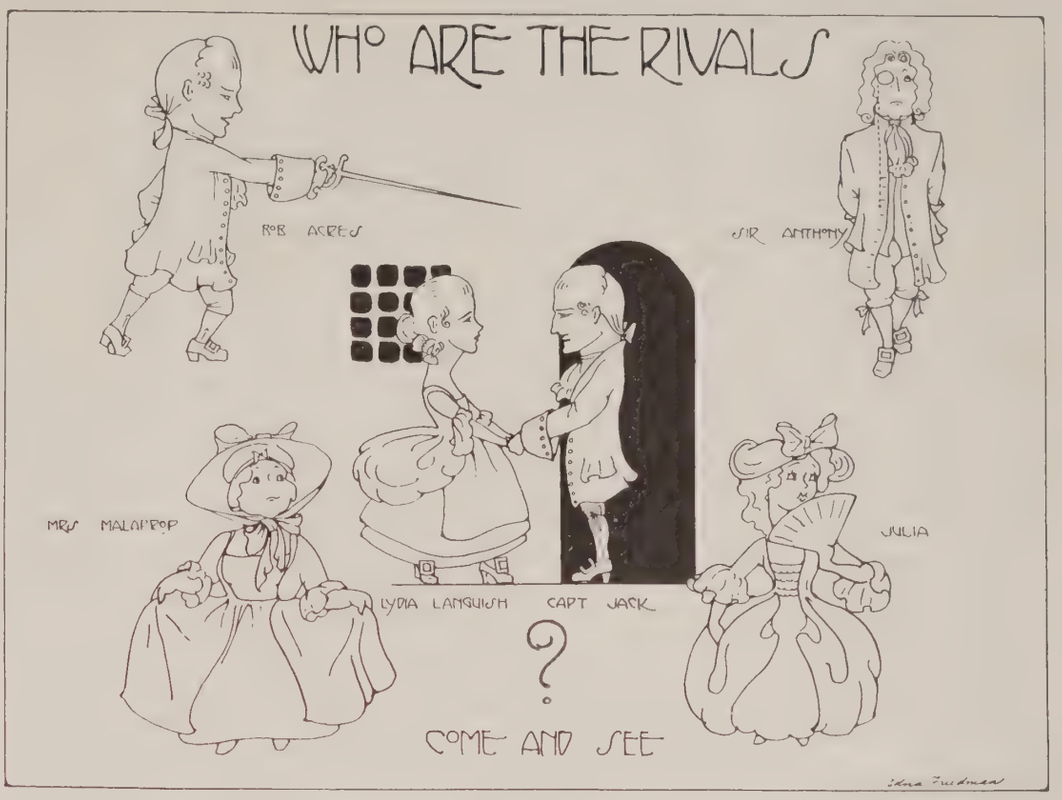
A synopsis of Acts follows:

ACT I
Scene I—Street
Scene II—Lydia's Dressing Room
ACT I
Scene I—Capt. Absolute's Lodgings
Scene II—The North Parade
ACT III
Scene I—North Parade
Scene II and III—Mrs. Malaprop's Residence
Scene IV—Bob Acres' Lodgings
ACT IV—Same as Act III, Scenes II and III.
ACT V
Scene I—Same as Act IV
Scene II—King's Meades Fields

The scene at Mrs. Malaprops' in the drawing room, has a huge crystal candelabra hanging in the center and is furnished of the period.

The success of the play as a drama seems assured and Miss Lewis said, "We hope to clear $1,000 in this year's show. We presented 'The Taming of the Shrew' and cleared $800 which we ought to increase considering the present size of the school."

Much credit must be given to Mrs. White, the coach, for her untiring efforts to get the play in shape for Friday.



GIRLS' GYM MEET

The Varsity Gym Team staged a novel meet with Cambridge Haskell School, Monday March 11. Instead of having the teams of the two schools vie against each other, both schools united into four mixed teams Red, Blue, Green and Yellow. This type of meet is called a Play Day, and is being rapidly adopted by all schools.

The gathering opened with a dance through which the two schools became acquainted. Then the four teams were formed, the Red being: R. Badaracco D. Thurber, B. Wallace, H. Collier, A. Barron, D. Manning; the yellow: F. Keyes, M. Bell, E. Perry, A. Delano, A. Dawson, M. Fitzpatrick; the green: M. Myers, V. Price, D. Delorey, L. Johnson, B. Hougham, M. McGrail; the blue: B. Richey, B. Burt, E. Mills, A. Larkin, E. Manning, L. Wallenberg.

There were four vaults and a game of volley ball. The blue team garnered the most points, having 371, the green was second with 359, the red third with 339.5, and the yellow fourth with 328.5.

The members of the Gym team are: Marion Myers, manager; A Banon; E. Perry, A. Badaracco, D. Thurber, D. Delorey, B. Wallace, A. Dawson, L. Wollenberg A. Delano, M. Bell, J. Helman, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Larkin, A. Noonan, E. Mills, M. McGrail, E. Manning, B. Houghman, G. Norris, V. Price, D. Manning.

The substitutes are: L. Johnson, A. Le Gacy, F. Keyes, B. Bent, E. Rosinfeld, M. French, J. Blatt, T. Anthony.

GIRLS' AERO CLUB

At a recent meeting of the Girls' Aero Club, eighteen members displayed propellers for model airplanes which they had made and carved. At least one hour is devoted to airplane-model-building at the meetings, and each time they progress a step in craftsmanship.

At present the club is awaiting the forthcoming "Aerolette," a folder containing things of interest to Aeronauts. This paper is free to Girls' Aero Club members, but others must pay a nominal fee if they wish the paper. Alice Dawson, Ruth Tannen, Mary Crowley, and Ethel Feinsilver will take charge of the paper until the staff is announced.

The Club is coming along splendidly now, with the help of Mr. Packard and Miss Rice. About ten new members joined at the last membership drive, and the present registration is 40. With these as a nucleus, great things are expected this spring. Many interesting meetings and trips are planned.

Pins may still be ordered by communicating with Marion Wiggin, Room 23, who will also receive any money for pins already bought.

SAG ROOM OPEN EVERY DAY AT 2

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB MEETING

The regular meeting of the Domestic Science Club was held on Feb. 25, 1929, at 2:15. There was a business meeting, at which the names of the prize-winners in the Bread Contest were announced After the business meeting, refreshments were served, and then everyone played games. Although the weather was very bad, the attendance was noticeably good. The next meeting of the club will be on April 2. Special guests will be invited, and an entertaining program will be presented.

INTER-CLASS SPELLING MATCH

The inter-class oral spelling matches wound up on February 28 with a triumph for the Junior Class, when they won from the Freshmen with a score of 7-15.

The Juniors have won all of their matches, the Seniors coming next with two wins and a loss. The Freshmen have lost from each of the other three classes. These results are not final, however, as the blackboard matches have not been run off.

The following rules were approved by the committee:

One absence does not count.

For every absence thereafter, the person will receive the number of mistakes per meet which she has averaged in the previous meets.

A team of boys challenged the League to a match last Wednesday. The girls' team was:

Carola Nasmyth, Geraldine Chandler, Margaret Holt, Hannah Cauman, Margaret Stein, Alice Colby. Substitutes, Agnes Alm and Josephine Blatt.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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SUCCESS IN MODERN BUSINESS

The opportunities for success in American business today are far beyond the loftiest dreams of the generation which passed before the dawn of the twentieth century. Within the past twenty-five years American business and industry have expanded tremendously. Manufacturing has increased with the perfection of modern industrial methods. Markets have spread. The consumption of manufactured products has increased at a pace which at first seemed to contradict certain fundamental economic laws. Modern advertising and scientific sales methods have taught the American business man new things about business extension; and, as he continues to apply them assiduously to his own problems, his business continues to progress apace with the times.

Modern business has grown more complex with the revolutionary expansion of recent years. Less than fifty years ago a young boy in the average small town grew up under circumstances which permited him to observe the methods of most men engaged in the business and trade of the town. He could observe the methods of the baker, the general storekeeper, the grain merchant, the wheelwright, and the smith. He knew that the banker was concerned with certain financial transactions which involved the savings and the debts of the community. The real estate agent handled the sale and purchase of the land and homes in the vicinity. In the way he approached the day of his own entrance into the world of business with something of the general knowledge of the comparatively few lines open to him.

His observations of these limited business activities served to initiate him into the simple practices of the current business world.

But within recent years the business world of the United States has been set apart and its activities are now as remote from general observation as the world of science itself. Each line of business and industry has become a specialty and is governed by a science quite its own. The use of ingenious machinery has increased. Each business now has its own national trade bureau which is constantly busy investigating the economic situation of the business—analysing and charting markets, testing merchandising methods, furthering the promotion of the efficiency and safety of the entire business or industry. Science has definitely entered the world of business!

MAXIMS

It is difficult, in some instances, to determine whether certain aphorisms are maxims or, due to their self evident truths, may not be regarded as axioms. In my opinion unless the verity of a maxim may be questioned and debated it is not true to type. "Dead men tell no tales," is a maxim but it is also an axiom and can not be specifically classed as either.

"Don't burn your bridges behind you." is, doubtless, a very old saying and discloses some very valuable advice. Although possessing no authority for this assertion it seems to me that this particular proverb must have come from a warring nation, perhaps it was said by Julius Caesar when he crossed the Rubicon or by Alexander the Great during one of his frequent retreats from Syrian ambushes. Certainly it did not originate in a comparatively warless country like American or ever the modern great nations of Europe. A country of many rivers, an invading army, and a bitter defeat and disastrous rout must have been the cradle for this most philosophical reflection.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

SADHU

(Continued from last issue)

Synopsis

On going to see a house left to me by my father, I found an old delapidated, deserted building. I climbed up to the second floor and entered a room which had once belonged to an Indian alchemist, Ramn Deih. Here I found a small vial the contents of which spilled on my finger and caused great pain, I then lost consciousness.

I was recalled from my faint by the same muffled groaning that had frightened me on my first entrance to the room. Still dizzy, I clambered to my feet trying to ascertain where the diabolical sounds emanated from. Although hitherto prone to ridicule superstition, irrepressible fears swept upon me when stopping before the censers I traced the awesome noise to the ebony chest.

Glancing downward, I was amazed to see that my hand which had been wet by the extraordinary acid was dyed black and that my silver ring was gone. The member still throbbed dully, but as the former great agony was no longer present, my mental terror predominated over the lesser physical discomfort.

Upon my reaching the chest the groans gradually subsided. With ill-feigned bravado I grasped the heavy cover and thrust it open. As the ponderous lid slammed loudly on the window casing I leaped back expectant of evil. Silence ensued and shortly, abashed by the unalarming results of my act, I ventured to peer into the interior of the dark box.

At first I could not distinguish anything but at length, espying a small, dark mass in a corner, curiosity prompted me to investigate. Thrusting in my hand I drew forth a green, baize bag, similar to those used by lawyers and students. It was very light weight but quite distended by a large, rounded object.

I was greatly relieved, though in a morbid sense disappointed, and swinging the bag to and fro by its long string I calmly began to assure myself that the weird noise had come from a nearby house, occasioned by some peculiar acoustic deception. Perhaps a neighbor was ill or sleeping restlessly.

Unconsciously I swung the bag back and forth until, suddenly, the slight cord breaking, it hurtled across the room and fell before the couch. The mouth opened and out rolled a grisly, human skull. I started to my feet; was this a spirit incarnate? Like a paeaon of fiends the groaning broke forth again, swelling into a hollow shriek. Crash! The chest lid banged shut and, with a terrified leap, I crossed the room and, snatching the Sadhu's tongs, stood back to the wall in an attitude of defense.

The sound faded and silence once again pervaded the room.

This ominous quietude was nearly as unnerving as the groans for its suggested to my already over wrought imagination horrible fancies and suspicions. Trembling apprehensively, I remained standing rigid before the divan until the low, throaty notes of a bell tolling dismally through the heavy air, aroused me from my stupor.

It was two o'clock. Soon, I thought, it will be daylight and I may then leave this house of demons and return to the world of men. I did not konw that my life was soon to be forfeited my man, that the rising sun would find me a hated culprit; a murderer in the eyes of the law.

By degrees the pain had entirely left my blackened hand and I now found that by rubbing it vigorously much of the blackness sluffed off splitting into thin, brittle flakes which fluttered to the floor like charred paper.

Casting my eyes downward, in observing the flight of these curious scales, I noticed a shining, yellow lump of metal, about the size of a quarter, laying on the carpet beside the divan. Picking it up, I rolled it over in my hand unable to identify its character. Apparently, judging by its weight and consistency, it was of the purest gold. Scrutinizing the under side, which had been resting on the carpet, I dislodged a large, black flake similar to those which had covered my hand.

Instantly the startling truth flashed upon me. This was my silver ring transmuted. Ramu Daih, true to the occult practices of his race, had been an alchemist and the shattered cologne bottle had contained the liquor that covetous man had sought to discover since the birth of civilization.

Evidence was presently forthcoming to confirm this revelation. In examining the stained carpet, near the fragments of the flask, I found that the nails in the floor which had been touched by the fluid were now transformed from iron into the purest, yellow gold.

My joyful exaltation was quickly followed by a sense of insufferable loss. A hasty survey of the remaining bottles over the wash bowl disclosed the grevious fact that while they possibly contained, individually, other potent powers they were not similar in nature to that lone phial whose invaluable contents had been lost; contents more precious than radium.

Picking up the tongs which had been allowed to clatter to the floor unheeded, on my astonishing discovery, I carefully pried out the nails, nine in num-

(Continued on Page 6)

A QUESTION

In ancient Egypt 'crost the sea
There dwells a mighty Sphinx,
Yet niether man nor beast is he,
But half-in-half methinks

When knowing travelers dare to brave
That land where peril slinks,
They, bowing to him like a slave,
Ask questions of the Sphinx.

I'd like to travel 'crost the sea
Where alligators bask,
Perhaps the Sphinx might answer me
A question I would ask.

And yet, for all that he may know,
I think 'twould baffle him:
Just why in———does it snow
The day I go to Gym?

BROOKLINE AERO SCIENCE CLUB

The Brookline Aero Science Club visited the Moth Airplane Co., at Lowell, Mass., on Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1929. The members were conducted through the factory and saw how the planes were made. The operations of the wing slots, controls, and the impulse starter were explained to the members by "Ed" Kendall, the chief test pilot, who also invited them for a trip in one of the ships. The members obtained a great deal of aeronautical data and had a very enjoyable time through the courtesy of the Moth officials.

On Tuesday evening Feb. 26, the club witnessed an exciting motion picture owned by a member, which showed René Fonck's plane taking off and its tragic mishap, Byrd's trimotored plane crashing after a test hop, Nungesser and Coli hopping of in the "White Bird", the Bremen flyers leaving Ireland and their adventures at Greenly Island, and also Lindy's adventures here and abroad as well as Chamberlain landing the "Columbia" on one wheel after his landing gear had broken while he was taking off.

Since the club was formed in November it has progressed very rapidly in technical aviation, to such an extent that the members are learning meterology, radio telephony, modelbuilding, and are receiving ground school instruction.

EXCHANGES

As We See Others

"Stephen's Broadcast", Stephens High School, Rumford, Maine.

A very good paper! It is full of interesting departments. Your cuts and cartoons are especially good. We suggest a short story or two.

"Authentic", Stoneham High School, Stoneham, Mass.

Excellent short stories and articles. Your poetry corner is good. The magazine is well-arranged, and very "readable."

"Imp", Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

A very good publication. We suggest more jokes. Literary department was most enjoyable.

Around the World With the Faculty

By Miss La France

A long, long time ago, a high school friend and I traced with a blue pencil, on the map of France, the itinerary which we thought we should follow if we ever went abroad. At every town to be visited each told why she wanted to go there.

"From Tours, let's go to Angers," said I.

"And why?"

"Well, it sounds like Anjou, and that's where the Plantagenets came from, isn't it?"

"All right, we'll go there." What difference did it make where we pushed the blue pencil? Each was reasonably sure never to see Europe, but it was fun dreaming and planning in this fashion.

When I learned in May 1927 that I should spend the following school year in France, a dream of many years had been realized, and I looked up that old map of high school days. Much to my surprise I found that the blue pencil had stopped at Angers in its course west, before going north to Brittany. Angers! That was the town I was going to inhabit for ten months.

Angers, one of France's most charming provincial towns, is situated on the banks of the Maine river, very near the Loire. This capital city of the department of Maine et Loire traces its origin to early monuments still standing, and in implements used by prehistoric man, which can be seen in the very attractive Musée St. Jean. One of the Gauls who resisted Caesar in 57 B. C. was Dumnacus. A statue supposed to represent this hero now stands on a bridge at the Ponts-de-Cé, a small village outside of Angers; his name legend says, is an abbreviation of Ponts de César. However that may be, the Romans certainly settled in this region and among other improvements, built four splendid roads out of Angers, the foundation of which is still in use and in perfect condition.

During the Gallo-Roman period of civilization Angers was the center of the culture of the west, a title which she rightly claims today. This period as we know, was followed by the Germanic Invasions. During the 9th century, the town attracted the Normans, who had settled in the small island of Noirmontier, at the mouth of the Loire, and as was their custom had sailed up the river, pillaging as they went. Angers fell into the hands of these crafty men from the North.

The 10th century brings the Feudal Period, at the beginning of which Foulques-Nerra, a count of Anjou, in spite of his many cruelties, was called the great builder, because of the numerous castles, churches and monasteries he built, the last to expiate his crimes. For instance, Angers owes to him the beautiful monastery of Ronceray, which in time became one of the richest of the region. Here, ladies of the noble families entered, and its existence as monastery continued until the French Revolution.

The 11th century is called the century of the Plantagenets. They dominated the history of Anjou and of England during the 12th century. The weakness of the Carolingian kings gave rise to this strong family and one of them, Henry II of England, at one time owned two-thirds of France. At his death, he asked to be buried at Fonteviauld, a famous monastery not far from Angers. Today one can see his tomb there, although it was desecrated during the Revolution. His son, John Lockland, lost his French possessions to Philippe Auguste in 1214.

We hear much, from now on, of the lords of Anjou who spent time away from their home trying to get possession of Sicily and Naples. Not the least of these was Charles d'Anjou, but the most beloved and of whom the people of Angers still speak with great tenderness was "le Bon Roi René."

With this meagre historical baggage, I arrived at Angers the first Sunday of October, 1927, for the opening of the school year. As I stepped from the Paris-Nantes Express, I first thought of finding a transfer company, forgetting that I was in the provinces, but I soon had my wardrobe trunk sitting upright in front of me in an open carriage. As we rode over the cobbled streets my trunk, and I, mostly my trunk, attracted much attention. I was very much the foreigner, but my pilgrimage thru history immediately began and lasted all year.

First I saw the statue of Marguerite d'Anjou, daughter of le Bon Roi Revé and wife of Henry VI of England. I rode down the boulevard du Roi René, leading to the square where his statue stands. On the right is the fortress castle with its seventeen massive towers, built by Philippe Auguste and dismantled after the wars of religion. Its thick walls seem to rise out of the rock. The whole monument with its ditches and drawbridge is one of the most beautiful fortresses which remains of Feudal France. Across the arched bridge we jogged and passed the statue of Robert le Fort who fought the Normands back in the 9th century.

We soon arrived at l'Ecole Normale, immediately became a part of the school, and settled down, my trunk under

(Continued on Page 6)

CLEARWATER
BOYS'
GUIDANCE CAMP
FARMINGTON, MAINE.

VICTOR M. HETHERSTON

Died Suddenly of Pneumonia at Massachusetts General Hospital

Victor M. Hetherston, former Latin teacher of the Brookline High School, died Sunday night at the Massachusetts General Hospital of pneumonia which he contracted three weeks ago. He is survived by his wife and a young son and daughter.

Mr. Hetherston lived at 6 Felton St., Cambridge. He was born in New York City about thirty-one years ago and first studied at the Boston Latin School where he was holder of a Franklin medal. He received his A.B. from Harvard in 1918 and his A.M. in 1926. He taught at Thayer Academy in Braintree, Powder Point School at Duxbury, Tabor Academy in Marion, Brookline High School; and he was teaching this year at Milton Academy. He has taught at different times, English, French, Spanish, Greek, and Latin. For two summers he was head guide at Lost River, New Hampshire.

To those of us who were in his classes, Mr. Hetherston's death has come as a sad blow. He knew that to some Latin is not the most interesting of subjects, but he always tried to make it so, and his humor, spirit and understanding made us consider him not only as a teacher but as a friend.

SWIMMERS DEFEAT HUNTINGTON 50-12

On Tuesday, March 12, Brookline met the Huntington High School swimmers in the former's pool and staged an easy victory. Capt. Ford was third man in the relay in order to establish a lead which the anchor man, Broadbent was able to hold easily, thus having Brookline win this event in one minute, fifty-eight and three-fifths seconds. Richards, the fancy diver, won his event with no trouble, while Nisson, his teammate, displayed good enough form to win second. Ford was the only double winner of the day, taking first in the "200" freestyle and also the fifty yard dash; he accomplished the latter in twenty-seven seconds flat. William Hyland was able to take second place in the two hundred yard dash by displaying enough energy at the end of the long run to pull off a wonderful sprint and beat his opponent by a margin. Andrew Conway of Brookline and Mac Oliver of Huntington were undefeated breaststrokers before this meet but the former won by about three yards in 1m. 18s. and Rocky Gray took third. The 100 yard freestyle was the only event conceded to Huntington; Kunhardt took first but John Hyland and Weinrebe gave a close battle.

If, as a psychologist tells us, there is no such thing as pain, what is it that some people give us?

THE SADHU

(continued from Page 4)

ber which had come in contact with the magic elixir and placed them in my purse together with the shapeless ring.

It was with difficulty that they could be removed without leaving part of the golden shaft in the wood, of such malleability were they.

Although they scarcely resembled nails, having lost that semblance in the heat of transmutation, the floor had not, apparently, suffered during the ordeal. Neither had my hand incurred any permanent injury. True, it was inflamed and slightly swollen and a burn encircled the finger from which the ring had melted but beyond these minor injuries my hand was unhurt.

This liquid, melting the hardest of metals at touch yet left the human skin unscarred. What ingredients of the earth, combined could act in such an uncanny manner?

My attention was presently distracted from these reflections by the same, eerie groans that had recently led to my unfortunate disclosure.

Determined to follow the matter through to a satisfactory finish, this time, I quickly lighted a match which I found on the bookcase and again traced the sounds to the black chest. As the object had previously proved to have no connection with the cries I logically concluded that the spirit, wraith or whatever the fell creature might be that was causing such sounds, was in the room below. While the horrifying moans rose in volume and pitch, I groped my way into the dark hall, tiptoed down the creaking stairs and stepped softly into the shrouded parlor.

The sounds came from above.

The phantom cry rose then, from the nether regions, hovering between the divinities of earth and air. Listening intently a moment to confirm my conclusions, I turned and made my way up the stairs.

Perhaps the unearthly voice was associated with the black chest by some weird, spiritual bond. At any rate, it would do no harm to remove this ominous looking box from the room. With this thought in mind, I entered the shadowed chamber and, extinguishing the candle, drew the chest into the hall and deposited it at the head of the staircase blind fear instinctively urging me to block this obvious means of access.

To my despair, I found, on returning to the room, that the dolorous wail still rose and fell in weary cadence from the spot where the chest had been removed. Stooping low to the floor I could distinguish a short, forced breathing as if someone was being slowly suffocated.

Possessed by I know not what mad impulse, I grit my teeth and raising the yogi's tongs above my head, like a harpoon, plunged the sharpened points into the hardwood floor at the spot from which the groans seemed to issue. The two shafts disappeared for one forth of their length impelled by the maniacal strength of one who contends with unseen demons.

I rose to my feet; the moans had suddenly ceased. Damp with a sweat as of death, I perceived with dismay that my hands trembled and were convulsed as those of an old man.

(Continued Next Issue)

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 5)

the name of "le meuble" and I "Mademoiselle Mees." The Ecole Normale, like normal schools in this country, trains girls to teach in the primary schools of the department of Maine et Loire. The one I was in had been used as a hospital by the Americans during the war. During the winter evenings I heard many interesting stories and comments about our men, and the most touching was the account of the first American funeral. The dear old French lady wept as she told me about the bugles, sounding at different distances from the cemetery. "The echos" she said, "seemed to be calling to the family over in America."

All streets in Angers lead to the "Place du Ralliement." Many of these streets are narrow, no sidewalks of course, shops all along them. Wares are displayed outside, and the family lives in one or two rooms behind the shop. By following the "Grande Boulevards" around the city, one gets an idea of where the old city walls once stood. But one doesn't stay on the boulevards. Some narrow street looks intriguing, and by following it one meets all kinds of surprises: the old stone cone-shaped posts through which chains were run at night to lock the streets; interesting old houses of the early renaissance period, and some even older. Every day I passed l'Hôtel des Penitentes whose architecture, with its projecting turrets, is a combination of the Feudal period and of the early renaissance under the Italian influence. Since le Roi René had been King of Sicily, a poet and artist, it was quite natural that Angers should carry on at this time its tradition of learning and culture as she always had. We are told that in the 13th century, 10,000 students were attending the université. They helped considerably in making the city "la ville gaie" which it has remained in spite of the hardships it experienced through the centuries.

After a few days in Angers one discovers the old "Maison d'Adam" of the XVth century made of brick and wood, with consoles carved to represent oboe players and bag-pipers. Near it is the Cathedral. It overlooks the town and is reached by 147 steps leading up from the Maine. Although not one of the famous cathedrals of France, it was begun in the XIth century and took 250 years to complete. Across the facade are eight statues representing knights in full armor. Today the boy's choir is known all over France, and perhaps the second best, the first being the one of Rouen. It is worth a visit to Angers only to hear these choir boys sing at High Mass on Sunday. Not far from the cathedral is the Château mentioned before. The walk around it ends at "Le Bout der Monde" from which high point one looks down on the Cité, the oldest part of the town. The gray houses with slate roofs are huddled together in very picturesque fashion but as may well be imagined, leave much to be desired from the point of view of sanitation.

Today, Angers is a flourishing town of 80,000 inhabitants. It is hard for us to visualize the life of a town of this size where street cars do not run after eight o'clock in the evening. However, it is a lively town as one can see on Thursdays, when schools are closed, on Saturday, market day, and on Sunday when everyone is out. Due to its mild climate and rich soil the region around it is noted for its market

(Continued on Next Page)

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 6)

selle Mees. "The Ecole Normale, like gardens. In the early spring freight loads of vegetables leave daily for England and Belgium. Cauliflower, artichokes, and asparagus are exported in great quantities. My friends of Angers would not forgive me if I forgot the William pear and the "vin d' Anjou" for which the province is famous. I have delicious recollections of the cherries and strawberries raised there. Seeds from the nurseries are sent over the world, and the flower markets with their mimosa, camelias, roses, chrysanthemums and carnations rival those of Nice.

One of the great events of the year is the procession on Corpus Christi Sunday. It is made up of all religious societies, church guilds, school-children of all the parishes of the city. They leave the Cathedral carrying the varied colored banners of each group, and by choosing a good place, one can follow the colorful procession as it comes down from the Cathedral across the river, and climbs to a hill overlooking the town. Here an altar is erected and an open-air service is held. The hills are covered with kneeling faithful who come from great distances. The procession is said to date back to the XIIIth century and this "Sacre d' Angers" was known far and wide. In some marriage contracts we are told that the fiancé had to promise his bride-to-be to take her every year to the "Sacre d'Angers" which at that time lasted all day.

One cannot leave a short description of a city without mentioning some of its famous sons. Angers has many, among the most famous is Joachim du Bellay, the Renaissance writer and poet. He loved his old province and sings of it in his "Regrets" written when he was in Rome. One who knows Anjou, its history, its agreeable climate, its delightful villages, and above all its charming inhabitants can recite the following lines with a feeling of deep understanding and appreciation.

"Plus me pait le sejour qu'ont bati mes aieux,
Que des palais romains le front audacieux.
Plus que le marbre du me plait l'ardoise
Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre fine latin,
Plus mon petit Liré que le mont Palatin
Et plus que l'au marin, la douceur angevine."

In the XIXth century, David d'Angers, a sculptor won renown for his native city. His statues are known in all the countries of Europe and he even made a "Washington" for America. Today, besides having a street named for him, the boys' Lycée bears the name, "Lycée David d'Angers." Of modern fame in literature, everyone is acquainted with the works of René Bazin whose home is in Angers.

A year spent in a center like Angers, where every day was made interesting, worth-while, pleasant and happy by the courtesies and attention of many friends, can only made one very enthusiastic about all things "Angevin." It does many other things too, and if Du Bellay had his village Liré, his river Loire, and preferred them to Rome and the Tiber, one would wish to have a little of his power to sing of a certain small, rushing Connecticut stream, and a very, very small Connecticut village beside it.

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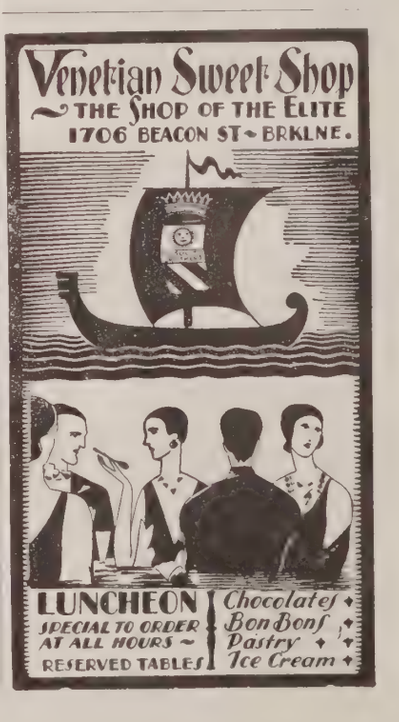

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A Talking Drama

"Lo Pete is married?"

"Yeah. He faw down an' go groom.

* * *

She: Goodness, I shudder at the thought of my thirty-fifth birthday.

She: Why, what happened on your thirty-fifth birthday?

* * *

He: Do you know Miss Bibber?

He: Certainly, for years—we used to be the same age when we were children.

* * *

"Is your sister fat?"

"Is she fat! She had the mumps three weeks before they found out what was wrong with her."

* * *

Laundry Clerk—You say a shirt is missing. What were the laundry marks?

Customer: Frayed collar and cuffs and two holes burnt in the back!

* * *

Very few men wake up to find themselves famous. They generally dream they're famous, then wake up.

* * *

Their Reason

Judge: "What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer?"

Juryman: "Insanity."

Judge: "What, the whole twelve of you?"

* * *

A daily paper states that a new musical instrument combining a saxophone and bagpipes has been invented. That's not a musical instrument—it's a weapon.

* * *

We hope this talking picture idea doesn't extend to roadside billboards.

* * *

Timely Proverbs

He who hesitates is honked.

Two is company, three is a crowd in a breakfast nook.

* * *

Too Bad

Red Devil, fifty miles an hour, two joy riders, two chorus girls, two bottles of hootch, two o'clock, two funerals!

Central—Number, please?

Student—I want Blank 4321, and say get it quick like they do in the movies.

* * *

If in this life of mine, there comes a time
When I shall set a cold, sardonic smile,
Upon my close-shut lips, and dream the while
That I be greater than I am—or pine
To be exalted to high sphere, to shine
In grandeur o'er my fellow men; or rile
Upon their meanness, on their ways servile,
And cull enjoyment from it—as from wine:
Then if you truly be to me a friend,
Approach me, and lay bare your secret thoughts;
Tear off the bandage from my blinded eyes,
And of such nonsense help to make an end,
For in th' untying of such grevious knots,
The very Essence of true friendship lies.

Samoht, '28.

* * *

"What I've missed by not going to college!" reflected the traveling salesman. "These ex-college guys have all my good stories beat a mile."

* * *

Seen in the papers—Three thousand Freshmen entered American institutions of higher yearning last fall.

* * *

The Elder Ants

Entomologists say the life of an ant is from eight to ten years. It is believed, however, that after they have passed their fifth birthday they are too feeble to attend picnics.

* * *

The Pugilist's Song

A nose that's flattened in,
Two optics black and blue,
A slightly twisted chin,
A jawbone that's askew,
A battered lip that stings,
Two cauliflower ears,
I count these little things
Among my souvenirs.

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River." —Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 11 BROOKLINE, MASS., MARCH 28, 1929 TEN CENTS

DRAMATIC RECEIPTS ESTIMATED AT $1600

The Net Profit Will Probably Reach $900

By Celina H. Lewis

The Brookline High School may well be proud of the presentation of The Rivals on the evenings of March 22 and 23. The characters of the old comedy once again trod the boards to the delight of the audience. For boys and girls of the "jazz" age to catch the rhythm of the XVIII century is in itself an achievement, for young people to portray the characters of middle age convincingly is a compliment to the intelligence and skill of the performers. The sharp characterization needed in the Junior parts called too for infinite attention to detail. Yet all these points were covered with ease and grace—even under rather embarrassing circumstances, by the players. We suspect wigs slipped and lace caught in buttons even in the days of Sheridan.

The sets were correct, pictorially pleasing and formed a fitting frame for the trial of Lydia (Jean Goodale) the wooing of Jack (Lo Cascio), the storming of Sir Anthony (M. Anshen) and the declamings of Mrs. Malaprop, (D. Gay).

A compliment, yes many compliments belong to the stage force. No adequate performance can be given without the encouragement and help of everyone concerned. Dramatics had both. Thanks and congraulations. Hail and farewell—to count the cash!

APPLICATION FOR SCHOLASTIC AWARDS OPEN TO ENTIRE SCHOOL

Each year at the graduation exercises in June, cholarships are presented to those Senior boys and girls whose scholastic records are good, and whose actual need is evident. In some instances a scholarship is exceedingly welcome because it may be the only means by which a boy or girl may enter a college. In the case of boys, applications should be made to Miss Lewis, while the girls may apply to Miss Sawyer.

The three scholarships given by the Dramatic Club are open solely to boys, while the Woman's Club offers one to four scholarships for girls. Either one or two scholarships are presented to girls by Tau Beta Beta, and one by Phi Alpha Pi. Devotion, Pierce, and Heath Grammar Schools each award one scholarship to either a boy or a girl, and the Girl scouts donate fifty dollars.

Here is an open road to college, an unobstructed path to financial maintainance, so put in your application before it is too late.

NO SCHOOL TOMORROW

You all probably knew this weeks ago, but this is to make sure. Don't forget and get up early in the morning. That would be a calamity!

SCHOOL SEES MOTION-PICTURE

In the assembly of March 12th, the second of a series of educational films which are being made by the General Electric Co. was presented.

The picture "Queen of the Waves" showed the construction of a battleship from its beginnings to the finished product. A very clear explanation of the machinery was aided by a diagram which presented the inner workings of the ship from the power generation to the turning of the propeller shaft.

YEAR BOOK ASSEMBLY

Who wants a Year Book and Why was answered in the Assembly of March nineteenth. This is the travelogue of the Senior Class, but also the recorded history thus far of the other classes.

Before the meeting was turned over to the Year Book Committee, Robert Levi urged the students to support Dramatics.

Chandler Hagen-Burger, President of the Senior Class was introduced and told "What the Year Book Means to Me and Should Mean to Others." No Senior or underclassman will ever regret purchasing this book because each year he will appreciate its value more and more. Last year about 50 per cent of the underclassmen subscribed and this year we hope to make it 80 per cent.

Arthur Stern then introduced Miss Taft, who spoke on what the Year Book means to underclassmen. Every year the book grows better than the year before and underclassmen should be striving to make their high school lives worth recording when they become Seniors. The graduating class assumes all the responsibility for this book, yet every class will have its picture, some of its names, and its share in athletics and the Honorary Society.

Mr. Taylor, in charge of the finances, spoke of the business end. The leather covered book costs one dollar fifty cents, and the paper covered volume only one dollar. Senior subscriptions closed two weeks ago and yours will soon close also.

The Committee had decided that the money for all group pictures must be collected bfore the pictures are added to the Year Book.

Mr. Jewett, long the Faculty Adviser of the Year Book, predicted a sad fate for anyone who fails to procure a Year Book.

HONORARY SOCIETY RECEIVES SEVENTEEN NEW MEMBERS

Mr. Akers Presents Keys at Assembly

Gertrude Lakson Explains The Significance of Membership

The assembly of March 26 was devoted to the presentation of keys to the new members of the Honorary Society.

Mr. Akers opened the assembly by enumerating the various scholarships offered by philanthropic associations of Brookline to worthy students, and noted that only two scholarships can be given by this year's Dramatics proceeds.

Miss Lakson, president of the Honorary Society, announced that the Society has at present the largest membership since it has been organized, the enrollment of twenty-five members being greatly enlarged by the initiation of seventeen more. She mentioned the advisability of changing the number of points required for admission to the Society from six to eight. However, this amendment can not be put into practice until Mr. Snow, the faculty adviser returns next autumn, so those upper classmen who are contemplating getting keys on six points will have an opportunity to do so.

Mr. Akers then presented the keys. Many had an amazing high number of points.—Betty Richey, a junior, having a total of 19, over 8 of which were gained in outside activities. Mr. Akers remarked that Miss Richey's score proved that one may excell in both scholastic and outside activities and not, as is often thought, be proficient in but one line of endeavor.

B H. S. NATATORS DEFEAT M. I. T. FRESHMEN 45-17

On Thursday, March 22, Brookline High team gave the M. I. T. a good drenching in the former's municipal pool. The feature race of the day was the fifty yard freestyle, won by Donald Broadbent, of Brookline, who took the race from Abbott. of M. I. T. by a stroke. Arthur Reinheimer of the Tech engineers first in the "100"; but William Hyland and John Horne, both of Brookline made him fight for the only first place that the freshmen received that day. Fred Woodlock, Jr. took his first second place of the season in the dive. Cuthbert Richards, of the same school, won the event as usual. John Coutts won the hundred yard backstroke in 1 m. 16s., and Arthur Bencks came a close third to the M. I. T man. Capt. Marty Ford and his teammate, John Steele, came first and second in the two hundred freestyle. The time for this long swim was 2m. 23 1-5s. Andrew Conway, the undefeated breaststroker, had no trouble in winning his event by a large margin. Carleton Harvey, of Brookline, gave John Holst, of M. I. T. a battle but had to content himself with a third. Brookline's fast relay team composed of Conway, J. Hyland, Broadbent, and Capt. Ford closed the successful day by winning from Levenson, Teague, Abbott, and Reinheimer of Technology.

FRENCH PLAYS PRESENTED BY GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

Parley-vous Francis? Or was that interested and comprehensive look upon your face at last Tuesday's French meeting merely an assumption?

On Tuesday, March 26, the annual French entertainment given by the grammar schools took place. Several plays given entirely in French were extremely well-done. The first was a very entertaining comedy entitled "La Surprise d' Isodore," presented by the Pierce School.

The second part of the program, by the Lawrence School, included two interesting playlets, "La Ségende du Martin Pêcheur," and "Docteur Popol."

The contributution of the Devotion School was a charming play in three acts. "Les Amis du Petit Chaperon Rouge," which may be translated "The Friends of Little Red Riding Hood."

After this entertainment, given in the Auditorium, the audience trouped down to the lunchroom for refreshments. The latter, although not presented in French, nevertheless met with great success.

VIRGINIA SEAVEY NEXT PRES.

TEACHER STUDENT COUNCIL

The T. S. C. meeting was held on March 13, when it was voted and carried that the picture of the Annual Convention held in Brookline on February 22 should be formed and that Mr. Packard be thanked for acting "Host" at the convention.

It was suggested that the P. S. C. hold a tea for the Marshalls in an attemp to better the Marshall force. The Council is also thinking of swearing in the Marshalls before the school by the Chief Justice.

HONORARY SOCIETY

(Continued from Page 1)

FORMER MEMBERS

Melvin Anshen; Beatrice Finn; Edith Greenleaf; Chandler Hagen-Burger; Francis Hall; Gertrude Lakson; Elliott Hurwitz; Robert Levi; Janice Levy; Josiah Lewis; Ralph Shikes; Geraldine Stearns; Edward Beck; Hester Blatt; Alice Colby; Jacquelyn Densten; James Eadie; Estelle Friedman; Dorothy Gay; Sarah MacLeod; Isadore Paisner; Eleanor Roach; Evelyn Rudnick; Judith Thurman; Margaret Stein.

NEW MEMBERS

Seniors

HOUSEP BOGHASIAN
Scholarship 6
Activities 3
9

FLORENCE BUXTON
Scholarship 4⅛
Activities 3
7⅛

LAWRENCE COHEN
Scholarship 6⅛
Activities 2
8⅛

ELEANOR GOODSPEED
Scholarship 7⅛
Activities 2½
9⅝

BETTY JACOBS
Scholarship 2¾
Activities 4½
7¼

ELIZABETH LEE
Scholarship 12½
Activities 2
14½

ARTHUR STERN
Scholarship 9⅝
Activities 2¼
11⅞

VIRGINIA SEAVEY
Scholarship 18¼
Activities 2
20¼

BARBARA WALLACE
Scholarship 7⅞
Activities 2
9⅞

Juniors

DOROTHY ALTER
Scholarship 6
Activities 2¾
8¾

ALLAN BENNETT
Scholarship 7 5-16
Activities 2¼
9 9-16

RUBY BRETTLER
Scholarship 7⅜
Activities 3
10⅜

KENNETH GOODYEAR
Scholarship 5¾
Activities 4¾
10½

ANNE MARTIN
Scholarship 7½
Activities 2
9½

LEONA MOSS
Scholarship 10¼
Activities 3⅝
13⅞

FRANCIS MULDOWNEY
Scholarship 3½
Activities 4¾
8¼

BETTY RICHEY
Scholarship 11⅛
Activities 8¼
19⅜

Le Coin Francais

UN VIEUX CONTE

Le Devin et le roi

Un Charlatan prétendait lire l'avenir dans les étoiles. Des gens croyaient ce qu'il disait et de très loin on venait le consulter.

Le roi du pays devait partir en guerre contre son voism, un puissant empereur. Il entendit parler du charlatan, crut que son pouvoir était réel et le fit venir à sa cour.

—Dis-moi, lui demanda-ta-li, si je dois commencer la guerre et si je serai victo-rieux?

Le devin dit qu'il consulterait les étoiles. Le lendemain, il affirma au roi que la chance l'accompagnerait et que la guerre se terminerait par une grande victoire.

Le roi entra en campagne, mais il fut vaincu et il faillit tomber entre les mains des ennemis. Voulant se venger du devin, il dit bourreau da da ville:

—Ce misérable charlatan va comparaitre devant moi. Quand il sortira, si je lève le bras gauche, saisis le faux devin et mets-le à mort aussitôt. Mais si je frappe dans mes mains, épargne-le.

Bientôt le devin fut amené devant le roi.

—Misèrable! lui dit le roi; tu m'as trompé. Je vais mettre ton savoir à l'épreuve. Dis-moi quel jour tu dois mourir?

Le devin cut grandpeur. Enfin il répondit:

—Sire, j'ignore le jour et l'heure de ma mort, mais je sais que je mourrai exactement trois jours avant Votre Majesté.

Ce fut au tour du roi d'être effrayé. Il rassura le devin et le fit sortir en frappant plusieurs fois ses mains pour que le bourreau comprit bien le signal.

Le charlatan avait échappe à la mort. Mais le lendemain il quitta la cour pour n'y plus jamais reparaître.

MOUSE!

"Ee-u-uek!. It's a mouse!" and out across the floor of Shailer Hall scampered a little gray ball.

This was the 5th period Monday.

After the shriek, excitement reigned. The feminine populace was very much perturbed, and lifted its hands, voices and skirts in horror. The girls clambered hastily upon chairs and even desks—in fact the Morison twins, Tina and Tella tripped and scrambled shudderingly over the desk-tops.

The boys girded up their loins and gave chase. The mouse proved rather elusive, but was finally captured by Eddie Tonra.

He was entirely without clothing, so someone volunteered a handkerchief to cover his nakedness. The trouble was, Eddie couldn't resist the temptation to dangle the mouse by the tail.

He was given to Miss Rice, finally, as a sacrifice upon the alter of science. Miss Rice is also in possession of a gartersnake, named Horace. He is greatly admired by the girls, who pet him immoderately. Lucky Horace!

He is about eight inches long, black with yellow stripes, and most friendly, although he did stick out his tongue at the reporter.

Talking about mice, we might mention Henry, the new Sagamore mascot. Being rather shy, he prefers the quiet comfort of the Sagamore Room to other parts of the school.

Henry-Henrietta is a very accomplished person. "She" can recognize members of the Sagamore board on sight. The other day, however, it addressed a freshman member of the Circulation department as the Managing Editor. This, of course, was most embarrassing.

When someone carelessly cried "Oh, Henry!" in the Sagamore Room, a stampede for a taste of the toothsome goodie resulted. The person was with difficulty rescued uninjured, from the hands of the disappointed mob.

The only other pet your reporter unearthed was a skeleton in Miss Rice's closet. Really! He has not acquired a name, or rather he has lost the name which he did possess. He's quartered in the anteroom off 33. If you would like to see him, go right up—he likes visitors, and might even shake hands with you.

DRAMATICS "EXTRAS"

USHERS

Friday

D. Barrie, R. Cavanaugh, J. Donahue, E. Duane, E. Feinberg, A. Fereau, H. Fink, H. Goodwin, B. Greene C. Hagen-Burger, E. Hannon, H. Humphreys, B. Roberts, A. Silverman, M. Mickleson, H. Small, V. Crews, H. Finn, C. French, R. Gray, V. McTigue, G. Neaves, A. Horn, E. Watson.

Saturday

D. Barrie, C. Hagen-Burger, E. Andrews, J. Arnold, J. Lewis, I. Paisner, R. Robinson, K. Wedlock, R. Burkhardt. K. Goodyear, R. Horle, W. Joyce, C. Litman, F. Johnson, A. Dane, H. Toner, C. Jerome, J. Steele, F. Hall, R. Golden, A. Bennet, E. Bud, E. Lebowitch, W. Egan.

CANDY GIRLS

Friday

W. Magee, M. Fay, B. Gordon, G. O'Brien, M. McDonald, W. Brewer, M. Jones, A. Goldberg, C. Goldblatt, E. Cunniff, E. Feinsilver, W. Hurst, E. Reid, H. Cooper, M. Ring, H. Doughty, H. Wedlock, H. Van Siveringer, H. Johnson, H. Johnston, H. Mode,

Saturday

F. Nelson, L. Smyth, D. McMillan, A. Cohen, E. McIndre, F. Keyes, D. Manning, H. McIndoe, M. Delle, P. Robinson, N. King, I. Johnson, E. Roach, M. Scannel, B. Blunt, B. King, S. Jones, C. Nasmyth, M. Swartwout, R. Tannen, M. Prendergast, H. Reimes, M. Greene, B. Stone.

Mrs. Siebens was one of the members of the New England School Libraries Association who heard Mr. Zolton Haraszti talk about the treasures in the Boston Public Library collections. Some of these were: clay tablets from Ur, in the Holy Land, which is now being excavated; an Armenian Bible (a recent acquisition); a Siamese prayer book printed on palm leaves; valuable collections of letters written by Poe and Longfellow; a book printed by Caxton, the first English printer; and a beautiful modern edition of Chaucer by Morris partly illustrated by Burne-Jones.

One page from the first book printed by Guttenberg, worth about $100, was also shown.

The greatest treasure owned by the Library is a perfect first folio edition of Shakespeare, given to the library in 1840, and worth about $500 then. It is now valued at $50,000. There are only about a dozen perfect copies in the world.

A humorous detail in connection with a German history of the world (printed during the 16th century) was pointed out by Mr. Haraszti. In this thick volume, profusely illustrated, the same engraving was used many times; a picture of a man would serve for David, Alexander the Great, and some German hero!

A collection of medieval books will be shown at the Library soon. All those interested should see it.

Recent Magazine Articles:—

In "Literary Digest"—March 9th "In School with Becky Thatcher and Tom Sawyer".

In "Magazine World"—March "Working My Way" by Edward Weeks. "How to Weigh an Elephant" by Bernard Laufer.

In "Outlook"—Feb. 27th "Utopia College"—Addison Hibbard—The conception of an ideal college.

Recent books:—

Allen—"Model Air-planes" How to build and fly them.

Barker—"Young Men and Medicine"

Alcott—"Eight Cousins"

ANNUAL TRIPS ABROAD

Dr. Knudsen to Take Parents and Teachers

1928 TRIP TO DENMARK

We are glad to pass on this interesting article which we received through the courtesy of Dr. Knudsen.

This year, students in many American schools which sent boys abroad with Dr. Sven V. Knudsen are watching with interest a new trip which Dr. Knudsen has planned for their parents and teachers. Dr. Knudsen has a most unusual background for the work he is doing. He is the author of various books on boys' life in many lands and organized the huge International Boy Scout Jamboree in Copenhagen in 1924, which was attended by over 5,000 boys from all over the world. In 1913, Dr. Knudsen led an expedition of boys to Iceland and an exploring party to Polar Lapland in 1916.

Through Dr. Knudsen's efforts American boys have had the opportunity to correspond in English with boys of forty-eight other countries, and more than 200,000 letters have already been exchanged. Picture, if you can, the thrill that comes to a boy in the United States who receives a long letter written in English from a friend in far far off Siam, the heart of Africa, or the Icelandic Hinterland.

This correspondence plan has been of tremendous educational value, in that it has brought geography and history to a position of great interest to the boys. It has given them a profitable experience in letter writing and oftentimes has helped them greatly in learning a foreign tongue. But the greatest importance of the whole plan lies in its having sown the seeds of international good will on a wide plane.

In 1927, Dr. Knudsen took 101 American boys to Denmark where they stayed all summer as guests in private families. Sports and athletic exhibitions were arranged at the "Stadion." The American boys introduced football and baseball to a preplexed audience of Scandinavians who in turn gave an exhibition of soccer. All Copenhagen it seemed turned out for these games. King Christian himself honored the matches by his presence and took a close personal interest in the games, congratulating the boys on their fine work.

Last year, the Danes, so imensely pleased with the visit of the American school boys, wanted again to throw open their homes to visitors from the United States. Norway and Sweden joined in the invitation and this time more than three hundred American school boys were taken into Scandinavian homes.

With more than four hundred boys having taken part in these trips and with more than 200,000 letters exchanged, Dr. Knudsen's work has aroused a keen interest among parents and educators. Diplomats, prominent philanthropists, even the League of Nations itself, all have been watching this unique plan and its unheard of success with great interest.

This year, Dr. Knudsen has planned for an exchange of boys between Denmark and Germany. Prominent people from all over the world interested in the international exchange of boys will attend this conference. Dr. Knudsen has been working in Europe for many months to arrange special advantages for Americans who wish to attend this conference. A special ocean liner has been chartered. Arrangements have been made for members of Dr. Knudsen's party to travel without paying all over Denmark on Danish State Railways. Even taxicab service will be offered gratis. Special lectures and receptions will be held and everything done to make the trip a notable one. Furthermore, Dr. Knudsen has arranged to entertain his American friends at Chateau Lerchenborg, an age old castle of more than one hundred rooms, a show place of Europe, second only to Versailles.

Many of the boys who have been with Dr. Knudsen's parties before are going again this year, and are particularly delighted because their parents can go too; while parents whose boys have never been to Denmark are planning not only to go themselves, but to take their sons also.

CAST OF "THE RIVALS"

Back Row, Left to Right—Thomas H. Ducey, Jr., John E. Drum, Alvin Weinberg, L. R. Cohen, J. Weisberg, A. Lo Casio, M. Anshen, J. H. Boston, F. Durkee. Front Row—Elaine Skidmore, Thelma Science, Jean G. Goodale, Dorothy J. Gay.

TEACHERS CLUB TO PRESENT ENTERTAINMENT

On the evening of April 5, the Brookline Teacher's Club is to present an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to go toward the support of Riverbank Lodge in Sherburn.

The following characters are to take part in Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News": Basley Fallon—Mr. Keegan; Mrs. Fallon—Mrs. Nasmyth; Jack Smith—Mr. Hines; Shawn Early—Mr. Roman; Tim Casey—Mr. Phelps; James Ryan—Mr. Harbour; Mrs. Tarpey—Miss Borden; Mrs. Tully—Miss Jamesson; J. Muldoon—a policeman—Mr. Taylor; A. Removable Magistrate—Mr. Jewett.

George Benard Shaw's "Man of Destiny" is to be presented, also. The cast is as follows: The Lady—Frances Small '24; Napoleon—Wallace Fowlie '26; Jim Keeper—Mr. Seamans; Lieutenant—Mr. Eldridge.

Misses Hazel Henry, Edith Snow, Elizabeth Spargo, and Master William Devine are to give an entra' acte of music.

Tickets are to go on sale soon, and it is hoped that a large attendance will greet the performance.

GERMAN CLUB TO PRESENT PLAY

On April 1st the German Club, under the direction of Miss Bailey, will present the play "Einer Muss Heiraten" "in the Auditorium.

The cast is: Jacob Zorn and Wilhelm Zorn, two brothers who are professors at a university; Allan Bennett and Scelwyn Kudisch; Gertrude, their aunt, Dorothy Alter; Luise, her niece, Leona Moss.

The plot is very amusing. The two brothers, Jacob and Wilhelm, live with the aunt, who keeps house for them. The aunt, however is unwilling to continue, and wants one of them to marry, according to the provision of their father's will.

She has provided a bride in her niece Luise, who lives with them.

The professors are very much disturbed by the ultimatum and after much discussion, draw lots. The unlucky Jacob loses and must therefore marry Luise.

Jacob insists that Wilhelm show him how to propose, and while he himself watches, Wilhelm does so but falls in love with Luise instead of speaking for Jacob Jocab meanwhile is watching carefully, so that he may learn the rudiments of making love. Of course there are many complications, but it all comes out well in the end.

WANTED

SPORTS WRITER FOR THE SAGAMORE

Apply to the Assignment Editor, Sagamore Room.

AERO CLUB

The Brookline Aero Club has assumed the role of gaurdian to flyers traversing this town.

On the flat roof of the new building, a committee of five members are making preparations to paint an air identification marker. In doing this, the Aero Club places Brookline High School before several hundred high schools of New England as the pioneer in marking schools. This proposition is sanctioned by Ted Holcombe, N. A. A. Governor, Mr. Gallagher, Superintendent of Schools, and Mr. Downing, Aero Club faculty adviser.

Paint has been purchased, the measurements taken, the letters and arrow outlined, and the chrome yellow paint decided upon.

The committee in charge of the marking consists of: Arthur Horn, Robert Stone, Charles Wolf, Leslie Small, and George Mason, chairman.

Last Tuesday evening Arthur Horn concluded a successful series of broadcasts from WEEI on "Model Building". Mr. Thomas H. Hines has denoted a trophy, known as the Windsor Mt. Camp Trophy, as the first prize in a model meet to be held in conjunction with Horn's Broadcast. Arthur will appear at the Keith Memorial Theatre in the near future, demonstrating the models which he has so skillfully constructed.

The Aero Club's flying time has increased by 1 hour and 17 minutes. George Mason and Charles Wolf flew to Lynn in "J5 Bellanca", and Les Small in "Stearman".

When Miss Helen Murdoch decided to go to Europe, she gave to George Mason her entire collection of aviation photographs.

Honorary Membership: The Aero Club is missing some of its honorary members in the migration of Boston pilots, to Europe. H. W. Lyon is in Bermuda studying air conditions. Lt. Hegenburger is doing experimental work at Dayton, Ohio, Jerry Vachon, '28, is with the Pratt and Whitney Aircraft Corporation at Hartford, Conn.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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FAST READING

The ability to read rapidly and yet intelligently is one of the most valuable assets that anyone who is at all connected with the rapid pace of modern business and the professions can possess. Your degree of proficiency in efficient reading depends largely upon the extent of your vocabulary which in turn is obtained through reading. The character of your early education is also an important factor. When one has acquired in primary school the art of reading through the deliverance of meaningless and halty sentences, its ill effects and tendencies are liable to follow through and persist in later life. Of course one may read line after line with the rapidity of an over-wound gramophone, but the understanding of the contents of the printed sheet is lacking; brain and eye must work in co-ordination.

A fast reader can peruse one of our proverbially fat Sunday papers within thirty minutes and, at the expiration of that time, have digested the knowledge and have clearly outlined in his mind every salient point of news accounts and even the ads. By practice it is possible to barely scan a paragraph and yet phenomenally enough, be completely informed as to what the piece contains. It is not unlike scooping up a sieveful of chaff and finding the pearly grains remain while the dry husks are blown away. In a scopful of literature, so to speak, commas, periods, capital letters, lengthy descriptions and superfluous syntax constructions are but the adorning and protecting shells to the nutmeats of knowledge which the author has left for you to unearth. Fast reading is a truly latent talent, for many highly educated professors have not the ability to read a given piece as quickly and yet as intelligently as some grammar school child. Extraordinary as this may seem, it is nevertheless true, and may be readily observed in any institution of learning.

Romanticists and those who delight in pondering over the structural beauty of sentences are exceptionally slow readers. Whereas the former becomes lost in reverie over any unusually delightful simile or description, the latter becomes engrossed in examining its mechanical excellence or possibly mediocrity. The casual reader, however, the business person, who needs must do a great deal of reading in the daily work and yet most conserve time is greatly helped by the ability to read rapidly. This efficiency has lucrative returns in hours and money saved.

To make a rather severe declaration, the art of reading fast is more to be coveted and prized than the knowledge of seven foreign languages.

HEALTH THE FOUNDATION

The baby who is born today has every chance of living twenty years longer than his grandfather. Life opens before him with the promise of health and physical happiness that no former generation has had.

The doctor is no longer content with trying to cure disease; he has a positive aim—the building up of health. In this great work, Science is joining hands with practice as it has never done before. Discoveries in physiology, biology, bacteriology have biven a new insight into the mechanism of the human body, a new skill in keeping it running smoothly and in over-hauling it when it needs repair.

Pure food, clean cities, fresh air and sunlight can do more to make a healthy and happy world than drugs or the urgeon's knife.

America, having realized the need of strong, healthy bodies is winning new laurels, and must be ranked in the forefront of the sporting world for its active leadership and general enthusiasm in sports and athletic games.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORY

SADHU

(Continued from last issue)

Synopsis

(Synopsis to first two Installments)

John Worthington a young college student having taken possession of an old house left to him by his father discovers in a fantastically furnished room a weird alchemical liquid. As he recalls to mind the tale of an Indian ascetic who was said to have mysteriously disappeared in this same room many years before, he hears strange moans and investigating trances them to the flor into which he plunges a pair of Sadhu's tongs. As the sound ceases he is suddenly seized with a horrible, irrepressible terror.

Fear had now left me and I was calm with the strange, stoic apathy of the doomed. Grasping the handle of the tongs and holding them a short time, until a sudden spell of dizziness had passed away, I slowly drew them out of the wood.

It seemed to my razed ears that a muffled sigh issued from the cleft at the moment but I was not certain.

As the points of the instrument emerged from the hole I perceived that they were no longer clear and unsullied as before but were obscured, somehow, by a dark, opaque substance. I ran my finger along the keen edges and then held it up to the light. Blood warm and red, trickled through my fingers. With a short, hysterical cry I dropped the accursed irons and sinking to my knees riveted my eyes on the wide, crimson gash in the floor.

The ghastly incidents that followed were as a horrible night-mare. Although still retaining my faculties I was so paralyzed in mind and body that kneeling, motionless, on the floor, I comprehended all but did not stir until forcibly aroused.

Slowly, very slowly, the floor boards of the haunted spot began to rise from their position, animated by some unseen power. Gradually, as they became disengaged from the surrounding timbers a white shapeless figure began to appear, floating upward like mist. As the last resisting plank gave way the crouching, spectral form rose from the opening and groping blindly entwined a long, white arm around one of the censers.

The being was swathed in grave clothes and as it stood by the tall, black vessel I could see that its forehead was stained red.

A milk wagon rumbled along the quiet street and early commuters passed by with hurried tread. Faintly the pale rays of dawn shone through the opened window, awakening man to the birth of a new day. Happiness was destined for some, misery for others but none awoke to such a gruesome predicament as was mine. Though surrounded by fellow humans I felt my soul severed from them as if by interminable walls of adamant.

The abhorrent figure of living death stood before me and the rising sun.

At last the creature relaxed its hold of the censer and staggering feebly forward began to unwind with its parched, bony hands the rotted grave clothes. Slowly as the long folds of the fabric were unwound there appeared before me the yellowed, shrunken form of a man. Tall, emaciated as it was, I rcognized intuitively the earthly embodiment of Ramu Daih. The breathing skeleton having divested itself of the mouldering sheeting, appeared in the same attire as that in which the evanescent Hindoo had last been seen. Clad in a faded orange colored robe and black turban, he towered above me like an evil vision, some fiendish ghoul of his own native land. A deep, bloody gash disfigured his high forehead and drops of scarlet slowly dripped from the gaping wound.

I tried to crawl away from the dread presence but in vain, fastening his black, dying eyes upon me, he transfixed me to the spot by the silent, hypnotic command of a snake charmer.

Stretching forth a long, knotted forefinger he touched me lightly on the brow. Driven by some subtle, magic force I rose and stepping back a pace to the couch sat rigidly upon it, watching with a morbid fascination the sorcerer's every movement.

Raising his extended finger Heavenward, he pronounced, in hollow, lifeless accents, a short prayer or curse, the tongue some weird, forgotten language of the Ancients. Completing this pagan incantation he stooped and picking up the leering skull, from before the cot, fondled it as one would a child. Then, suddenly transferring his gaze to my face, as if just remembering my presence, he smiled hellishly, jagged, yellow teeth gleaing through his withered lips.

"Doubtless you are surprised to see me." The sentence rendered in perfect English, marred only by the husky inflection of approaching death, burned into my soul like fire. Bereft of my will through the dominant influence of this master mind, I could not but listen to the recital of his supernatural interment and subsequent release.

Swaying on his feet with a steady, rhythmic motion, he spoke as follows: "I am dying, sahib. Once I thought to exalt my people above all the nations of the earth, to establish an Indian dynasty which would dwarf in power and magnificence the mightiest empires of the world. I see that my

(Continued on Page 6)

R Colyum

. . . In the first place, let it be known that I did not write this column of the last issue—so if you have any grievances, look for the woman.

* * *

I guess my style must be quite feminine; I wonder if it has any "class".

* * *

I've decided to drop the editorial "we"—I wouldn't want to be accused of trying to imitate Lindbergh for the world.

* * *

Here's one for Miss Liden: What kind of Mathematics should one use to measure a hunk of shredded wheat?

* * *

I don't see Tom Ducey out on the bench in the old building anymore.

* * *

Oh, well, Apollo is still there, girls.

* * *

Maybe the boy's gym classes of Tuesday and Thursday mornings aren't like "Seventh Heaven" but an elevator for ascending to those lofty heights ("close to the stars") would not be unwelcome.

* * *

Mr. Ball has threatened to transfer some of the gentlemen to the girls' classes. Therein lies a method to avoid climbing the many flights of stairs.

* * *

Did you ever notice how it is always the "good looking" girls who are eternally "panning" the boys?

* * *

It must be pretty hard for some of the "old-timers" to call Wallace Fowlie, "Mr." Why they can still remember when he was only a classmate of theirs.

* * *

I hear that Arthur Horn, Brookline's bouncing boy aviator, is on the stage now.

* * *

Maybe they could not get Lindbergh signed up but that didn't stop "our" Arthur.

* * *

"Did you get that noble scar on your brow in a duel?" asked the fair maiden

"Naw" answered the gruff senior, "it's a birth-mark."

"It doesn't look like it."

"Well, it is. Once when I was travelling on a sleeper, I got into the wrong berth."

* * *

Heard in the lunch room:

Customer:—"Hey, you're wiping that dish with your handkerchief"

Waitress:—"Oh, that's alright; it's a dirty one."

* * *

You know, there are only 13 more weeks of school.

* * *

Goodyear:—"Why did you give that waiter a dollar tip for getting your coat?"

Burkhardt:—"Did you see the coat he got me?"

Around the World With the Faculty

Six years ago this week—a week when the Christian Churches in all lands are commemorating by special services the sufferings and death of Jesus Christ—I was witnessing the most dramatic celebration of that event which can be seen in any country in the world. Dramatic, I say first because of its setting. Seville, the "pearl of the Guadalquiver," the city of contrasts the city mystic and pagan Moor and Christian at the same time, was the setting par excellence for such a spectacle.

Happy should I be if I could make you see with me all the oriental beauty of this setting; all the beauty of the country-side as one comes down from the north in the train, passing through mile upon mile of blood-red poppy, and pink almond blossom and orange orchards glinting yellow in the sunshine. As you get near you always hear excited voices calling "Allé esta" and, sure enough, there it is, the Giralda—shall I say the most beautiful tower in the world?—the tower which carries the imagination back centuries to the muezzin who from its upper openings used to call the faithful sons of Mahomet to prayer; the tower which today symbolizes for Audalusians all their love for their gay capital of Seville.

Happy should I be, too, if I could give you an idea of the exotic beauty of the city itself; of the beauty of her Moorish architecture; of her courtyards of light and color and dripping fountains; of her narrow streets and over-hanging balconies bright with flowers; of her rejas through which men of high and low degree make love to their ladies; of her aleôzar, that enchanted place with walls of lace wrought in plaster and marble and alabaster and gold; of her glorious cathedral which brings one to one's knees in silence and worship before the solemn beauty of her lofty columns. There was not a morning during my month's stay in Seville that I did not enter this grandest of all Gothic cathedrals in Spain. Nor did I willingly miss a late afternoon visit, when the sun, sending its slanting ray through the stained glass of the great rose window painted fantastic figures on the marble pavement and on the lofty columns and made the air of the high arches irridescent with dancing particles of light, while the surrounding spaces lay wrapped in softening shadows. On those afternoons it seemed to me that I saw the bold dream of those ancient builders come true, those builders who resolved to build a temple so fast and so beautiful that all coming generations should think them mad.

It is in this temple that the celebration of Holy Week culminates and it was in this temple and in this setting of quite unbelievable beauty that I watched the dramatic events of Holy Week in Seville. From six o'clock on the evening of Palm Sunday until the dawn of Good Friday morning processions passed through the streets day and night on their way to the Cathedral. From all the parishes, big and little, of that city of churches they came, passing through streets in which all traffic was suspended, all balconies were draped in black, every bell was silenced—streets of a silent city of mourning.

In the midst of this solemnity I awaited the dramatic moment when the sound of the trumpet should announce the coming of the great procession. The trumpet call rang out and the vast crowd fell silent. And then it came,—my first Paso! And it painted upon my memory as it passed an unforgettable picture. Behind the trumpeters marched a column of Roman Legionaries, each bearing the proud emblem S P Q R (the Senate and the People of Rome) Then came the hundreds of "penitents" completely disguised in their long black robes, high peaked caps and masked faces, and carrying huge lighted candles in their hands. Finally came the Paso itself. This, the central figure of the procession is a sort of moving stage carpeted with velvet, upon which are shown in bronze the great scenes in the Story of Christianity. It is borne along by 20 to 50 men who walk underneath concealed from view by a heavy felt valance. Upon this stage, as I saw it on that Palm Sunday just at nightfall, there came moving forward slowly, unsteadily, because of the uneven tread of the men beneath a huge bronze image of Christ on the Cross, surrounded by hundreds of flickering candles. And the multitudes around me knelt upon the ground as it passed. And above in that marvellous Southern sky the full moon looked down upon the kneeling city and the crucified Christ advancing through its midst. It was a breathless moment.

I followed that flickering line of lights into the wide west door of the Cathedral and watched the slow tottering motion of the cross up the nave the candles spreading their blaze of light in the shadows of the side-aisles, up to the great wrought iron screen of the high altar, where it stopped for a moment as if in worship while the men underneath rested. Again with a jerky movement it was lifted to the shoulders of the men, and again it began the same unsteady notion through the nave, with nothing to break the silence save the shuffling sounds of the sneakers over the marble payment. until it reached the great eastern door and passed out into the night. The effect was indescribable—artistic rather than religious as you can well imagine. Indeed, as I watched the forty-one processions of that week from different points of view, once after sunset from the top of the Giralda, where the candles winding their flickering way through the narrow streets below seemed less garnish and the far-off sound of the trumpet less blatant, it was always the pagan beauty rather than the spiritual significances of their holy week observance with which I was impressed.

And this impression was by no means lessened by the culminating event of the week. For behold, the very women who had hurried to and fro from the churches in garments of mourning and black mantillas as symbol of grief for the sufferings of Christ, put on their white mantillas and their gayest shawls to celebrate in fitting fashion that other drama, the first bull-fight of the season on Easter Sunday afternoon! The Bull-fight may be said to be carried on hand in hand with the church. The church accompanies the bull-fighter to the ring. There, in a chapel within the enclosure the bull-fighter confesses before he enters the arena. And to this chapel many times each season a lifeless form is carried from the ring, to lie there while the very crowds who lately acclaimed him as hero file by to look upon him in death.

Spaniards say that the bull-fight does

(Continued on Page 7)

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The entertainment given by the Freshmen members of the Girls' League on April fifth promiss to be "the best ever." Under the guidance of Miss Poland and Miss Sawyer, with Ruth Friedman as head chairman and Carola Nasmyth as assistant head, are undertaking a stupendous and unique task.

They invite you to join them in a visit to many countries. Dorothea Lakson and a group of American girls will guide you through various lands. Phyllis Jacobs, in charge of the costumes, predicts a varying and beautiful array.

With Elly Kassman, of Senior Social fame, and Grace Higbee supervising the music, we can be assured of success in that line.

Dane Miller is the head of the reception committee and assisting her is Mary Buckley, in charge of the membership tickets. Other committee heads are:

Edith Weinstein—Usher; Edith Cuniff—Publicity; Mary Ellen—Stage Manager; Mary Crowley—Clean-Up.

Cop: "My good man, you're drunk."

Culprit: "Oh, Officer, how you humiliate me."

CLASS DAY

Henry Humphreys will be Class Historian instead of Melvin Anshen. The latter has been chosen Class Poet.

Ruth Quinby and Margaret Stein will be Class Songsters.

THE SADHU

(Continued from Page 4)

dream can never be. Sahib! I leave in your hands the future of mankind. Riches can buy anything; I leave to you the assembled wealth of the universe. It does not matter that the secret passes into the power of the white man; the Gods will reward me for my toil when the fruits of my discovery have formed a unified world. It means war, sahib but with your ever-flowing source of gold you can buy the scepter of the smaller nations and crush with mercenary armies the larger kingdoms." I quailed to think of what would occur should this devil live to walk abroad the earth.

"My story is quickly told. Several years ago, filled with a burning desire to learn the ways of the Western peoples, I left my native hills of India. With the symbols of my sect gathered about me," he waved his arm towards the clustered furniture of the room. "I settled in this, a strange city, intent on acquiring the knowledge of the Occidental while continuing the practices of my fathers.. Choosing a course in chemistry at one of your great colleges, I devoted my time to perfecting myself in this science, not neglecting, meanwhile to continue the investigations in alchemy which I had begun in my Indian monastery.

"For nearly six months I persisted in these pursuits, rapidly becoming adept at chemistry and visioning success in my other endeaver. Then one day, while compounding a certain mixture, for class study, in my room, I discovered the magic formula quite by accident. Its elements are common and inexpensive; you can readily find what they are by analyzing the bottleful which I shall give you." Could it be that he had not seen the broken bottle? I prayed that he would not turn around. A piece of blackened glass lay scarcely an inch from his heel. Had he but moved his foot the tell-tale fragment could not but have proclaimed its untimely presence to him.

"The fluid, though capable of transmuting silver, proved not of sufficient strength to convert the baser metals into gold. I know, by the nature of its ingredients, that were it allowed to work a few days it would then be multiplied many times in strength.

As it was then April (a sacred month to the Hindoos) I envolved a plan wherein I could perform a religious duty while waiting for the liquid to ripen into its full power. Accordingly, I cautioned the owner of the house to silence by a liberal bribe and secretly began my preparations for undergoing 'samadh', intending to incarcerate myself in the floor for a period of three weeks.

"Winding my body in cloths, I loosened the floor boards, in front of the window, and wedged myself into the space between the floor and the ceiling below. It was an easy matter to upset the ebony chest which I had set on end and then quickly draw my hand within the rift. The chest in falling drove the sprung boards into place, hiding my mode of concealment most effectively.

"I soon lapsed into the somatic sleep peculiar to my people.

"It pleased Fate that I should not awaken at the appointed time, for I sense that many years have elapsed since my interment. Who knows how long I should have lain there had you not aroused me by your rude entrance?" Saying this, he tapped with his slippered foot a bit of the demolished statue of Vichnu which, when falling, had evidently recalled the soul to the faquir's lifeless body.

"At length, fully awake, I was so weak that I could not move. The power of speech had left me and slowly the scanty supply of air in the shallow crevice was becoming exhausted. The very blood coursing through my veins burned and, clotting in my head, benumbed my brain. Several times I sank into a coma only to be aroused by the most agonizing pains in my body and limbs. My efforts to speak ended only in groans of agony and despair.

"Time passed and then, moving the chest, you sought to locate the cause of the sounds." Again the fiendish yet sad smile played over his face. "Plunging the tongs through the wood you drove the points into my forehead." Not until then had I realized the awful truth of what I had done. "The blood that was thus let out eased me of my torment enough so that I succeeded in dislodging the splintered flooring and released myself."

Ramu Daih had been entombed seventeen years. Before that he had discovered the secret of alchemy. I had destroyed the fabled compound and perhaps might be the cause of its inventor's death. Why had Fate thus lent me the ravaging powers of Siva? I could not know that my unfortunate deeds would burst their chains like wild beasts and turn upon their unhappy author.

"I will show you the liquid." The ascetic, miraculously evading the glass chip near his foot, stalked to the wash bowl and peering closely at the row of phials on the shelf, fingered them hestitatingly. Would that this moment had not been. Turning abruptly he glared at me suspiciously and tossing the sacred skull onto the divan, approached, probing my very soul with his shining, evil eyes. "It is not there!" I recoiled from the stinging venom of the words and involuntarily let my glance rest a moment on the broken bottle in front of the divan.

The action was my undoing. Following my gaze he perceived the bits of shivered glass and picking one up stared stupidly at it. Then realizing what it was, he cast it from him and shrieking deliriously sprang across the room with the agility of a panther and snatched up the tongs. His anger broke the spell into which I had been plunged and jumping to my feet I sought to fend off the attack that I knew was inevitable. Ramu Daih, screaming like a wonded animal, thrust at me fiercely with the fire irons. Several times he narrowly missed impaling me on the cruel blades.

Furtively dodging and twisting I managed to escape the hissing, writhing, red-tongued serpent that craved my life, by moving into a position behind one of the censers. Fate had not ordained that I should die in such an honorable fashion. Rapidly weakening under the terrific strain the ascetic followed, striking at me blindly with his murderous weapon. Overturning the censer, he forced me to the window ledge.

That instant I saw my chance and just as he raised the tongs to crash them through my brain I dropped prostrate at his feet. The weapon fell, tore through the window sash and shattered the panes.

Before he could recover I grappled with him and wresting the irons from his dying grasp, brandished them above my head. He made one futile snatch at them, then, uttering a piercing shriek, locked his hands about my arm, pitching us both to the floor.

When I arose he was dead. Froth flecked his twisted lips and those eyes that had ruled my will by a glance stared sightlessly upward.

(Continued on Page 7)

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AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 5)

not kill so many men as football; and even for Americans the bull-fight has its moments. I still remember with a thrill the hush of that vast arena on that Sunday afternoon when the door opened and the bull-fighters entered in procession The hush was only for a moment, then thunderous applause began the march around the arena. For the bull-fighters on that day, their lithe handsome bodies clothed in pastel shades of satin, were just as surely the heroes of the people as our victorious foot-ball players are the heroes of Brookline on Thanksgiving morning.

After making the round of the arena, the official of the day, plumed hat swung low in hand, saluted the presidept in the official box and demanded the key which should unlock the bull pen. And I still remember with a thrill the dramatic moment when that other door was opened—the door to the bull-pen—and the first bull came bounding out. For I well knew that the next moment death might enter the arena. And every bull-fighter knows he is gambling his life with the bulls, and one little slip and it will be as Fate has written. But Fate stayed her hand on that Sunday afternoon and granted the expectant crowd two more thrills: One of real beauty when the dart-thrower, poised on his toes, lifting the darts high above his head, braved without defense the onrush of the bull, to throw the feathering darts into the soft flesh of his shoulder. Only skill and a steady nerve saved him from certain death; and the last, when the bull himself gives the great cruel expectant crowd a noble example of courage: standing exhausted to the point of death, quivering in every limb, like a dying galdiator he faces his adversary without quailing, until at a well aimed thurst he crumples where he stands and drops.

A fitting climax, you ask in horror, to the Holy Week Observance? But all intense emotions lie very near each other, and to a spaniard his love of the Bull-fight, as well as his worship is an intense emotion.

THE SADHU

(Continued from Page 6)

A second later I heard loud footfalls on the stairs; the blockading chest was thrown aside and three police officers kicked open the door and entered. Espying me standing aghast, over the dead Sadhu, with the fatal tongs in my hand they immediately pinioned my arms behind me.

My defense was broken at the start. Had not the neighbors seen me grappling with the deceased by the window, seen us fall in mortal combat? Had not his dying shriek rung through the neighborhood and did I not now hold in my blood-stained hand the weapon with which the foul murder had been accomplished? What had I blockaded the stairs for but to prevent his escape and had I not already opened a space in the floor to conceal the corpse?

The discovery of the transmuted pieces of gold in my wallet readily revealed, to them, that my motive for the crime was robbery. Denial and explanation could not turn the iron hand of inflexible Justice.

There is little more to be said.

First degree murder is a hanging matter in this severe New England state. The luxuries of the condemned are served to me, bountifully, in my cell; for is it not right that even a murderer should have some solace before going to his Maker?

THE END

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"Behold, Sibthrope, is that a picnic yonder?"

"Nay, Agamemnon, 'tis but an Italian out for a walk with his family.

* * *

She: "If you kiss me again I'll scream."

Silence

He: "Well, say something."

She: "Don't interrupt me. I'm screaming."

* * *

The seats of the mighty are in the aisle.

* * *

"My girl went to College four years and never was kissed."

"And you're bragging."

* * *

Passenger. "Have I got time to say good-by to my wife?"

Conductor: "I don't know, sir, how long have you been married."

* * *

Immigration authorities hint that in the future all those desiring to enter the country will have to pass the blindfold test.

* * *

First: "Got into a Tong war, didn't you?"

Second: Yes, but it was purely Occidental."

* * *

She: "I had a former Russian general at my feet last night."

Her: "Gosh, are those birds shining shoes now?"

* * *

Old Bill: "Don't talk to me about crop failures. Why, when I was working over in Skunk County, nigh forty years ago, the oats were so low the sparrows had to get down on their knees to reach them."

* * *

"Say, what on earth is wrong with your neck?"

"I was out with Strangler Lewis last night."

"It was leap year; I proposed marriage to a fellow on a river bank."

"What happened?"

"He leaped."

* * *

Doctor: "Getting pretty tired of lying on the flat of your back, aren't you? Let me see, its been about six weeks now, hasn't it? Well, cheer up, I have good news for you."

Impatient (eagerly): "What's that Doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, if you're still improving tomorrow, you can lie on your left side."

* * *

Stude: "I called to see about getting a job."

Boss: "But I can do all the work myself."

Stude: "Perfect, when do I start?"

* * *

Grandmother: "The cow says 'Moo,' the sheep say Baa."

Modern Child: "What kind of a noise does an Armadillo make?"

* * *

Mother Cat: "Tommy, your neck is not clean."

Tommy cat: "I'm sorry. Mother. It was merely a slip of the tongue."

* * *

"Is she fat?'

"Say, boy, when she goes horseback riding she has to hire three horses."

* * *

Why should we learn to read? They have talking movies now.

* * *

In Pirate Days

Englishman (about to walk the plank) "Really—I've just eaten; I cawn't go in to water now."

* * *

Girl (at ticket office) "We want to buy a ticket.'

Ticket agent: "But there are two of you."."

Girl: "Well, aint we half-sisters? Add that up."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 12 BROOKLINE, MASS., APRIL 12 1929 TEN CENTS

1929 BASEBALL PROSPECTS

Only a Few of Last Year's Regulars Return

HITTING MUCH STRONGER

Two weeks ago, over fifty men responded when the call for baseball went out. Since that time there has been outdoor practice and a few scrub games. From these, Coach Fitzgerald has been able to size up the material fairly accurately.

Although laboring under the handicap of having only one or two regulars back from last year, the team shows great promise. For almost every position there is much competition and every man wanting to play has to hustle.

"Red" Fleming, one of last year's holdovers, Goodwin, Jamison, and McGrail are out for catcher. This year, the pitching staff is very strong. Micky O'Neil, Andy Madden, and Tom Noonan are probable first string men, and Oude, Silverman, Gleason, Anshen, and Crawford, second string.

Lebowitch is back on first, but McLone and Longmoore are giving him a fight for it. Bill Timmins who came with his brother, Jim, from Newton High, Max Dexter, and Norris are the most promising for second. Third base is a hotly contested corner; Woodbock, Agnew, and Bellingham being in a dead heat for it.

Jim Timmins will play at short with McEttrick as his understudy, thus strengthening the infield a great deal. A number of good men are out for the outfield. They are Walter Murphy, Pete Racheotes, "Shack" Dexter, Barrett Roberts, Mahan, Ainsworth, and Hootstein.

(Continued on Page 2)

LINDBERGH ASSEMBLY

The motion picture on April 2 was given through the courtesy of the Aero Club. We were particularly endebted to Arthur Horne for procuring the film and to Mr. Hollingsworth for running it.

Before the presentation Miss Allen reminded us that the teachers were giving two plays, "The Spreading of the News", and "The Man of Destiny" to help fill Brookline's quota in support of the teacher's recreational lodge.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Film piloted us through miles with Lindbergh.

It was learned that he left school in 1922 to go into stunt flying which gave him self-confidence, endurance, self-reliance. These helped him to complete the first transatlantic flight.

Joe Melhado furnished the accompaniment.

BASEBALL GAME CALLED OFF BECAUSE OF SNOWSTORM

Last Wednesday's baseball game with Jamaica Plain High School had to be called off because of an exceptionaly heavy snowstorm for this time of year. As this was to be Brookline's first game, we have lost for a few days the chance to see our team in action and compare it with another team. This was a very unexpected postponement for, although the weather man had predicted a storm, in view of the extreme warmth the first of the week, it was a surprise to every one to see the snow falling Wednesday.

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The student body who stood behind the teachers in their benevolent enterprize on Friday evening had nothing to regret. The program was worthy of the best traditions of Brookline, and the Evening of Drama and Music was a revelation of unsuspected theatrical talent in the Faculty. Or was it the exceptional qualities of Miss Allen as coach that inspired such fine interpretations as that of Mr. Keegan's "Fallon", or Miss Borden's "Mrs. Tarpey", or Mr. Seaman's "Italian Innkeeper", or the superb work of Wallace Fowlie as Napoleon and of Frances Small as The Lady?—not to mention the fine support given by every member of the two casts.

The musical program was well chosen. All the songs were enthusiasticaly received—little Billy Devine of the Pierce School drawing an especially enthusiastic response. The program follows:

CASTS

SPREADING THE NEWS

By Lady Gregory

Bartley Fallon	Mr. Keegan
Mrs. Fallon	Mrs. Naysmith
Jack Smith	Mr. Hines
Shawn Early	Mr. Roman
Tim Casey	Mr. Phelps
James Ryan	Mr. Harbour
Mrs. Tarpey	Miss Borden
Mrs. Tully	Miss Jameson
Jo Muldoon, a policeman	Mr. Taylor
A Removable Magistrate	Mr. Jewett

SCENE: The Outskirts of a Fair

THE MAN OF DESTINY

By G. B. Shaw

The Lady	Miss Small, B. H. S. '24
Napoleon	Mr. Fowlie, B. H. S. '26
Inn Keeper	Mr. Seamans
Lieutenant	Mr. Eldridge

SCENE: An inn in Italy just after the battle of Lodi

(Continued on Page 2)

BAND ASSEMBLY

The assembly of Tuesday, April 9 was for a threefold purpose. The first was to announce the commencement of the sale of baseball season tickets. Mr. Woodlock impressed the student body with the bargain of twelve home games for the small sum of fifty cents, five dimes, five tenths of a dollar. Last year the baseball team had the apalling deficit of $937. Therefore it is very necessary to pay expenses this season. The new baseball team is worthy of support and it is up to the school's pride whether there is a loss or the expenses are paid.

The second object was a short announcement by Arthur Stern concerning the pictures in the year book. It is important to note that subscriptions for the annual book close Friday.

The third appeal was made by Mr. Cook in behalf of the B. H. S. Band. He said that recruits were in order and one did not have to be particularly advanced on an instrument to join the band. Some day we hope the band will have good looking uniforms but until then it is the music which must make the band.

Mr. White conducted the band in three stirring marches and for the first time, the school had a band playing the march to retire from the auditorium.

TODAY IN B. H. S. HISTORY

Twenty-Five Years Ago at B. H. S.

Basketball Team defeats Braintree High 38 to 2.

Brookline High Relay Team defeats Newton at the Inter-scholastic Indoor Meet. This was the first time in seven years.

Brookline defeated at B. C. H. meet by deliberate foul of Somerville man. Feeling ran high.

Baseball schedule opens on April 5 with game with Cambridge High.

Shailer crowded at annual dramatics, dancing until twelve.

Mr. Burnham, founder of B. A. A. addresses school.

Sagamore announces resumption of long recess giving time for considerable walks around school.

Fifteen Years Ago

Inter-class debates in full swing.

Whitney Hall used for 1914 Dramatics "The Cabinet Minister."

Many B. H. S. grads in Young Men's Catholic Association play, "The Spy."

First Regular meeting of The Radio Club called in Shailer Hall by Mr. Kilton, president.

BETTY RICHEY NEXT ALPHA PI PRESIDENT

The Sagamore regrets that an error was made in the last issue. Betty Richey will be the next president of the Honorary Society.

BROOKLINE WINS EIGHTH SUCCESSIVE MEEHAN CHAMPIONSHIP

Win With Score of 24—Next Highest Score Is 12 Points

SPECTACULAR RELAY

Brookline High retained the Lieut. George Meehan swimming trophy for the eighth consecutive year at Brookline's tank on Saturday, March 30th

Our final score was 24 points, just double the amount of our nearest competitors, Mechanic Arts High and Worcester North, who were tied with twelve marks. Although no records were broken at the meet, we believe a record was hung up that will never be broken, for now we have won the meet nine out of ten possible times. We do not see how this feat will ever be erased.

The competition was as close as one could wish for. From the start of the meet with the relay, every winner had to fight every inch of the way to capture the blue ribbon.

The relay was easily the most thrilling in which Brookline has participated the entire season. The event was run in two heats with the times deciding the winner. Gardner, our foremost opponent in the relay, happened to be in our heat. At the start of the race, Gardner slipped away to about a five yard lead. It remained that way until Ford, our third man, diminished it to about three, and then came the fun. "Don" Broadbent, our anchor man, hit the water about two seconds after Nadeau, Gardner's fourth man. Slowly but surely "Don" crept up. At the half way mark he was two yards behind and at the finish he was just a

(Continued on Page 3)

FRESHMEN ENTERTAIN AT GIRL'S LEAGUE

The last Girls' League meeting which took place on April 5 was in the hands of the Freshman members of the League who presented a very interesting program. After the business meeting and reports of the various newly-elected officers, Ruth Friedman, chairman of the Freshman committee addressed the audience. The next feature of the program included two charming piano selections by Elly Kassman.

The main program was preceded by a prologue in which four friends meet a girl, Dorothea Lakson, who relates her experiences in various countries.

(Continued on Page 5)

R Colyum

Not only the students (?) are counting the days left in this school year, are they, Mlle. LaF?

* * *

All year have we waited, but in vain, to see an automobile go over the bank of the parking space.

* * *

But then there are few women drivers using the place.

* * *

Heard in the lunch room:

Frosh: Please, Miss, may I get my money back on this cheese sandwich?

Girl at counter: What's the matter with it?

Frosh: Please, Miss, the cheese is eating the bread.

* * *

Shakespeare asked, "Who is Sylvia?" but we want to know "Who is Helen on the back of Eddie's fliver?"

* * *

Did you know that Kowboy Kouffman stopped a run-away horse in the Fenway the other day? As yet no-one has mentioned him for a Carnegie Medal, but just wait.

* * *

For three days now, we have found Al Weinberg not selling tickets to anything. What's happening?

* * *

We wonder why they don't celebrate and wash the upstairs gym floors. Maybe it's too far to carry a bucket of water.

* * *

If schools didn't have windows,
If it weren't so nice out,
If the girls came dressed in shrouds and veils, and
If we weren't so—lazy,
Then maybe we could study in study periods.

* * *

Mr. Taylor must have dug the golf sticks out of the moth balls by now.

* * *

We suppose if a fellow decides to get married now, he'll be accused of trying to imitate Lindbergh.

* * *

You know, it's almost as hard to collect the Junior class dues as the French war debt.

* * *

Did you ever hear somebody yell "Hey Sap" in the corridor and then see everybody turn around?

* * *

This is the season for poetry, you know.
Spring is here, tra la, tra la,
The happiest time of the year, tra la.
We all should feel good cheer, tra la,
But those ———college boards draw near.

ALUMNI NOTE

Mr. Leonard Spier Saxe, '17, and from Harvard Law School in 1923, is now giving a series of lectures at the Harvard Law School on New York practice, pleading and evidence.

Le Coin Francais

Paysage d'hiver

L'allée est droite et longue, et sur le ciel d'hiver.
Se dressent hardiment les grands arbres de fer,
Vieux ormes dépouillés dont le sommet se touche.
Tout au bout, le soleil, large et rouge, se couche,
A l'horizon il va plonger dans un moment.
Pas un oiseau. Parfois un lointain craquement.
Dans les taillis déserts de la forêt muette;
Et là-bas, cheminant, léa noire silhouette,
Sur le globe empourpré qui fond comme un ligot,
D'une vieille à bâton ployant sous son fagot.

F. Coppée.

1929 BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 1)

The team has much better hitting strength than last year and can be expected to prove a formidable rival in the Suburban League.

Following is the year's baseball schedule:—April 10, Jamaica Plain High. April 13, Huntington High. April 16, Brighton High. April 18, Lawrence High. April 24 Somerville High. April 27, Rindge High. May 1, Mechanic Arts High. May 4, Newton High. May 8, Boston English High. May 11, Everett High. May 15, Cambridge Latin High. May 16, Lynn Classical High. May 22, Somerville High. May 25, Rindge High. May 24, Newton High. June 1, Boston College High. June 5, Everett High. June 8, Cambridge Latin High.

BE A BOASTER

If you think you school the best
Tell 'em so,
If you'd have it lead the rest
Help it grow.
When there's anything to do,
Let the others count on you
You'll feel good when it is through
Don't you know
If you're used to giving knocks,
Change your style
Throw bouquets instead of rocks
For a while
Let the other fellow roast
Shun him as you would a ghost
Meet his banter with a boast
And a smile
When a student from afar comes along,
Tell him who and what you are;
Make it strong,
Never flatter, never bluff,
Tell the truth for that's enough
Be a boaster that's the stuff
Don't just belong.

"Why do blushes creep over girls' faces?"

"Because if they run, they would kick up too much dust."

BOOK REPORT

COMPARISON OF OLD AND NEW BIOGRAPHIES

Book reviews must be written and unfortunately, I am required to write one. One book report, claiming the work and time of two, for two books needs he used for comparison in style; one a modern biography and one an old biography. For these two books, ofter reviewing books and books, I fially selected "Disraeli" by Maurais and "The Life of Sir Walter Scott" by Lockhart.

In Lockhart's book, he, the biographer was requested to write an abridged biography of Scott's life that was, so he compiled from the autobiography of seven huge volumes, his memoirs. Lockhart desired to write an enlarged edition for he considered that the interesting part of Scott's life, lie in the minute details.

In the beginning of this biography, the introduction or first chapter, a selection from Scott's own memoirs is used which renders the book a personal touch. It seems to me that Lockhart did put in detail, still not too much, in that his type of detail ressembles MaCauley putting in all sorts of small insignificant things that serve so make the character real. Yet, perhaps that is why the book is narrative in nature.

It seems to be that Lockhart used, excessively his knowledge of the poets, for there is an over abundance of quotations.

"His English is like the English of Swift all the light is concentrated on the object". Lockhart has no especial mannerism, as MaCauley of the balanced sentence, and no affectations.

In Maurais' "Disraeli", we find a biography of a different nature. One that deals with detail, details of characteristics, both good and bad.

It seems to me that this book is written like a novel, but the fact of its being a biography is always kept before one's mind. Perhaps a purpose of the author, or perhaps just an unconscious trait.

There is much politics in it which to me is very boring. Yet it is written in a very vivid style. Its sentences are short, crisp. An emphasis of this means of expression seems to be the fact. It is, in my opinion, pleasing to the eyes, ears and mind. It suggests the modern life, as we live it and like to see it lived. This book leaves a lasting impression, vividly portrayed in your mind.

EXCHANGES

From "The Irondale Static", Irondale High School, Irondale, Ohio.

Y.

"The Club Reporter"—Manhaeset, New York.

A good paper—how about some short stories and feature articles?

"The X-Ray"—Newton High School, Elmhurst, New York.

Your paper is very well arranged. We liked "Post Mortems,' and "Why Girls Leave School."

Richard Warren Hatch, a former teacher at B. H. S., has just written a sea-story—"Into the Wind." The High School Library will obtain a copy soon, and if you like adventuresome sea stories—don't fail to read it.

New Books

Earhart, Amelia "20 hrs., 40 min.—our flight in the Friendship."

Wade—"The Boy Who Found Out"—The story of Henri Fabre.

Morrow, Honoré Wilsie "With Malice Toward None"—A sequel to "Forever Free."

Gaiber—"Building and Flying Model."

"Air craft"—A guide for youthful beginners in aeronautics.

Gibson—"Romance of Scientific Discovery"

Recent Magazine Articles

In "Historical Outlook" for January. An article by Mr. Kepner on "Vocabulary vs. Content in Junior High."

In "Outlook" for March 27—"Clowns and Clowning"—Claude Bragdon.

In "Literary Digest" for March 23—"Stunt Flying"—told in Aviation slang.

In "Literary Digest" for March 16—"What a Meteor Did to Siberia"

In "World's Work", April—"All Aboard by Air"—Myron H. Stearns.

In "World's Work" for January—"Steinmetz—Jove of Science" by J. N. Leonard.

FACULTY PLAYS

(Continued from Page 1)

An Informal Program of Songs

When Spring Returns
Arthur Somervell
The Little Red Lake Old Irish Melody
Wings Horace Johnson
Elizabeth I. Spargo
Lo, Morning Fair and Rosy German
Hark! Hark! the Lark Franz Schubert
William S. Devine
Morning Oley Speaks
Starry Night John H. Densmore
An Open Secret
R. Huntington Woodman
Elizabeth M. Clark
Le Bon Exchange
Wallace Adams FFowlie
Les Clochettes des Muguets
Georges Hue
Carnaval Felix Fourdrain
Hazel Bell Henry

Congratulations to the Brookline Teachers Club for having done so artistic a thing! And especially congratulations to Miss Allen, who is scenic artist, property manager designer of costumes and program maker, no less than as producer and coach, achieved so fine a success! Let the Faculty Play take its permanent place among the social events of the school year.

Lula Geralda Adams

General Committee:

Miss Adams, Miss Allen, Mrs. Bridgham, Miss Chevalier, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Horn, Miss Lewis, Miss Parker, Mrs. Smith, Miss Snow.

BROOKLINE AERO CLUB TO FIGURE CLASS DAY

Given Exclusive Rights For Aeronautical Demonstration

Horn Figures in Model Meet

The Brookline Aero Club is certain to be prominent at Class Day, June seven. At a recent Senior Class Day Committee, the Aero Club was given exclusive rights for any aeronautical demonstration on Class Day. Any plans, however, will be subject to Mr. Aker's approval. The Aero Club's Class Day Committee is ably headed by Alfred LoCascio who will choose his lieutenants with George Mason's assistance.

The flying time of the club is still mounting. One member plans to make a round trip to New York via the new air mail passenger route during the vacation.

Arthur Horn captured one first place and one second place from two hundred competitors at a model meet held in the Cadet Armory. In this eliminating New England competition, Horn is practically assured of a chance at the national championship records during the course of the summer. Winslow Robart, a member of the club, placed second in his event.

Arthur Horn and his Big Brother air circus will appear at Keith Memorial Theatre during vacation week.

The most recent meeting of the Aero Club was held on April 5. Lt. Joseph L. Stromme, of army fame, addressed the members and answered technical questions. He was accorded a great reception and was made an honorary member as a token of thanks.

Honorary member chat: Miss Murdock is going to present the school with a beautiful color photograph of the Grand Canyon. Charley "Pat" Patterson, '28, is with the Curtiss Flying Service now.

EPITAPHS

Here lies the body of Christopher Bell,
Resting in Heaven, or working in—
the opposite;
A Freshman at High School, unknowing and all
He attempted to study in Shailer Hall!

Here lie the bones of Nicholas Toll
Pause as you read this and pray for his soul,
Of honor, name, and Life bereft
He passed a marshal on the left!

Under this graven stone there rest
The body and bones of Benjamin Best;
He passed away on his mother's knee
While trying to factor x plus z.

Here lies the body of Arthur McBeth
Honored in Life, lamented in Death.
Gaze with respect on his vacant bench—
He endeavored to translate Latin to French.

Placard for a bridegroom: "Under New Management."

The winners of the thrilling relay in the Meehan Meet. They are: Don Broadbent, Marty Ford, John Hyland and Andrew Connolly.

MEEHAN SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP

(Continued from Page 1)

touch ahead to give Brookline five points to start the day off right. The relay team was composed of "Andy" Conway, J. Highland, Broadbent and Ford.

Following this race the dive and the trials of the other events were run off, (or we should say swum off.) In the dive we received more points than we had expected when "Shorty" Richards and little "Freddie" Woodlock placed second and fourth respectively. In the fifty "Captain Marty" gave Carrol of Worcester North, who was last year's winner, a wonderful fight, but was beaten out for first in another one of those so-called touches. Three "fifties" proved to be to much for Marty and he only got fourth in the 200

In the breast stroke "Andy" Conway was nosed out for first by Viens of Worcester Trade in another thriller. Conway led all the way to the 90 yard mark, but the pace proved too fast for him, and he spurted just enough to allow Viens to squeeze in ahead.

The back stroke was the event that clinched the meet for us, Coutts coming home first with Broadbent right behind him.

The balance of the champion's powe may be shown by the fact that they scored in every event except the 100.

"Have you heard that the magazine is to be suspended on account of questionable jokes?"

"Those aren't questionable jokes. I understood them all right."

GERMAN PLAY

The German Club held its second meeting of the year on Monday, April 1. A one act comedy, "Einer Musz Heiraten," was presented under the direction of Miss Bailey by four members of the Junior class.

The amusing comedy, being fairly well understood by the majority of those present, acted as a pleasant afternoon's diversion.

Allan Bennett and Selevyn Kudisch brought out the parts of two comical German professors very well. The feminine rôles, played by Dorothy Alter and Leona Moss, were also commendable. Dorothy Alter deserves special mention for the interpretation of her part.

After the performance refreshments were served in the lunch room.

BOYS TIE WITH GIRLS LEAGUE SPELLING TEAM

In the first challenge match of the Girls' League Spelling Team, the opposing group were: Richard Still, William Corbett, Neil Neougett, Robert O'Brien, Robert Ston and Albert Still. The girls won by a score of 8 to 14. In a return match the boys' team, William Corbett, Robert O'Brien, Albert Still, Richard Still and Dean Johnson defeated by a score of 5 to 11 the League team: Hannah Cauman, Audrey Price, Carola Nasmyth, Geraldine Chandler and Josephine Blatt. There will be a third match, to determine the final winner.

Director: Now in the talkie I don't want you to say a word that has more than two syllables in it.

Actress: What am I supposed to be?

Director: A College Co-ed.

CONCERNING HOBBIES, ETC. OF ENGLISH II C

Up to this moment most of the B. H. S. students have kept their hobbies, pastimes, and favorite occupation securely locked within themselves, but the Voice homework had to be done, and some of these momentary ambitions have been disclosed. The following diversions are proudly claimed by members of the English II C.

The most overworked hobby is fishing. Saul Goldberg loves it, Norman Swartz adores it, and Alvin Weinberg —well, Alvin has never caught a fish, and his father has to put the worms on the hook for him, but still he simply revels in fishing.

Among the athletic aspirants are Lee Rosenberg, who may be seen riding his hobby in the Fenway at most any time; Eleanor Sachs whose thrills are provided in taking ski-jumps; Elsa Cohen, the canoe-paddling expert; and Ruby Brettler who is unwilling to give polo the preference over horse-back riding, and who therefore selects sports in general. To this list also belongs Anthony Hall, whose pleasure is in his bicycle. Anthony thinks long-distance bicycle rides are too sweet for words, and gets his practice in riding to and from Boy Scout meetings each Friday night.

English II C is also the possessor of indolents. Beatrice Hirsh delights in sleeping while the rest of the world freezes, and Bernice Cohen makes a particular point of seeing how many subjects she can flunk in one month.

The artistic type is represented in this class by Murial Williams whose favorite occupation is taking up collections to keep her from being continually in a state of ennui. At present she is engaged in accumulating cigarette advertisements.

Robert Weinrebe, alias the "Little Devil," enjoys himself when he has occasion to throw banana peels on slippery sidewalks. Robert hides behind a fence (which is always near by) and watches his unsuspecting victims with his countenance lit up with a malignant if not vicious smile.

Nature has also bestowed on this remarkable class two of her ardent admirers. Louis Doodlesack takes great pleasure in hunting skunks in any forest at any time, while John Hannon insists that his favorite occupation is chasing butterflies with a fish net. John claims that the large yellow ones with the black spots are the easiest to ensnare, because when the sun strikes their wings it temporarily dazzles them into a state which prevents them from flying away.

"Butterfly chasing," John maintains, "is an art which requires patience. I remember the time that I chased a butterfly five miles before capturing it, but felt rewarded in the end."

Proud of its achievements, this class challenges any other division to produce better hobbies, pastimes, and favorite occupations, which must be true or at least reasonable.

THE SAGAMORE

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THE IMPORTANCE OF SYSTEM IN WRITING

A writer, the behaviorists tell us, is one who writes. Not nearly so obvious as it sounds at first hearing. We are fortunate if we do not number at least one non-writing "writer" among our acquaintances—the man who has always intended to get around to trying his luck some day, or the spasmodic worker with a few scattered stories to his credit, or the woman who has always felt that if she could only write down what life has done to her she would be very quickly famous. That kind of writing gets one nowhere.

A different system is indicated for every variation of temperament, but that there should be a regularity about one's writing is admitted by every recognized author today. One inspired instructor of young writers used to tell his students that if they had to work in stores and offices for a roof and food, their only salvation was to rise two hours earlier and write until it was time to go to work.

One famous woman writer is at her typewriter eight hours a day for six weeks at a time; for two weeks then, she never goes near her desk, but talks, reads, sees her friends and renews her interest in living. Her output is enormous, and since she has the good sense and ready intelligence to get back continually to the common life where she can find out what men and women she writes for are interested in, she could readily sell twice as much as she is able to finish.

The writer of any grade is under an obligation to see a little more clearly, think a little more deeply, have a truer sense of form and balance than the average busy reader has time for. It is precisely when he is able to interpret our life, give us a running commentary on social trends, show us how and why we live and feel and think as we do, that his rewards are most certain.

WORLD PEACE

"The United States of Europe"—that is the name which our greatest statesmen anticipate. That alone, they say, will save Europe from ultimate destruction. Too long have the minor kingdoms contributed to a state of eternal political unrest. This confederation must come comparatively soon, possibly even within our lifetime, but what will bring it about? What can dissolve the mistrust existing between these foreign nations?

What part will aviation play in furthering a spirit of amity between the nations of Europe? The good-will trips, between the United States and South America have succeeded in bringing us much closer, and will probably be followed by a more widespread business relationship. But the distance was the only obstacle to closer connection between the two countries, while European countries have always been antagonistic in spite of—or possibly because of—their contiguity. However, Europe is far ahead of us in aerial transportation. With this swift communication it is inevitable that more Europeans learn each other's languages and customs.

Although there may not be a greater spirit of friendship in Europe for many years to come, the people must realize that cooperation is essential, and be willing to make some concessions which they now refuse to undertake.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

THE MORTGAGES OF TWIN PINES JUNCTION

Cy Junkins, worthy proprietor of the general store at Twin Pines Junction, yawned; John Drake yawned. Even Agamemnon, the hound, yawned, but not Ed Barnes, for he was sound asleep.

"Yes," drawled Cy Junkins, surveying the noble array of talent on the front steps of his establishment. "There's not an uglier critter in Maine, for sartain, than that there old Jeb Griften. Says he'll foreclose the mortgage on Ted Plaisted's farm next Wednesday." Smoothing down his white apron over his rotund form and caressing a shining, bald head he continued, "After Ted proving he was getting the returns from his 'tater crop in two weeks."

"The scoundrel!" John Drake, the village blacksmith, scowled. "He's lived up in them there woods, in his tar-paper shack for nigh thirty years. Last fall I had to sell my best drayhorse Richard the Third, to pay off my mortgage interest." Saying this he spat viciously at Agamemnon who, nonplussed, slunk off into an adjoining shed.

"I reckon we are all pretty much in the same boat," spoke up the elder Pickering, stroking a grey, stubby beard. "He's got a mortgage on near every farm 'round these parts. Got 'em seven years ago. Crops had failed for three seasons running and everybody were 'bout done up as for money. It was mortgages or starve. Half of us ain't got rid of 'em yet."

"They say," interposed the younger Pickering, a typical lank, long-headed Yankee, garbed in blue, patched overalls, "he's got enough money in that there shack of his to buy out all of Twin Pines Junction."

Ed Barnes, waking up, made an elusive feint at a very persevering horse-fly and sleepily murmured, "He's dammed the stream that runs across my land. It goes through part of his wilderness and now he's got it running into an ice pond he has thereabouts. My cattle in the upper pasture have to come all the way to the barn for water; stream bed dried up."

"The critter ought to be shot!" The blacksmith hammered ferociously an imaginary horseshoe on his knee with a hairy fish.

"He nearly was," mildly remarked Cy Junkins. "I've heard said he deserted from the army during the Civil War. Always afraid he would be recognized by some army officer and court-martialled and shot. Even changed his name; Jeb Griften's not his real name."

"Perhaps," mused the senior Pickering "if he saw a soldier he'd clear out."

(Continued on Page 6)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

Ignorance is the curse of the world and disbelief runs a close second. Together they constitute prejudice which, combined with an unusually critical nature, makes one so biased in his convictions that it is almost impossible to alter his views. On the question of supernatural phenomena I plead guilty to a full portion of all three, with all their variations and meanings. Tales of ghosts creeping through mossy-tombed church yards, wailing spirits haunting old houses and more playful apparitions mischievously flinging the furniture about one's room had always been sources of unlimited amusement to me. Needless to state, my knowledge of the subject had been confined to the unquestionably material pages of books. Even as a young boy, at about the same age that I realized Santa Claus and Little Red Riding Hood were mythical characters, I had pigeonholed ghosts of all varieties and times as even more mythical beings, mere contortions of ink on paper, nothing more. Perhaps my intellect could operate no further on the subject, or possibly I was one of those skeptical individuals who have to practically bring their five senses into play before they can admit a thing is so. Be that as it may, my sense of propriety was most shocking to the ghost devotee, one even predicting that my scathing tongue would be shortened by several inches if not stilled for good by these same spirits whom I now ridiculed. This ominous foreboding furnished me a hearty laugh but I solemnly assured the ruffled worthy that, if I was so fortunate as to meet a Bogey man or ghost of any description, I would promptly fetch the critter home in a meal sack and sell him to a circus.

Little did I think, therefore, when a short time later boarding a train at Boston, bent on a month's vacation in the White Mountains, one drizzly Fall afternoon, that long before the first day had expired I would be converted into such a nervous skittish creature that I would shy at a falling leaf and on no account enter an empty house after nightfall.

As I stepped from the cramped, stuffy train at an extremely rural and deserted railroad station, near the base of one of the highest of the White Mountains, my attention was attracted by an elderly man walking on the railroad tracks to a point of woods farther up the mountain. A person less experienced in the judgment of human nature would have instantly branded him as a tramp, footsore and weary, plodding alone in the hope of gaining entrance to some open frieight car by eluding the vigilance of the brakemen. To me however, a lawyer, trained as

(Continued on next page)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

I am to read people at a glance, he presented another aspect. Although he was over twenty rods away and partially hidden by the swirling clouds of mist, I saw him as a respectable old gentleman, garbed in old fashioned but neat and well tailored attire, with the bearing of one born to command his fellow man and above all the haughty manner of the dignified aristocrat. As the lumbering, creaking train, with the engine panting and choking, painfully made its way up the grade, he disdainfully raised his head and stepped off the track.

Man instinctively seeks companionship and when is the need of this so great as on a cold and frosty night with the moon hidden behind banks of grey scudding clouds, the gusty rain sweeping in sheets before and about you and the sad Autumn wind sighing and wailing through the guant bare trees?

Leaving the station platform, I set off down the tracks. True, my destination could have been more readily reached by the roadway but remembering that bears, bobcats and moose were numerous hereabouts and that it was the month of the "Mad Moon" for these animals, I decided it would be more pleasant to accompany the old gentleman.

By this time the train had disappeared from view, its shrieking whistle only rending the stillness of the night with powerful blasts which, gradually dying away among the black shrouded hills, sounded so dismal and weird that my cheerful spirits were dampened to such an extent that I heartily wished I was home. The dim kerosene lamp at the station shed its feeble blinking rays only a few feet and as I walked it gradually reduced to a pale yellow winking eye, scarcely perceptible, then, with a flutter was gone. Running along between the tracks, I was confident of at least within a few moments overtaking my fellow track walker. Thus I continued for upwards of half a mile but still the welcome thud of his feet and the rattling of displaced stones was not heard. I shouted and whistled and ran the faster, faster by far than any man of his advanced age could run. Then the probable solution to the problem struck me and I was ashamed at not having thought of it before. He had, without doubt, as soon as the train had passed left the tracks

(Continued on Page 6)

DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLUB

On April 2nd our Domestic Science Club entertained the corresponding organization from Newton, of a delegation of thirty girls and two teachers arrived at about half-past three and were conducted around the school. Esther Graham, Elizabeth Walsh, Elly Kassman and Eleanor O'Hare recited, sang and played respectively.

Tea was served afterwards in the Domestic Science room.

ON THE GRIDIRON

Do athletics receive too much emphasis in modern school life? When anyone inexperienced in football activities answers this affirmatively his reply calls forth from a man who has seen the personal value of being a participant on the gridiron an inner response of this sort, "How much that man has missed!" At least, it was this way with Red Reynolds.

Red, after a fair school record, had entered Brown with a few dreams—not of Phi Beta Kappa, especially, although he hoped to earn a degree creditably—but, rather, he envisioned himself as sometime playing on the football squad that represented his Alma Mater. He remotely pictured himself chasing a football at the Harvard Stadium, a most natural thought of any New Englander who had known that battle ground all through his boyhood either from reading or even seeing some of the contests.

In his Freshman year, however, things looked pretty dubious until, in the spring, he suddenly realized that he would have to make the initial effort, that Noone would pick him out and say, "Here, step forth, and wear the 'B'." He volunteered for football practise, and the enthusiasm for that game, without any particular recognition of athletic ability, so far as he observed then, was actually what gave him recognition enough to be called out for football the next fall. This was his "lead."

The autumn work-out started with vigor; and with it came strict rules of training. These any reasonable person would accept as basic to success, for the necessity of quick recovery after a siege showed the importance of building resistance through normal, regular observance of health laws set by the coach. He had to learn, too, a military obedience to orders. The coach was developing a "company" to meet the foe, and no "company" manoevres successfully without following its leader.

One afternoon before the Lehigh game, when the man who usually kicked off was missing, the coach called, "Red, show what you can do." Knowing that his moment had come, that if he made good then, he'd wear a "B", before he had an "A. B.", he sent the pig-skin sixty yards! The second time, it sped 58 at least; the third time, his kick equalled the first. He was sure, from then on, that if he got the best out of the scrub work that year he'd have more than a fair chance of taking the place of the tackle who was leav-

(Continued on Page 4)

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By Evelyn Ellis

Have faith in Massachusetts! there she stands today,
Belov'd of all our hearts, from the Berkshires to the Bay;
Port of the Pilgrims, homeland of their love,
Founded in freedom and trust in God above.
O Lord, make us worthy a heritage so great!
God save our Commonwealth, the glorious Old Bay State!
Have faith in Massachusetts! hold the vision high!
Patriotism, courage,—never let them die;
True to our Country, ready at her call,
We pledge our allegiance to one flag for all.
O Lord, make us worthy a heritage so great!
God save our Commonwealth, the glorious Old Bay State!

GIRLS' LEAGUE

(Continued from Page 1)

The first scene represented was from England, the next from Spain, both presented with the cooperation of Miss Haskell. The scene from Sweden consisted of the characteristic dance around a Christmas tree. Jane Miller contributed a graceful pantomime in Grecian costume, which was followed by a representative scene from France, a peasant's dance. One of the members of the Freshman class gave a very fascinating and appropriate recitation in this act.

The ensuing Hollandish act was "too perfectly adorable" from the wooden shoes to the windmills. However, the Japanese act was quite as entertaining because in it the characters spoke genuine Japanese. (At least that's what the program said.) The Russian scene, given entirely in Russian (you'll have to take that on faith, too) included a chorus of Russian songs and a native dance. The final act was a scene in Virginia with two little Topsies and a lot of Aunt Jemima's.

As a final windup the audience and entertainers joined in the singing of several old favorites, under the direction of Ruth Tannen.

"Where are you going to eat?"
"Let's eat up the street."
"Aw, no: I don't like asphalt."

* * *

A woman is as strong as her weakest wink.

THE MORTGAGE OF TWIN PINES JUNCTION

(Continued on Page 4)

"I'm afraid not." The younger Pickering, drawing an apple from his pocket, skillfully quartered it and continued. "What he's afraid of now is memories; blue-jacketed Federals, not modern soldiers."

Cy Junkins blinked reproachfully at the sun which was converting a fine box of tallow candles in his window into jelly and wiping his heated brow with a fiery, red bandana, shooed, from the doorway, a clucking hen which seemed intent on laying an egg in the sugar-barrel.

For a moment silence prevailed; that thick, ominous quietude which portends the birth of a new idea. Suddenly John Drake, glaring exultantly through his sooty mask, leapt up and exclaiming, "I've got it!", smote his hands together so resoundingly that a goose which was dozing precariously on the rim of the horse trough lost its balance and fell into the water amidst a barrage of "fowl" oaths.

"I reckon we can get rid of Griften yet," thundered the blacksmith. "Rig outselves up and masquerade as Federal soldiers. We can get the duds over at Portsmouth."

Such a brilliant idea could not but be unanimously accepted and accordingly three days later an imposing squad of four soldiers of 1861 set off up the road to Jeb Griften's. Three flashing privates with rifles and Cy Junkins displaying a glittering sword comprised the company.

Masquerade outfits are not meant for use in matted, blackberry thickets beneath a mid-summer sun, so it is not remarkable that on reaching their destination, after an hour's tramp, our four campaigners minutely resembled refugees from the battlefront.

Without more ado Colonel Junkins strode up to the small oblong shack, nestled in the midst of a forest of tall pines and hammered vigorously on the weatherbeaten door. Almost immediately it was thrust open by a bowed, wizened old man dressed in a highly ingenious affair of patched rags. He was indescribably repulsive and scrawny and as he tottered forth into the filtering sunlight, his long, white hair straggling over his mummy-like head, the Colonel began to lack the fortitude of a soldier and stumbled clumsily backward.

On recognizing the atire, but not the persons, of his visitors the old miser staggered forward and endeavored to stand erect, effected a military salute which was not returned by the soldiery. "Sir!" spoke the perspiring Colonel sternly. "I charge you with desertion from the Army of the Republic."

The victim shuddered and lifting his yellow claws appealingly, whined, "I have money gentlemen. Gold! I will fill your pockets with gold, gentlemen, if you will but leave me and go away." Here he grasped the Colonel's coat hem and wrung it despairingly. A thousand dollars for each of the soldiers and two thousand for you sir. No? Double that! Oh sir!"

At length the soldiers were induced to enter the hovel where doubtless the treasonous parley continued.

One morning soon after this, while at the breakfast table, Ted Plaisted received a letter from a neighboring town bank acquainting him with the fact that they now held his farm mortgage and would, with pleasure, give him an extra month to pay the interest due.

His eyes wandered to the road where the Pickerings were passing with their new mowing machine; a piece of machinery so expensive that its arrival at Twin Pines Junction had caused countryside conjecture.

A tear spattered on Ted Plaisted's plate and raising his head he faltered huskily to his wife, "I knew the angels would take Jeb Griften from us, Beth."

The End

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 5)

and set off across a field which ran parallel with the village. Slowing down my pace, which was fast tiring me and breathing spasmodically from my efforts, I stopped to take note of my surroundings. The speed I had held for the last twenty minutes had probably taken me at least three miles from the station. To the south stretched the tracks, gradually merging into one, to the east and west rose dense forest, seemingly trying to rush together engulfing the puny works of man's civilization and held back only by the barbed wire fences with the white-washed posts standing at intervals; sentinels retarding the forest from fulfilling its desires. To the north the scene was the same; dreary, desolate and dead, its ghostliness of quiet and immobility heightened by the wind-beaten rain and the banks of grey slowly advancing and retreating; rushing forward then dispersing like bands of hobgoblins or elfs. For the first time in my life the fear of the supernatural rose within me. I knew not what I feared but as the primitive savage salaams in mortal terror at the full moon, so I shrank from the forms of the birches that flanked the rails on either side and waving their long white arms, seemed to be contemplating acts of violence to my person.

My friend's camp, which I was to visit, lay eight miles from the station; seven miles on the main line tracks and one mile up a siding which in past years had been the property of a lumber concern. Walking in strides that practically constituted running, I vainly tried to assure myself that it was only nervousness which was causing me such nameless fright and uneasiness. I continued on for almost an hour, until, tripping over a switch and intersecting rails, I knew I had reached the siding. Contrary to what I had expected as I began the last lap of my journey over the rotted ties and warped, rusted tracks, of the siding, I felt if anything, more uneasy and frightened than before. Thicker and blacker grew the woods. Rambling bushes and clumps of rank weeds growing between the tracks hindered my progress considerably. My mind, due to the rather morbid surroundings, may have been charged with suspicion and developed a propensity for turning the most unawesome and trivial details of the scene into objects inspiring profound fear. At any rate glancing ahead trying to discern the lights of the camp, I was suddenly rendered as incapable of motion as if transfixed by a charge of electricity.

(Continued next issue)

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ON THE GRIDIRON

(Continued on Page 5)

ing the next year. He worked! And, strange to say, his scholastic record began to rise a little. There's something in athletic hope that makes one write themes better or answer history quizzes with more accuracy.

In the first game of his Junior year, Red was on the team. He had his first chance to feel the conflict with a college team, and wondered if he would be equal to the competition. But, in that and the following game, both victories, it happened; he sensed little difference from preparatory school games. But in the third was a definite challenge. Washington and Jefferson had won laurels on the western coast, and having some All-American players, they were a real foe. Brown, too, had prestige for the team had beaten Harvard the previous fall and the opposing team looked for no easy contest.

On the way down the Brown team decided to improve their appearance by removing a most cherished moustache from one of the men but unlike Samson's loss of hair, this seemed to make no special difference to their power. At Washington, Pennsylvania, they were most cordially entertained by a group of the opponents' alumni, who supported their team. A comradeship developed which characterized the whole game and proved that there can be a very high type of rivalry without spying or hostility. The whole village was keyed up for the battle; and a portion of the stands, given free to the children sent forth under their juvenile leaders as inspiring cheers as the more seasoned cheering section of Washington and Jefferson. Brown lost, with a score of 12-7, but they left there knowing they had met a powerful team. People talked, however, for a long time of the sportsmanship and clean hard playing of both sides. Red had learned for himself that much can be gained in football in being a good loser as well as a triumphant victor.

Other chances came; also to see friendliness between opposing teams. Once in a Yale game it looked as though Brown would win 3-0 up to the last five minutes. Yale had used many substitutes and Brown few. Red had stayed in up to the very end when he was taken out. Meeting a Yale tackle who was returning to the game, Red's disappointed look struck the Yale man, and he called to him "What do you care? I've been watching you playing. You've done enough! "It's this sort of thing that makes the game something deeper than mere football. Those last five minutes lost the game for Brown, but Red had something added to his background of experiences.

Red's Senior year brought him to the Harvard Stadium. He knew how many friends from home would be there, that Harvard had more men, more coaches, more rooters, and everything depended on the fight Brown put into the game. Red's kick-off went over the goal, an auspicious beginning that steeled the team; and when Brown came through with victory. Red had surely seen his dream a reality. Is it any wonder that his marks that year took a jump?

When you hear a man say that athletics receive too much emphasis in schools and colleges, consider the remark ridiculous!

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Her: Well, how did you find the orchestra?

Him: Paul Whiteman stepped aside and there it was.

* * *

He: Your petticoat shows.

She (snootily): What does it show?

He: That you're old-fashioned.

* * *

"I wonder why lobsters are red?"

"If you were in a glass case without any clothes, you'd be red too."

* * *

"What's that freshman so stuck-up about."

"Sh! Haven't you heard? They say he gave the football captain the measles.

* * *

"Go," said the landlady, "and never darken my bathtub again."

* * *

The Height of Laziness

The college boy who is too lazy to write home for money.

* * *

She was only the absent-minded professor's daughter, but she never forgot herself.

* * *

The hooch at the Phi House should be good; it has everything in its flavor.

* * *

"What's this, a game?" shouted the irate little Chap as he received his ninth Checker set on his birthday.

* * *

Lady (in a pet store): "I like this dog, but his legs are too short."

Salesman: "Too short! Why Madam, they all four reach the floor."

* * *

Him: Men of my type are not running loose.

Her: Of course not, that is what the police department is for.

* * *

Senio:: "I'll give you a hundred dollars to do my worrying for me.

Frosh! Great! Where's the hundred?

Senior: That's your first worry.

* * *

Tramp: Please, mum, Could I have a dollar?

Lady: What for?

Tramp: I want to start a bank account.

Prof.: How many times have I told you to be to class on time?

Student: I don't know. I thought you were keeping score.

* * *

English teacher: Do you think it is correct to say, "He summers in the country"?

Pupil: Why not? You can say, "He falls in the mud," or "he springs in the water."

* * *

"O, wad some power the giftie give us
To see oursels as ithers see us.
But how much better if by spells
Ithers could see us as we see oursels."

* * *

Irritable Husband (to wife driving in nail:) However, do you expect to drive a nail in the wall with a clothes brush? For goodness sakes use your head.

* * *

1st Friend: Something is praying on poor Dick's mind.

2nd Friend: Don't worry; it will die of starvation.

* * *

Then there was the Scotchman who would only let his boy have one measle at a time.

* * *

"I have a suit for every day of the week."

"Let's see them."

"This is it."

* * *

"Why is a woman like a piano?"

"I'll bite."

"You can't play them without a roll."

* * *

Chuck: Why are you eating those tacks?

Hen: I'm going to lay a carpet.

* * *

Mc: I read a good Scotch joke today.

Mac: Who gave you the magazine?

* * *

Did you hear of the frosh who walked through the new art museum and stepping in front of a mirror exclaimed, "It must be a Rembrandt"?

* * *

"I wouldn't touch that girl with a ten foot pole."

"Neither would I. I'd use my hands."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

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Each day at 1:30 begin the trial exams for the three hour grinds at the end of June,—the trials which are the despair of the clever,—the drudge of the dull.

The Freshmen should grasp this opportunity to contract the features of the face in such a manner as to express pleasure, for when they are promoted with the years they may never again have the chance. The Sophomores may even delight in snickering—now, but no more do the worldly Juniors take satisfaction in trampling those worthy inferiors,—no more do the Seniors rejoice in the thought of graduation, or rather in the thought of what

(continued on Page 2)

SPORT JOTTINGS

"Johnnie" Hyland has been elected captain of the swimming team. He churned the foam in the 100-yard and 200-yard dashes and the relay team for our championship aggregation this past winter.

In recognition for faithful work and also for winning the championship in the Meehan competition, the following men have been given gold medals suitably inscribed: Martin Ford, captain; John Hyland, captain-elect; John Couttes, Donald Broadbent, Wm. Hyland, Andrew Conway, Rockwell Gray, Cuthbert Richards, Preston Woodlock, Frederick L. Woodlock, Jr., John Steele, Irving Nisson, Paul Bencks, Manager Ralph Shikes, Coach James McNamara, and Faculty Manager Frederick L. Woodlock.

Track letters have been awarded to John Badaracco, captain; Dana Smith, Peter Racheotes, Dave Barrie, Harry Fink, Al LoCascio, Eddie Duane, Eddie Lebowich, Donald Blunt, Ben Hootstein, Francis Hall, Richard Hartigan, Winchester Dermody, Morgan O'Neil, and Manager Joe Bogoshean.

With baseball on the lips of everyone it is interesting to note that the four bat boys for the Braves are Brookline "freshies". They are "Eddie" Rae, "Howie" Gordon, George Kaplan and "Bernie" Covitch.

Winner of Sagamore Short Story Contest Announced on Page 4

ELECTRICITY ASSEMBLY

The assembly of Tuesday April 23 was as interesting as it was educational. Mr. Packard, the head of the science department was in charge, and introduced Miss Frances Hardy Huntington, who is affiliated with the Edison Electric Company. Miss Huntington told of the wonders of electricity.

A moving picture "More Power To You", was projected after Miss Huntington's, interesting address. This cinema showed the rise and development of the electric light industry, which was established approximately fifty years ago in Boston. An important and interesting detail was the showing of the equipment of the most recently built plant at Weymouth.

GIRLS' LEAGUE RECEPTION TO GRAMMAR SHOOL GIRLS

On Friday, April 26, a reception and an entertainment were presented to the 8th grade girls and their mothers by the Home Life Committee of the Teacher's Club and by the Girls' League.

The B. H. S. Orchestra played an overture after which Betty Richey, president of the League, said a few words. Then followed two acts which had been presented at the Freshman Party. The first, a Japanese Tea, in which were Samiko Yotauama, Zelda Price, Almo Schmank, and Ethel Lesenberg, was made very colorful by the beautiful Japanese costumes and the gorgeous Japanese screens.

The second act, the Dutch scene, was made realistic by a windmill, a dyke, and wooden shoes. This was presented by Ruth Friedman and Miriam Herwitz, assisted by Mary Richardson, Elizabeth McMullen, and Grace Higher. Following this, Ellie Kassman played Chopin's "Nocturne in F Minor," and "Hamoresque" by Tchaikovsky.

Mr. Akers spoke to the future freshmen about the High School routine, the scholarships, and other points that will be of assistance to them when they come to B. H. S. next year.

Miss Barnes, chairman of the Home Life Committee, welcomed the eighth grades and introduced Mrs. Lucy J. Franklin, Dean of Women in Boston University.

Mrs. Franklin gave us her frank opinion of the "Younger Generation", urged that "future happiness should not be sacrificed for present pleasure."

SOMERVILLE

On April 24, Brookline was shut out, 4-0 by Somerville in the first Suburban League game.

Only six hits were made during the entire fray. Andy Madden, one of last year's Freshmen twirlers, allowed three hits, while the same number was made off Hall who pitched an excellent game for Somerville. Andy, after a bad first inning, settled down and struck out nine Somerville men before the eighth inning, while Hall, who was given very good support by the Somerville team downed only five, but gave one base on balls as compared to Madden's nine. Brookline made three errors, Somerville, two.

In the first inning, Andy was very unsettled. After five men had been walked and two put out, thus forming in two runs, Coach Fitzgerald put him in the outfield and let Micky O'Neil strike out the third man. In the second Madden was put back in the box. During the next seven innings, Larkin, Fleming, and Longmoure made singles for Brookline, but since these came in various innings, they were of no avail.

In the eighth inning, Somerville made two more runs, Perry singled, Foote followed with another, put Perry on third, and a little later, Hall helped win his own ballgame by driving a single that scored both Perry and Foote.

In the ninth inning, Graham's beautiful running catch of Larkin's hard-hit drive ended the game.

BROOKLINE-LAWRENCE BASEBALL

On April 19, Brookline played its first game of the season at Lawrence, since all games scheduled for the last two weeks had to be postponed owing to the weather. We were beaten, 3-2, after staging a spectacular ninth inning rally in which two runs were scored. Lorry Noonan pitched a good game, striking out ten and allowing seven hits, while McConisky, Lawrence's twirler fanned seven and allowed five hits. Both teams played, for the most part, a reliable brand of baseball. Brookline made only two errors and Lawrence, three.

Nothing of great interest happened until the third inning of the game, when Lorry Noonan smashed a double out to left field, but was left on base.

During the next two innings, Salach and Learmouth of Lawrence both hit singles. Lawrence made her first run in the sixth inning when Sullivan, who had walked came home on singles by McConisky and Salach. In the eighth, Lawrence scored the winning runs. Sullivan, who had again walked, was brought home on singles by McConisky

(Continued on Page 3)

BROOKLINE NINE DEFEATS RINDGE TEAM

Brookline's First Win in Suburban League Baseball

FINAL SCORE STANDS 2-0

Red and Blue Players Make But One Error in Whole Game

On Saturday, April 27, the Brookline High School baseball team won over the Rindge Technical nine to gain its first Suburban League victory of the season. Tom Noonan, pitching for Brookline, made six strike-outs to his opponent's two. Both hurlers allowed five men to walk. Brookline's two runs were made in the third inning on errors. Racheotes was out at second when Noonan's bunt was thrown there by the pitcher. Murphy was passed and when Mickey O'Neil grouded out, both runners advanced. Noonan scored when the Tech third baseman made an error with a ball hit by Dexter. Larkin grounded to second and Murphy scored on Deluse's poor playing. The now wary Rindge team prevented any more scoring by Fitzgerald's boys and made two double plays in the seventh and eighth innings. The Rindge nine came near scoring in the seventh when William Burke tried to cross the rubber on Westburg's hit to centerfield but he was thrown out. Brookline made only one double play. Racheotes to Dexter to Fleming, the catcher, but there was only one error by our team.

Coach Fitzgerald says that this year's team is the best in many seasons and it looks as though Brookline has a good chance to capture the Suburban League Title.

RETROSPECT

May 1904—25 years ago.

Brookline High is again to be represented in The Interscholastic Rowing Association.

Richard Floyd '05 elected Basketball captain for 1905.

High School Baseball team scores five consecutive victories by defeating: Cambridge, Mechanics Arts, Alumni, Noble and Greenough and Arlington.

J. Murray Kay elocution prize contest preliminaries announced for May 26.

May 1914—15 years ago

Preliminaries for annual prize speaking held Wednesday April 22.

Dramatics cast gives a dance in Shailer Hall on the evening of May 1.

New lunch counter system, under the direction of Miss Walker, found successful.

Brookline opens successful ball season by defeating Harvard '17, Tech '17 and Woburn.

R Colyum

Everytime that I sit down to write this——column I thank heaven that the Sagamore is not a daily.

* * *

Since Al LoCascio got his new roadster, he has certainly gone air-minded. He has joined the Brookline Aero Club, and the N. A. A. and is on the Club Booth Committee.

* * *

If Mr. Akers would let him land on the roof, maybe he would come in an airplane.

* * *

If you have never read Dickens, maybe you think that the title "Retrospect" on the editor's column is original.

* * *

Al LoCascio's moustache has nothing on Joe Melhado's side-burns.

* * *

Did you notice how Mr. Harbour was "pushing" the work of his Seniors in the last edition?

* * *

According to Mr. Kepner, Dave Barrie will have to buy a lot of airplanes.

* * *

There is Mr. Heydler of the National League, Mr. Barner of the American League, and Betty Richey of the Girl's League.

* * *

We won't mention the editor's moustache, because it isn't worth mentionning.

* * *

Have you heard the latest song "The winter is ended but school still lingers on."?

* * *

She was only a fly-caster's daughter but she certainly could "throw a mean line."

* * *

Who was this girl, Sally, that Ceasar's soldiers were always trying to "make"?

* * *

A cat can look at a king but he can't get into a moving picture show.

* * *

Wise Guy: Gee, but you are getting bald, Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor: That's all right—if my head was as small as yours, I'd have enough hair to cover it.

* * *

Oh that they would call off the college boards as they did the Mid-years.

* * *

What's become of the girl's sororities and their playful antics around the lunch-room?

* * *

Don't let anybody tell you different it was George Mason who was standing under the nose of the new airplane, trying to catch the dripping champagne.

* * *

Miss Nasmyth stands in her doorway now, and shakes hands with all the celebrities as they come in.

COLLEGE BOARDS

(Continued from Page 1)

follows it. For who knows what the morrow may bring forth?

The showdown is here after two or three years of high school experience. The time is here when the prayers of each individual are earnest, pleading, and with this time Dame Worry also puts in her unwelcome appearance.

The mathematician grins at the person the bane of whose existence is mathematics, but kindly notice how that note of derision is completely out of evidence when its owner shuffles into a Latin, English or History examination. No one can afford to laugh, for what is medecine for one man is poison for the next, and everyone is entitled to his share of poison.

The pity of the whole affair is that one is given three hours to flunk an exam, when he could do so just as well in the short time of thirty minutes.

Those who try these exams begin them with a feeling of enviable, but uncensurable confidence, which, as the hours wear on, automatically changes to one of mingled anxiety and doubt.

When the papers are returned many are crestfallen, many are still hopeful, some are even exuberant.

And so, if in passing any of the rooms after school hours, you hear groans of uncontrollable agony, don't rush in, as no reward is offered in case of rescue.

GIRLS' SPORTS

The weather has allowed only intermittent outdoor sports, but the belated sunshine has permitted the new spring schedule of girls' athletics.

Track

The Paavo Nurmi's and Johnny Miles—of the fair sex meet on Monday to go through grilling workouts, breathless high jumps, tremendous broad jumps, and throws of both javelin and basketball worthy of any Ajax. There will be an individual meet the last week in May in which "every man will be for himself." All the participants will receive a class letter.

Tennis

Tennis is being stressed greatly this spring with practice three times a week. Monday, we are extremely fortunate to have Mrs. Whiteman, to aid us in perfecting strokes and returns. This group meets at Miss May's courts. There is elementary tennis for beginners on Tuesday at both Dean Road Courts and Miss May's. Thursday there is practice for more advanced players at Dean Road.

Baseball

The "queens of swat" meet on Fridays to practice the national game. There will be class teams chosen. From the looks of the aspirants, there will be some very exciting games.

Daily rehearsals for the class day dance have now begun.

ALUMNI NOTES

Mr. Karl Shedd, a former graduate of Brookline High is now a teacher at Boston University. Mr. Shedd teaches Spanish and French. Formerly, he taught in California.

Miss Florence Keywood '28 has returned to Brookline—after spending the Christmas holidays abroad. She plans to make Nottingham, England, her permanent address after May st.

"Bob" Currier '28 is launched on a business career at a Boston concern.

Robert Goldman '27 is also a member of the business world.

Miss Edith Colby '25 has recently announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Drew of Canton, Mass.

Miss Marion Colby '22 is at present in New York, where she has found employment and is also attending a special course at the New York State University. She is planning to spend the holiday week in Brookline.

Miss Dorothy Colby '23 is employed as a secretary at the Harvard Medical School.

Miss Sarah Louise Price '25 has recently married.

Henry Horn, '18, now with the National Cash Register Co., has been moved to Newark N. J. to be in charge of the office there.

Beverly Reimer, '27, is now at the Boston University College of Liberal Arts, and hopes to reënter Ohio Wesleyan next year.

Priscilla Cowper Fortescue, '21, has been broadcasting, through W. N. A. C. a series book reports and readings every Thursday morning.

Audrey Griffin, '22 is teaching in Salem, Mass.

Olivan Tolman, '28 is at Katherine Gibbs School.

Margaret Bigelow, '28, is connected with the laboratory at Greenwich Lodge, Greenwich, Ct.

Herbert S. Woods, '27 is now among the undergraduates of the University of Pennsylvania selected as members of the Varsity Ice-Hockey Squad of the University for the current season. Woods is now a Sophomore in the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, where he is taking the general course. He is a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity.

Arnold Ackiss '27, has recently been elected Director of the Employment Bureau of the Technology Christian Association at M. I. T.

Marvin Chandler, a member of the Freshman class at Dartmouth, was recently awarded his class numerals for football.

Among the students at the Suffolk Law School we find fourteen former students of Brookline High. In the Freshman class are Robert Cook '16 and John Donohue '25; in the Sophomore class are Joseph Driscoll, David Goldin, Harold Levi and James Rhodes, all of '27; in the Junior class are John Hooban and George Kelly '20, Thomas Leary '01, Samuel Siegel '26, and Myer Wolf '25; while among the Seniors are Greenough Abbe '20 Thomas Cannon and Alfred Ullian '25.

Recent Books—

Munro "Flamingo Feather."
Weyman "Red Cockade."
Hugo "Toilers of the Sea."
Deland "Old Chester Tales."
Ernst "What Shall I Be?" Open roads for young men.
Holland "Historic Airships."

Recent magazine articles—
World's Work for April.

"The Noise Movie Revolution." An article on the "talkies" by R. E. MacAlarney.

"Unsinkable Ships" by C. J. Post.

The hazards of sea travel reduced to the vanishing point.

In "World's Work" for January.

"This Business of Books" by A. E. Horton, a famous book collector.

In "English Journal" for March.

"The Library and the Student" by L. R. Leonard.

Now that Spring house cleaning time is here, look around and see of you can find any library books at the bottom of your closet or in one of your bureau drawers!!

FRENCH CLUB MEETS

"Le Cercle Francais" held its monthly meeting in the Auditorium on Tuesday, April 23.

The entertainment consisted of the miscellaneous contributions of several talented members of the club. The first number on the program was a characteristic French song and dance given by a group of Freshman girls and boys.

A very clever play entitled "The Lecon de Prononciation" was then presented by some Sophomore students in Miss Gardner's classes. It concerned an unfortunate girl who, each time that she opened her mouth, "put her foot in it," thus, to her chagrin, making it enormously large.

The club had the unusual treat of hearing a French lad, Amiel Lombrey, speak on "Debussy," the French composer. Elly Kassman, our young prodigy, gave an appropriate piano selection by Debussy and a very delightful encore. Dorothy Gay contributed a humorous recitation in French which involved a conversation over the telephone, and, incidentally, a verbal sparring match with the telephone operator. Miriam Hurwitz, Ruth Friedman, and Jane Miller sang four little French songs, in costume.

The final features were two charades given by a few students in Miss Ricker's Sophomore classes.

And last but not least, the audience flocked down into the lunchroom for the customary glace.

Teacher—Give me a sentence with the words 'inventor."

Abie—Inventor I wear flannels.

AUDITORIUM WELL FILLED AT ROOSEVELT CELEBRATION

On Thursday, April 11, in both afternoon and evening, the Brookline Patriots' Day Committee, headed by Mr. John V. Jewett, presented a varied program of music, motion pictures and speeches.

The High School Orchestra opened the program with a patriotic medley. In the evening this was followed by American Ballads sung by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. These ballads, which were one of the highspots of the evening's entertainment, ranged from "Yankee Doodle", of the Revolutionary period, to "Madelon," from the period of the World War.

A playlet entitled: "Roosvelt Liberty's Immortal" was presented by the pupils of the Runkle School. This proved to be a series of speeches introduced and summed up by Evelyn Greenspan as Liberty.

Following the playlet a film, a Y. M. C. A. release of the Panama Canal was shown. This picture showed the work on the canal, President Roosevelt, Geo. W. Goethals, engineer in charge and W. C. Gorgas, chief medical officer from 1904 to 1914.

The Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts unfurled the flag and the program closed with the audience pledging allegence to the flag, and singing America the Beautiful.

BROOKLINE-LAWRENCE BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 4)

and O'Brien, and Salach, who had made first on a fielder's choice, came home on a wild pitch. In the ninth inning, Brookline by a sudden rally, almost tied the score. Longmore pinch-hitting for Woodlock, hit a single, and was advanced to third by Larkin, who drove a double out to center field. Dexter hit a single and scored Longmore and Larkin, but, unfortunately, he overran the base and was put out.

Nevertheless, this game did show one thing—that out team has real fighting spirit.

The line-up was as follows.

BROOKLINE	LAWRENCE
Murphy, 2b	Salach 1f
Woodlock 3b	O'Brien cf
Larkin rf	Linahan 3b
Flemming c	Motal 2b
M. Dexter ss	Learmouth rf
Lebowitch 1b	Flagg 1b
O'Neil 1f	Mitchell ss
Racheotes cf	Sullivan c
Noonan p	McConisky p

Madden pinch hitter; Longmore pinch hitter .

"Yes, old Cedric is a dumb chick, all right; but no wonder. Look at his parents."

"What is the matter with his old folks?"

"Well, the dean wrote to them telling them that their son had 16 cuts, and in the next mail Cedric got a roll of gauze and a can of adhesive tape."

RECORD STARS AT HARVARD

Eugene Record '28

In a recent meet against Andover, "Red" Record captured both the high and the low hurdles for the Harvard Freshman. He cleared the low sticks in 25 1-5s, and the high obstacles in 16 3-5s. Record was also a very valuable man in the indoor track meet last winter.

In addition to this, "Red" has a remarkable scholastic standing, having been granted a scholarship at the completion of the first half-year.

A GLORIOUS SPRING

Spring is here at last, (at least.) Once again we hear the birds twittering above, and again we see the sun shine in all its glory—All ye lads and lassies have cast aside winter coats, and now go tripping about with the tender love-light in their eyes. The dandelions, which have already made their timely debut, are suffering in the hands of unappreciative boys who moan in class thus—"She loves me,—she loves me not,—she loves me," at the same time picking off the buttery petals of that well-known flower, and throwing them into any conveniently located desk.

However the young man's thoughts are fleeting.—She loves him!!—With a sigh (which men are as capable of breathing as women,) he lifts his head in lazy content, opens his optics to the world, and jumps back startled, rubs his eyes in astonishment, and pinches himself in a quest for reality. Outside an illustrious sun no longer beams, the sky is blue no more, the refreshing spring breeze is chanting its melody elsewhere, and snow,—beeeeeyutiful snow, is flitting leisurely about in the disillusioned air.

The next day arrives on time. The sun shines once more. Inches of snow are melting into nasty puddles of water. On every side heavy coats are plodding along with boys and girls inside. The young man of the day before is despondent. The dandelions are hidden. His mind contains no pleasant thought, his lips issue forth no agreeable word. He is now a confirmed enemy of Old Man Winter.

However, after another day of snow the sun again says "Hello" to a frozen populace, and before it is realized the day before the spring vacation is here.

Without, it is as beautiful—well—as beautiful as a stormy day in mid-ocean. In comparison to our rainy-day experiences, Noah's hold no excitement, in that he, at least, had a means of conveyance.

AERO FLASHES

Recently the school observed a week's vacation. The recess, however, did not include the Brookline Aero Club, as it realized several marked triumphs. Firstly, in commemoration of Boys' Aviation Week in Boston, a display of aviation pictures was loaned by the club to the Globe Theatre for exhibition. "This display brought favorable comments from hundreds of patrons," Manager Nayor told the Aero Club in his letter of thanks.

On Sunday, April 14 the inauguration ceromonies for the New York-Boston Passenger airplane service were held at the Boston Airport. At the invitation of Mr. B. A. Pollet, traffic manager of the Colonial Air Transport, Inc., operators of the route, a group of fifteen members from the Aero Club were within the restricted area.

Monday, April 15, was marked by two huge successes. Arthur Horn, vice-president of the club, made his stage debut before the footlights of the B. F. Keith Memorial Theatre. He was introduced by Big Brother, Bob Emery. Horn's model airplanes soared over the audience undaunted by steady cheers. Among the ardent rooters were two bootholders from the Brookline Aero Club; George Mason and Al LoCascio. In the evening Art Horn, George Mason, Al LoCascio, Bob Stone, Dex Wade, Charlie Wolf and Mr. Downing comprised the Aero Club's representatives at the Monster Scout Jamboree held at the Boston Garden. By the unanimous vote of the judges, the Brookline Aero Club was awarded the Aviation prize for exhibits, thus giving the Aero Club undisputed aeronautical leadership for the year in "Boy Scouts of New England" circles.

In succession to this day Saturday dawns, Sunday arrives, Monday mourns, Tuesday survives,—but then again so do Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. For the first time in a week the golden sphere of the sky puts in its appearance, this time to an advantage, considering the fact that it is April 19. No sooner do we begin to appreciate this day than Saturday is here once more, accompanied by the benevolent tears of the heavenly mourners. Sunday's arrival and departure are also in conjunction with water from the clouds, and much before time Monday and school are again with us. If it is worthy of mention, I may also add, that so is the sun. Tuesday is fine, Wednesday is elegant, Thursday—But it is useless to object to rain on a Thursday, for, unless my memory is failing me, I believe that it has rained, since the last part of 1928, on 21 successive Thursdays. Then a miracle was performed, and the 22nd Thursday was sunny. However, since that one day which was about seven weeks ago, the spirit of each Thursday has been dampened at some time from midnight to midnight.

Around the World With the Faculty

To identify the authors of the two preceding faculty columns, we call to your attention that the description of Spain was written by Miss Adams, "On the Gridiron" by Mr. Roman.

Miss Sawyer, presents a very interesting aspect of London.

One summer day in 1924 the Berengaria, largest of the Cunard fleet, sailed from New York, chartered by the American Bar Association to carry members and their families to the special meeting in London. Confetti and paper streamers covered the sides of the huge vessel, and above the cherring crowds we left behind on the pier hung an enormous banner with the message, "Bon Voyage, American Bar Association." From that time nothing was too good for us,—in the words of the ship's officers, we were the guests of the English Nation, and the Cunard Line was the representative of England during the voyage.

Once arrived in London, we found everything possible done for our entertainment by our hosts, the British and Canadian lawyers and their wives. The formal social program filled our days and nights, yet the week was so memorable that we dared not leave out any function planned for us. We may travel across the ocean many times, but never enjoy such English hospitality again. The afternoon, for instance, when we went from an organ recital in the famous Temple Church to a tea at the London home of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from there to a formal reception given by the American Ambassador and his wife, was followed by a formal banquet for the lawyers, and in the evening by a party for their families in the quaint old rooms of the Middle Temple, where we were entertained by the wife of the Solicitor General.

The Temple, you know, was once the home of the Knights Templars, but for centuries it has been the headquarters of the Bench and Bar of England. The round Temple Church dates back to 1185, and in the Middle Temple Hall, built in 1572, Shakespeare is believed to have acted in Twelfth Night. Here, too, the long table, made from an oak in Windsor Park, was the gift of Queen Elizabeth, and a smaller table was constructed from the timbers of Drake's ship. Oliver Goldsmith is buried near the Temple Church, and many a room in the old, old buildings is associated forever with some immortal name. Just a step from the bustle of Fleet Street, the Temple is one of the most interesting places in London, with its venerable church, stately buildings, spacious lawns and flower gardens, which Shakespeare knew, and which in the moonlight seem, even now, ready for the revels of a Midsummer Night's Dream. Not less interesting are Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, familiar to us all through the

(Continued on Page 5)

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

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VOL. XXXV MAY 3, 1929 NO. 13

"O PIONEERS!"

Pioneering may lack the advantage of certain comforts which come with further development, but we cannot help regretting the loss of romance which inevitably comes with that development. The sailing vessel, slow and uncertain as it was, held far more adventure than any of our modern steamships; the covered wagon pulls at imaginations more than our efficient railroads; airways atract us more than automobile roads.

Aviation has already pased the pioneer stage. It is not yet universally accepted as calmly and indifferently as in Europe, but it no longer holds the thrill of novelty and danger which formerly enhanced it.

Five years ago travel by air was a hazardous—and adventurous experience. Today it is a commonplace. Railroads run passenger planes to meet their trains; planes which give far greater comfort and luxury than any other mode of travel. There is no sensation of motion save in making the rising and landing. We sit in cushioned chairs, read, talk, play games. At the landing field a bus meets us and takes us immediately to our train. That is all. We have passed a few pleasant hours, where otherwise we would have had a longer monotonous journey by train. There is no excitement, no anxiety, in a word, no pioneering.

SAGAMORE ROOM
OPEN AT 2
DAILY

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN MR. AKERS

Because of recent newspaper criticism of our Head Master, Mr. Akers, and the statement that the student body of the High School could not have the confidence in him which they should have, we feel called upon to say that we think Mr. Akers has done the best for us that any man could do and we regret that it has ever been stated otherwise. Mr. Akers can rest assured that he will have the cooperation and hearty support of the student body in anything he may wish to undertake. We feel that an injustice has been done him in saying that he was ever anything but the kind and helpful Principal that we know him to be.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS 6-4

Crawford And Orde Seem Promising Pitchers

Last Wednesday the School of Practical Arts went down to defeat at the hands of Brookline's baseball team. Nearly the whole game was a pitchers' battle. Rising for Practical Arts and Crawford and Orde for Brookline were quite able to hold down all batters who stepped before them. It was in the eighth inning that Brookline did most of its scoring, runs being made by Murphy, Dexter, O'Niel, and Longmore.

This is Brookline's second win of the season and showed to good advantage the effect of steady practice and experience. Wednesday's game displayed a much better brand of ball than has been shown at other times.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

Prize Contest Won By James H. Boston

Prize Story

THE ROAD FROM THE BORDER

The cordon had broken! Machine guns spat their deadly venom from the ambushing forest and border patrol number 9 was no more. Heavy, shrouded trucks thundered along the unguarded mountain road and the swirling flames from the communication hut dimly outlined the bent figures of the vanguard of Roger Glackson's gang. Once more the liquor caravan had crossed the hard fought no-man's-land of the Maine border and once again heavy cargoes of poison booze were headed towards the free cities of the United States.

I gazed, horrified, from my refuge in the thicket, at the stark bodies of my recent comrades. Passionately my fingers tightened about my revolver hilt but in time I realized the futility of a sortie alone. Although I might send a few of the gangsters to their awful reward I knew I must then fall, riddled by machine gun slugs. Was the venture worth the price? The caravan would then roll on unceasingly and one more martyr would have died for the great cause of Right.

No! I realized it was my duty to stop these seven heavily laden trucks from reaching their destination but judgment needs must curb the fiery passion of hate.

The last truck passed. A curtained touring car then crested the hill and stopping to pick up the last armed guards continued after the trucks. Crisp, frosty leaves blown by a fresh mountain breeze whirled about my feet. A sheep bleated somewhere in a distant pasture and the pale Autumn sun was every moment becoming more visible through the heavy mist that clothed the eastern horizon. Impulsively I swore a silent vow before this great God of life that never should those trucks of poison booze and their accompanying guards cross the Quisibis River. Once on its farther bank I knew the troop would scatter to different routes and the poison would have been injected into the veins of the nation.

Hastily discarding my camping pack, retaining only a hatchet and sheathe knife, besides my revolver, I slunk into the woods that flanked the roadside, bent on a bitter course of guerrila warfare against the bootlegging gangsters. Running until my lungs seemed bursting, I swiftly traversed the two miles that lay betwen the border post and the logging camp of my friend Tod MacPherson. The old Scotsman would, I knew, think of some scheme to check the progress of the liquor train. Throwing my full weight against the rough-

(Continued on next page)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

James H. Boston

(Continued from last issue)

Synopsis

Although an avowed sceptic on the subject of ghosts and supernatural beings in general, I began to feel skittish and decidedly afraid when I found myself alone on a deserted side track in the midst of the New Hampshire woods. Although my friend's cabin was less than a mile away I was in a very nervous state when I suddenly saw something which transfixed me with horror.

If I did not have such a strong heart, I am quite sure, would have dropped dead instantly on viewing the sight which lay before me. What I had taken as ties had suddenly changed themselves into skeletons; hundreds of them, as far as could be seen before me, held down by the two steel rails. There they lay,—rolling from side to side in futile efforts to free themselves, stretching their parched bony arms to me in pleas of deliverance, their ghastly skulls raising and gibbering horribly and the fleshless eyepits seeming to comprehend my presence. Though half fainting from fright, a strange significance of the spectacle presented itself to me, quite unaccountably. These horrible beings seemed to be years, stretching endlessly onward, beckoning the wayfarer ahead to better things, discouraging him from stopping until at last, reaching the end of the line he too faltered and dropped down, furnishing another ghastly tie holding up the tracks of life for the train of humanity to follow on to the gates of eternity.

Recovering from my dazed stupor, I rushed madly forward which action somehow easing the congealed blood in my head caused my poor brain to operate more rationally. Gradually, the appearance of the long white line reverted to what it really was, merely a natural proceeding to be expected from ties which having been laid for nearly half a century, subject to the burning rays of the summer sun, the torrential mountain rains and the contracting and expanding in winter, had decayed to such an extent that they were literally masses of water soaked pulp. It was now plain that the terrifying illusion had been occasioned by a species of phosphorus fungi, which, shimmering and flaring against the blackness of the night, could readily be compared to writhing skeletons.

By this time, it seemed that I had come fully three miles up these branch tracks but owing to my distraught condition, I concluded that I was mis-

(Continued on Page 6)

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FACULTY

(Continued from Page 3)

pages of literature, which were opened to us with the greatest hospitality for most elaborate garden parties.

Nor did English hospitality stop with the lawyers, for special seats were reserved for us at the Sunday services at St. Paul's Cathedral and at Westminster Abbey where the great and familiar names of literature seemed very real as we sat in the famous Poet's Corner. Later, when we passed in reverence by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and realized by the flowers piled upon it how fresh in English hearts is the tragedy of the World War, our hearts were further touched by two weeping girls dressed in rusty black, who, oblivious to every one about them, were leaving their tribute of a few roses for someone who had never returned.

Perhaps the crowning features of our entertainment took place at the Houses of Parliament and at Buckingham Palace. The opening reception to the lawyers took place at the Houses of Parliament in famous Westminster Hall, which was begun by William Rufus in 1097 and completed in 1397. There some of the earliest parliaments assembled, and for centuries the Law Courts were held there. It was the scene of the trial and condemnation of Charles I, and of the proclamation of Cromwell as Lord Protector. On the long terrace by the Thames, tea was served one afternoon and members of Parliament escorted us over the entire building, giving us the history of every nook and corner. Here, too was held the final reception given by the British Government to the American lawyers and other guests of the Empire. That evening we entered through the Royal Entrance under the Victoria Tower, and ascended the richly carpeted stairs banked with magnificent flowers, to the King's Robing Room, where we left our wraps. Then passing through the Royal Gallery we entered the sumptuously decorated House of Lords with its thrones for the King and Queen, and the famous Woolsack, on which the Lord Chancellor sets. Then going through the Peer's Lobby to the Central Hall we were received by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the Lord of the Admiralty, and other dignitaries, all in full dress with the conventional knee breeches and all the decorations of their high rank. Finally we passed to St. Stephen's Hall and Westminster Hall, transformed by brilliant lights, beautiful decorations, and the stirring music of the Royal Bands into a magnificent setting for the thousands of guests, all in formal evening dress. As we stood on the steps, just where the brass plate marks the spot where Charles I heard his sentence, and heard that Westminster Hall had never before through the long centuries been used for such a social function, we realized that we, too, were making history.

Probably I shall never again celebrate my birthday at a garden party given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. Imagine if you can, the beautifully kept lawns with royal bands playing, the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales moving among their guests, included among whom were men and women from every corner of the British Empire as well as two thousand American lawyers and their families. The Palace, too, was open to us, and we were free to wander at will through the first floor, and stop on the broad portico to look over the scene below us where probably four thousand guests strolled back and forth in the beautiful royal park. Finally at the strain of "God Save the King" "(America" to us) every tall silk hat came off, and we stood as one English-speaking race, petty differences forgotten our common heritage of law and language uppermost in our minds and hearts.

That week in London will never be forgotten by the Americans fortunate enough to be so royally entertained.

THE ROAD FROM THE BORDER

(Continued from Page 4)

hewn door of the old trapper's cabin and bursting into the single room I fell exhausted in the middle of the floor.

"Great bobcats, what's happened to you, lad?" ejaculted my old friend. Rushing to my side he soon had me laid out on his cot and forced a swig of bitter cider into my mouth. Seeing that I was not wounded he assumed a captious air and began to chaff me pleasantly about my seeming cowardice. "Chased by a woodchuck I reckon—! 'Well, that's what comes of you city fellows going into the woods alone." Laughing heartily at his own dry jests he was about to go to the cupboard for some refreshments when he suddenly perceived that there was something really wrong and sat down at the foot of the couch. "What's wrong with you, lad?" he growled, chaffing my hands nervously. "You ain't letting a little scare put you out like this are you? Sit up and tell me what happened!" With his kindly assistance I was soon propped up and chokingly told what I had seen occur at the border station.

The old man's face hardened into the stern, fierce cast of the veteran grenadier. His eyes glowed like those of an infuriated panther and the wrinkles around his broad mouth rippled and twitched with the malignity of a snarling lion. "They've done their last killing, curse them!" I tried to rise to my feet to urge him not to attempt the attack of the gangsters alone but my strength had not yet returned. Snatching his rifle from a wall-rack the grizzled warrior of over seventy years of Arctic blasts and mountain perils, wrathfully jammed a cartridge into the gun chamber, hurled a curt good-bye in my direction and was gone.

It could hardly have been more than five minutes before I succeeded in rising to my feet and staggering to the door but in my stress of fear and anxiety the space seemed interminable. At length with strength born of dogged determination I endeavored to totter to the stable adjoining the cabin and painfully mount one of the work horses which I knew to be broken to the saddle. With fingers clenched into the chestnut mane I guided the good animal into the narrow, winding path that led to the Grand Isle road at the jucture of Quisibis River. As the beast cantered, whinnying, through the tall grass and fresh morning dew I pressed my face into his soft, warm neck and rested for I knew that the crisis of my life was at hand.

The shining vista of the beautiful northern river burst into view as, the three miles completed, we left the lush vegetation and thick bushes of the woods and passed onto the bare, rocky beach at the edge of the water. Gentle, calm but somewhat ominously suggestive of death and oblivion the current rolled on to the sea, its irridescent, ebony surface relieved by an occasional ripple where some sunken snag protruded its gnarled head or some silvery fish leapt at a fly.

Then, at the sound of axe blows, I wheeled towards the bridge. Old MacPherson, stripped to the waist and with knotted muscles flexing and unflexing like the sinuous cords of the python, was driving blow after blow into the tough boards at the center of the bridge. My amazement overcame for the moment my own sense of duty. Could this old man have run the three miles that lay between his camp and his bridge and now imbued with the strength of a madman be cutting through oak planking as if it were wax? Surely the limbs of a centaur and the power of a fury must have been temporarily endowed to him.

At first as I approached the bridge I could not comprehend the reason in his actions but as I gained the very center, where he had made the hole, I saw in a moment that the old man's trapping instinct had come to serve the worthy means of his laying a trap for evil men. Like many rustic bridges this one had its floor in the form of an inverted, very obtuse, triangle with the middle about two feet higher than either end. A person approaching from the Canadian side of the river would not be able to see an open gap beyond the ridge marking the bridge's center. The fatal plunge would be inevitable. With the cunning of the old woodsman MacPherson had instantly perceived this fact or perhaps it was a cherished plan long fostered and now given birth. At any rate he had chopped an opening in the boards a foot beyond the middle ridge. The hole was nearly three feet square and he was rapidly enlargening it with the sharp, splitting blows of the experienced loggerman. First a shower of dark, husky chips and then a length of board would bend downward, swing a moment by a few stubborn fibres as if to poise for the drop and then plunge into the swirling tide beneath.

Suddenly MacPherson flung aside his axe and holding stiffly tense like the alert grouse then leapt to my side and learning heavily on the horse's flank gasped huskily, "The trucks are coming! Get in the woods and let only one by at a time!" he continued in imperative tones. "There's a bend in the road and if not too close together they'll never discover the trap." With a crack of his palm he smote the horse's flank and before I could reply to him I was already at the fork of the road. I looked over my shoulder hoping he had sought shelter in the woods but no, he had taken up the axe and was again driving blow after blow into the heavy, bridge timbers.

An auto horn blared through the frosty air and taking heed I guided the horse into a clump of scrub pine just within the fork in the road. Evil and ponderous the first van rolled into view. I drew out of sight of the crouching, leering murderers that guided it, hated and abhorred, the killers of men, hated as is the cruel wolverine in the animal kingdom. Slowly it passed and then a moment later I heard a dull, heavy splash as the truck crashed into the river.

The drone of the next truck was still distant. Spurring my horse fiercely I dashed into the roadway and galloped to the river. Old MacPherson was there. I begged him to run for shelter but he shook his head stolidly and fell to tugging at some bristly planks which had been thrown onto the hither side of the bridge, thereby betraying the trap if not removed. As the labored chug! chug! of an engine came stronger to my ears I turned and gained my hiding place just as the second truck came to the fork.

It passed and then to my horror I heard shots and as before the screams and choked, reverberating thud as the van sank beneath the water. They had got old MacPherson.

The third and fourth trucks passed to their doom but the fifth drew in sight before its predecessor had reached the trap. It must be delayed or all was lost.

Anger lent accuracy to my eye a ruddy, yellow flame spurted from my revolver and the driver of the fifth truck slumped forward onto his wheel, his head shot through. With a barrage of foul oaths his mate tossed him, lifeless, into the roadside and sending a few stray shots in my direction

(Continued on next page)

CLEARWATER
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THE ROAD FROM THE BORDER

(Continued from Page 5)

catapulted the truck into the black mire of the river bottom.

Truck six passed unaware of its impending fate but the driver of number seven stopped as the piercing shrieks of his fellow gangsters in the fated van before him reached his ears. Two bullets, whipped from my revolver, caught him in the side and he crumpled to the floor of the truck. His mate wild-eyed, grabbed the wheel and trembling with terror sent the truck forward with a deafening blast of the exhaust. The last truck had passed and the gauntlet was clear.

The blue, acrid smoke from my gun hung in a dull pall about me. I wondered vaguely whether the rear guard had heard the shots or had sensed the danger in any way. Rising, and leaving my horse munching at the few clumps of withered grass. I walked towards the river stupified in mind and numbed in body by the thoughts of what had just happened. Had I obeyed the mandates of Justice or was I just a common murderer, a lynx that hiding in the thick underbrush rushes upon his prey when they are off guard? Grey, steely clouds scudded overhead and the deep moanings of the wind in the pines sent icy chills through my bones.

Suddenly a sharp, incessant growl like the roll of musketry smote my dazed senses. Small, white geysers of dust spurted up in the road before me and I turned to see the vanguard of the liquor caravan scarcely seven yards away. A machine gun, protruding through the wind shield was discharging with lightning rapidity its leaden messengers of death. I ran, the inherent instinct of self-preservation urging me to dodge and wind like the cornered hare.

Terror and instinct yet impelled me on; even when the machine gun found its mark and a slug tearing through my shoulder, thudded into the roadway before me. Two bullets imbedded themselves in my thigh as I reached the bridge and staggering to the farther rim of the abyss, the gaping hole through which the fated trucks had plunged, I crumpled and fell.

On charged the touring car the deadly machine gun still searching for its mark. Coiling lines of splinters flew into the air as the leaden hail steadily approached where I had fallen.

The car rushed on wildly, its occupants mad with the lust to kill. It reached the edge, leapt forward as if to span the chasm, and then fell.

I shuddered, terrified: maniacal screams rose to my ears. The thing whirled in mid-air, crashed into the black water and was gone. Long, curling tongues of green spray leapt up and then dropped as devouring into perdition this last remnant of a evil band.

The oily foam was soon carried away by the rushing current. Glassy and rippling the surface of the river shone up at me, forever insolvable and silent.

THE END

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

taken and still walked on gazing ahead to catch a gleam of the camp's lights, or sight the large clearing that surrounded it. My sensations were similar to those of a person dreaming and I vaguely wondered what would be the termination of my frightful experiences.

Finally I saw, lying to my left, a huge black structure, presumably a large rambling Colonial Mansion, quite the opposite of what I had expected; a small two roomed log house. Not having visited the place for several years however, I decided that my host had built this in my absence and, not mentioning it in his communications, had planned to surprise me with its immense size on my arrival.

This idea was immediately rejected as, crossing the spacious but unkempt and weed infested lawn, I distinguished the shattered gaping windows, splintered blinds, many missing or hanging rakishly sidewise on their hinges, the few remaining roof shingles warped and blistered and the whole edifice totally void of paint. Apparently the place had been deserted for many years and as I mounted the rickety steps to the large carved wooden pillars, bounding the wide portico, the realization that I was many miles from my friend's camp swept upon me.

Before the panelled doors there stretched, on each side of what once must have been a gravel walk, two gigantic black beech trees, the large, dark, copper colored leaves diffusing an impenetrable shade which even during the day must have lent a chilling gloom to the already far from attractive residence. Wearied by my long journey and trials and lacking the spirits to retrace my steps, perhaps to get hopelessly lost and meet more dreadful experiences, I pushed open the cumbrous door which was already ajar and entering softly closed it behind me. Though scarce a ray of light penetrated what I imagined was a long reception hall, I managed, by blindly groping, to locate the balustrade and was soon at the head of a long flight of stairs. The echo of my footsteps reverberated strangely deep and resonant, sounding from the huge roof beams and gables like hollow muffled whispers, quite in keeping with the house and my present state of mind. For a moment, prone to venture out again and seek my friend's camp, I started down the stairs but, overcoming this inclination, turned and proceeded along the upper hall to a room which seemed to receive more light than those at the front. The door was swung wide open, revealing an unusually large chamber with the two walls nearest the door bare, save for several large pictures in ponderous gilt frames, presumably portraits of the family but in the complete gloom I

(Continued on Page 7)

"Daughter," called mother, "what did you do with that little sample of silk I showed you last week?"

"I had the dressmaker make a party dress out of it," daughter replied.

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THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 6)

could not ascertain their subjects. One, however, which was slightly nearer the windows, four in number, curving outwards in a bow comprising nearly a half of the wall space, revealed a swarthy individual of above medium height, chunky of build and dressed in dark grey, well tailored clothes of about 1880. His whole appearance was that of a villain, or some underhanded renegade. His thin lips curling malignantly and his eyes sunken far into his head, squinted, half closed. One was even brought to wonder if the cane in his hand concealed a rapier, or if the head was loaded with lead. A large tiled fireplace was in the farthest corner, on the mantlepiece of which were spread sundry objects, large and small, which I was too tired to examine. Beside the fireplace was a heavy pineapple posted bed, made up with a colored quilt as if the owner had left but that morning. The rest of the furniture comprised two comb-backed rocking chairs, a broad oak chest, small walnut carved table and an ancient roll top desk with a set of thick brown books ranged along the top. Not wishing to contract ague or rheumatism from sleeping in a bed untouched, as far as I knew for generations and besides, feeling more secure near the windows, nearly all being paneless, afforded a perfect view of the thick forest that hemmed in the clearing at that side of the house, I concluded that I would spend the night in that quarter of the room.

(Continued next issue)

Suitor (on phone): Will you please put Mary Jane on the wire?"

Father: "What do you think my daughter is, a tight-rope walker?"

Temple Owl

EXCHANGES

Tht "Sagamore" wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following paperes for this month: "Red and Black"—Rogers High School, Newport, R. I. "Homespun"—Somerset H. S.—Somerset, Ky. "Broadcast"—Everett H. S.—Everett, Mass. "B. U. Beacon"—Boston University. "Light"—Bristol H. S.—Bristol, Conn. "Aerial"—Atherton H. for girls—Louisville, Ky. Durfee Hiltop"—Durfee H. S., Fall River, Mass. "Huntington Record"—Huntington School, Boston, Mass. "The Echo"—Winthrop High School, Mass.

"We enjoyed "It Won't Work." May we suggest a more carefully arranged paper?

TESTS FOR PARTS OF SPEECH

NOUNS

1. The———was in the street.—common collective noun.
2. He came with———. Abstract noun. (Do not use pronoun)

VERBS

1. He———me. Transitive.
2. He———all day. Intransitive.
3. They————sick. Copulative.

ADJECTIVES

1. It was a————house. Descriptive.
2. He was a————man.
3. ————man came. Demonstrative.

ADVERBS

1. He ran————. Modifying verb.
2. He was————red. Modifying adjective.

PRONOUNS

Don't Use Proper Nouns

1. ————came. Subject.
2. He came with————. Object.

PREPOSITIONS

1. He rode——Boston.
2. He took the book——John.

CONJUNCTIONS

1. ————it was raining,, we went out. Subordinate Conjunction.

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Again we have one about a Scotchman who was invited to a party and told that each guest was to bring something.

He brought his relatives.

* * *

Tourist: How do you like this cold weather?

Farmer: Well, it sure goes against my grain."

Penn. Punch Bowl

* * *

A very seasick passenger, a gentleman of color, was teased by his friend who called him a landlubber.

"Dat's true," said the victim weakly. "Dey aint no ahgyment dere. Ah's a landlubber all right, and Ah's just finding out how much Ah lubs it."

* * *

Algernon (reading joke)—"Fancy this, Percy: A chap here thinks that a football has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw, Haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing?"

* * *

"Well, well, I understand you are in business for yourself."

"Yes, quite so, I have twelve offices in that building."

"Yeh? That's a lot for one janitor."

* * *

Pupil: Is it correct to walk down a hotel corridor in your pajamas?

Teacher: That depends on the pajamas.

* * *

"See that house? That's where Uncle Tom lived."

"Uncle Tom from 'Uncle Tom's Cabin?'"

"Yes."

"I never heard of him."

* * *

Garageman: Check your oil?

Motorist: No, I'll take it with me.

* * *

Our idea of the nifitiest job available is that of being one of those statisticians who determines what percentage of college girls neck.

* * *

"I just had a military marriage."

"What do you mean."

"Her old man stood behind me with a shot-gun."

Then there was the absent-minded professor who lit the chocolate and ate the Old Gold and didn't enjoy either of them.

* * *

"What makes you stutter?"

"I-I d-don't s-s-stutter—I j-just h-h-hesitate."

* * *

At any rate, professor, we can do something you can't. We can sleep while you're talking.

* * *

Judge: It isn't often a man sues his wife for a breach of promise. On what ground do you base your claims?

Husband: She promised to divorce me and never did.

* * *

The word alimony, dear readers, is merely a contraction of "all his money."

* * *

Cave men used to knock girls senseless. That, of course, isn't necessary now.

* * *

"Does the coach have the team under control?"

"Does he? Say, every time he gets a headache everyone on the varsity takes an aspirin!"

* * *

One advantage of the flivver over the airplane is that when the flivver's engine stops, so does the flivver.

* * *

Mrs: I think I'll get a divorce.

Mr.: Well, you'll have to give me two week's notice.

* * *

Among the songs of 1940 will be, "What has become of my old-fashioned girl."

* * *

Wife: You beast!

Husband: You animal trainer!

* * *

Proud Father: Don't you think its about time the baby learned to say, "papa"?

Mother: Oh, no, I hadn't intended telling him who you are until he becomes a little stronger.

* * *

"I hear that Harry has a new baby."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 14 BROOKLINE, MASS., MAY 17 1929 TEN CENTS

BROOKLINE WINS OVER NEWTON

Brookline Track Team Wins Over Newton By 6 Point Margin

BADARRACCO HIGHEST SCORER

In a exciting track meet at Nickerson Field on Wednesday, May 15, Brookline's track team upset the Newtonites with a score of 39-33. In the outstanding event of the day the shot put, Fink broke all previous records with a marvelous heave of fifty feet eleven inches. This is a glorious finish for an athlete who has proved himself to be among the best in schoolboy competion.

Again the Red and Blue high jumpers Barrie, Dermody, and Smith, proved their worth by taking all three places in that event. Chandler Hagen-Burger surprised everyone by taking first in the one hundred-twenty yard low hurdles. This is the fist year he has ever run the hurdles in competition. Badarracco of Brookline won the running broad jump with a leap of nineteen feet, seven and three-quarters inches. Ewing of Newton, the favorite, didn't even qualify for the finals. However, Ewing came back and got his revenge in the hundred, when he took first place in the snappy time of ten and three-fifths seconds.

The quarter mile was the most exciting race of the day. Smith and Reynolds got off to an even start and kept it up for the first two hundred yards. Then Reynolds opened up a sprint which carried him across the tape about five feet in advance of Smith, with Blunt at the latter's heels. The half-mile was a replica of the high jump, but, unfortunately it was in Newton's favor. Chamberlain, Bur-

(Continued on page 3)

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TWO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS WIN PRIZES IN CONTEST

Word has been received by Mr. Akers to the effect that Edward Lebowitch and Evelyn Norris received second prizes in the annual essay contest conducted by the American Chemical society through the funds provided by the Hon. Francis P. Garvin of New York City. Lebowitch wrote upon "The Relation of Chemistry to National Defense," while Miss Norris chose as a topic "The Relation of Chemistry to the Fertilizer Industry."

Each prize consists of an autographed book, "Chemistry in Medicine," and a suitable certificate both of which will be awarded at the annual graduation exercises in June. It is pleasant to note that Brookline High thus wins two of the possible twelve prizes awarded in this state.

Both students are members of Mr. Whittemore's classes.

JUNIORS WIN SPELLING CHAMPIONSHIP

The results of the second half of the League spelling tournament are: Juniors, 3 won, Freshmen, 2 won, 1 lost, Sophomores1 won, 2 lost, Seniors 3 lost. The Seniors earned only one defeat, the other two were forced on them through defaults.

At the League party on May 10, a match was held to determine the individual champion of the school. Unfortunately, the time-limit was reached before the match was finished.

The girls who spelled were: Carola Nasmyth, Mildred Crowley, Edith Cunniff, Charlotte Alm and Elisabeth Cusick Freshmen; Josephine Blatt, Margaret Holt, Andrey Price, Dorothy Scott and Dorothea MacMillan, Sophomores; Hannah Cauman Norma Berlow, Harriet Dangel, Ruth Reimer and Leona Moss, Juniors; Alice Colby, Edith Greenleaf, Dorothy Gay and Muriel Dodson, Seniors.

Brookline Defeats Everett, 8-6; Loses to Newton in Bad Third Inning

Red and Blue defeats Everett in Spectacular Sixth Inning Rally

By a thrilling sixth inning rally Brookline defeated Everett 8-6 at Glendale Park on May 9. The big feature of the game was a home run by Max Dexter, which started the come-back. Brookline made a total of thirteen hits. Everett made eleven but, coming at scattered intervals they were not very effective. Tommy Noonan struck out seven men; Ward, five.

The fielding in the game was of a very high calibre; Brookline made only one error and Everett two.

At the beginning of the game Tommy Noonan was a little unsteady. Ward, who had been passed, Bellofatto, who had been hit by a pitched ball and Pagluccia, who had made a double, all came home on two singles.

Before that, however, Brookline made one run when Murphy scored on singles by O'Neil and Dexter.

In the next inning Brookline made another run. Larkin reached first by a fielder's choice and stole second. Then Lebowitch singled and brought home Larkin. Everett kept her one run lead until the fatal sixth. After Max Dexter's home run, a long barrage of singles and doubles followed, almost every man on the team contributing a hit. "Red" Fleming singled to left field, Freddy Woodlock followed with a double. Larkin then

(Continued on Page 3)

Newton Puts Game on Ice In Big 3rd Inning

On May 3rd, Brookline played Newton at Victory Field and lost 7-3, due to the third inning in which Newton scored all of her runs. Tommy Noonan pitcher until the end of that distrastrous inning when he was replaced by Madden who fanned 7. Reilly, whom Newton had been saving for this game, struck out the same number. Both teams were hindered by playing on an exceptionally cold day.

In the third inning, the first seven men of Newton's batting order scored on two walks, an error, and five hits. In the fifth inning Brookline scored her first tally. Woodblock and Larkin singled and were both advanced one base on Racheotes' sacrifice. Then Andy Madden connected for another single, bringing in Woodlock. Later Larkin perished at home on a double play.

Brookline made one last desperate spurt in the eighth inning when Murphy and Longmore walked and O'Neil got through a fielder's choice. Murphy, having stolen second, and being forced to third, scored with O'Neil on a long single by "Red" Fleming. Then Wodloock smashed a hot single through the infield, scoring Longmore. Brookline is, however, steadily improving in hitting and made only two errors in fielding while Newton also

(Continued on page 6)

SCHOLARSHIP PLAY TO BE PRESENTED BY SOPHOMORES

Proceeds To Supplement 1929 Dramatics Receipts

At 8:00 P. M. on May 25, the curtains in the B. H. S. auditorium will part once more. The proceeds of the play, "Frenzied Phantoms," which was both written and coached by James Boston '31, will go toward the Dramatics Scholarship fund. Because both Shailer Hall and the auditorium have often been denied them for rehearsals, it was decided that this play, originally scheduled for tomorrow evening, will be postponed one week. In spite of this handicap, the coming performance promises to be a creditable one. The play consists of a prologue and two acts which are filled with screams, shivers, thrills, and pleasantries.

There are to be no reserved seats, and fifty cents ($.50) is to be the only price.

It may be interesting to note that the following cast contains only Sophomores.

The Sergeant	Andrew Farnsworth
Nora	Edna Teitlebaum
Charles Pentland	George Mercer
Dorothy Pentland	Margaret Holt
Edna Pentland	Maxine Levin
The Wraith	Lester Popkin
Barbara Pentland	Barbara King
The Phantom	James Boston
Spevins (the butler),	Edward Chandler
The Apparition	Fred Sherry
Martha Pentland	Martha Dodge
Margaret	Betty Seaman
Mr. Pentland	Jerome Hopper
Mrs. Pentland	Bettina Blunt

(Continued on Page 2)

B. C. INTERSCHOLASTICS

Although a heavy favorite in the Boston College Interscholastics held at the Boston College track on Saturday, May 4th, our track athletes experienced a bad afternoon and were able to score only two points. Captain "Baddy" picked up a point in the running broad-jump by doing 19.7, and Harry Fink chalked up the other odd marker in the shot put.

However, the saying "Every cloud has a silver lining," holds true in this meet, for many of the "lesser lights" from the lower classes did much better than Mr. Hines expected, even if they didn't break into the scoring. By the performances of these "unknowns" many points in the meets during the next two years may be anticipated.

R Colyum

I suppose that everybody has been waiting impatiently for this issue so that he may do Mr. Harbour's grammar lesson.

* * *

It is suggested to the Math Dept. that the value of pi be found by tasting it.

* * *

Heard at drill:

Mr. Bemis:—Roud, you three fellows make another line.

* * *

The guy who stole Miss Liden's umbrella must be one of those people who never saved for a rainy day.

* * *

There is a new game of In and Out the Window that they are playing on the top floor of the new building, and it beats tight-rope walking all hollow.

* * *

The editor is a great one for quoting the Bible, but don't let that deceive you.

* * *

The troupe of awed youths who come down every Saturday morning to worship at the shrine of Euclid and Pythagoras might, perhaps, be called the "Smart Set", but never, the "Bright Set."

* * *

Speaking upon the delicate subject of fine lingerie, we award the prize medal to Lawrence Mason, and to Mannie Koufman goes honorable mention.

* * *

Mr. Kepner wants to know where the girls spend their time when they should be at home studying. Anyway, he says, it can't be in the beauty parlors.

* * *

G:—Do you smoke any more, old man?

B:—Not any more, but just as much as usual.

"FRENZIED PHANTOMS"

(Continued from page 1)

The scene is laid in the Brookline Home of the Pentland family.

A notorius Chicago gangster, The Phantom, has come into the neighborhood, and has robbed the Adamant Trust Co. He enters the Pentland home, and much to his astonishment, finds there two other Phantoms dressed as he is. The family tries to apprehend the Phantom. To make matters more complicated, the family believes the house to be haunted by the ghost of an old monk which was brought across from Grimolton Castle in England.

Help solve the puzzling question—WHO IS THE PHANTOM?

The Rhythm Kings, Harry Paul, Irving Canner, Myron Aronovitz, Samson Price, and Jim Bagley, a Pierce School student, will provide the music.

Le Coin Francais

MONSIEUR PRINTEMPS

Monsieur Printemps est un vieil homme,
Toujours pimpant, frais et dispos,
Qui porte un bel habit vert pomme
Et qui n'est jammais en repos.
Il met le nez à la fenetre
Lorsque revient le mois d'avril,
Et dit tout haut: "Quel temps fait-il?
Voici le moment de paraître. . ."
Monsieur Printemps, monsieur Printemps,
Revenez-nous et pour longtemps.
Voici que la rosée en perles
Brille partout sur les gazons,
Dans les bois ou sifflent les merles
Les feuilles ouvrent leurs prisons;
Les oisillons font-des aubades
Et disent bonjour au soleil
En criant: "Voilà le-réveil!
Rions, chantons, mes camarades. . . ."
Monsieur Printemps, monsieur Printemps,
Revenez-nous et pour longtemps.
Monsieur Printemps de sa chambrette
Leur dit: "Ne criez pas, je sors,
Que diable, je fais ma toilette
Dans un instant je suis dehors!
Je mets mon habit des dimanches
Frais sorti de chez le tailleur
Et brodé de toutes couleurs.
Sur le collet et sur les manches."
Monsieur Printemps, monsieur Printemps,
Revenez-nous et pour longtemps.
Voici monsieur Printemps qui bouge.
Qu'il est gai, qu'il a l'air ouvert!
Que son gilet de velours rouge
Va bien avec son habit vert!
Ses mains sont pleines de fleurettes
Qu'il accroche à tous les halliers;
Il a de blanches pâquerettes
Au lieu de clous à souliers.
Monsieur Printemps, monsieur Printemps,
Restez chez nous encore longtemps.

Prosper Blanchemain

Un Mot sur Daudet

Henri Becque n'aimait pas les reporters,
Un jour il en vit un arriver chez lui qui lui demanda, sans crier gare:
—Maitre, que pensez-vous d'Alphonse Daudet?
—Ce que jen pense? répondit Becque. De son oeuvre, sans doute? C'est difficile à résumer! Si nous considérons le poète...
—Poète? s'écrier le reporter. Alphonse Daudet a donc fait des vers?
—Vous l'aviez oublié? demanda Becque avec un sourire féroce. Puis avec une exquise politesse:
—Dans ce cas, mon cher confrère, ce n'est pas mon opinion qu'il vous faut: c'est ma bibliothèque...

(Le Supplément)

Nurse: (to reviving patient), "Your appendix, pancreas and spleen have all been safely removed, sir."

Patient: "And all I wanted to see the doctor for was to get a whiskey prescription."

During their recent library lessons the Juniors were asked to vote for their favorite magazine. The result were most interesting. "The American Magazine" came first, then the "Saturday Evening Post." There was a tie between the "National Geographic" and the "Cosmopolitan." The "Literary Digest" was fourth, and "Good Housekeeping" fifth.

Recent Articles in Magazines:

"Literary Digest"—April 6th.

"Building Wilkins' South Pole."

"Music and Youth"—March.

'Should Children be made to Practice?"

"American"—April

"Do You Know How to Get a Job?"

"Literary Digest" for April 13th.

"Exploring Darkest Africa's Jungles, from the Air."

"Scholastic"—March 30th.

"Tennis for Everyone is My Ideal" by Helen Wills.

"Scholastic" for April 13.

"Hints for Beginners on the Cinder Path."

"Scientific American"—May.

"Naval Aerologists" About weather predictors.

"Outlook" —April 17th.

"Individualism at Harvard"—About the House plan.

"Literary Digest" for March 30.

"How the Airplane Will Speed up Business"

The April "Mentor" is devoted entirely to Sweden.

"Mentor"—for May.

An animal number.

The latest number of "Scholastic" is a Students' Number—All the articles, drawings, etc. are written by high school pupils of the United States.

New Books

"Five Plays"—Lord Dunsany.

"Mr. Midshipman Easy"—A good sea story by Frederick Marryat.

"Parnassus on Wheels"—Christopher Morley.

"Old Post Bags" Alvin Harlow—A story of sending a letter in ancient and modern times.

"Transportation" by W. F. Rocheleau. (The "Great American Industries" series "Romance of Modern Engineering"—Archibald Williams.

"Selected Poems" of Carl Sandburg.

"Shakespeare"—Edward Dowden.

"Whale Fishery of New England"—State Street Trust Company.

"A Century of Industrial Progress" by F. W. Wile.

"From Whiteman to Sanburg in American Poetry" by Bruce Weirick—A critical survey.

"The Lyric South"—An anthology of Secret poetry of the South, by Addison Hubbard.

"Handbook for Business Letter Writers"—by Bonney and Cole.

"Careers" by E. G. Rodger.

"Shakespeare's Heroines"—Mrs. Jameson.

"Characters of Shakespeare's Plays"—William Hazlitt.

"William Shakespeare" by John Masefield.

"The Airplane and Its Engine" Chatfield and Taylor.

"Corn from Egypt: the Beginning of Agriculture" by Gompertz.

"American Flag"—Moss.

"Ancient Mariners"—Forde.

"Highlights of the French Revolution"—Belloc.

"New Year's Day—the Story of the Calendar"—Hooke.

"Child's Story of Civilization"—King and Hall.

"Story of Engineering in America"—Fraser.

"Sidelights on Social and Economic History"—Forman.

"Manufacturing"—Keir.

The best Junior Library Lessons were done by:

Miss Hannon's II E.—17 A's from a class of 25.

Miss Allen's II B—14 A's out of 23.

Mr. Eldridge's II G—12 A's.

ALUMNI NOTES

Two former Brookline High students, John N. Plakias and Archie G. Barron are among the Seniors at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania who have completed studies for the Research Department of that institution.

Plakias has made an investigation of "Foreign Markets for Railway Supplies and Equipment for the foreign trade group of the Wharton school, while Barron has studied "Real Estate License Laws" for the real estate group.

Both men are prominent in University activities. Plakias is president of the Inter-fraternity Council, a member of the Friars Senior Honor Society, the business board of the Class Record, Phi Sigma Kappa fraternity, and the dancing chorus of "This Way Out," the current production of the Mask and Wig Club of the University.

Barron is a member of the University Symphony Orchestra, Tau Delta Phi fraternity, and has been active in athletics.

Arthur N. Clifford, a member of the senior class at Dartmouth College, has achieved an unusually high scholastic standing for the first semester of the current year. His name is listed in the booklet: "Records of Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment."

Herbert S. Woods '27, is among the members of the Sophomore Penniman Bowl Committee at the University of Pennsylvania. He will have charge of the arrangements for the annual sophomore-freshman ball game.

"I see where Peggy Joyce is getting married again?"

"What of it? That's her business isn't it?"

FRESHMEN AND JUNIORS GUESTS OF SOPHOMORES AND SENIORS IN LAST GIRLS LEAGUE MEETING

1930 Junior and Senior Advisers Named by Miss Sawyer

On May 10, 1929, the last Girls' League Meeting of the year took place in the auditorium at 1:30. The Seniors and Sophomores were hostesses as a result of the victory of the Freshmen and Juniors in the interclass competition.

The report of the secretary was approved. Mr. Thayer then presented a picture on better foot health entitled "The Bridge of Life." This was followed by a Championship Spelling Match.

Miss Kelly explained the requirements for the varsity "B" and awarded it to the following girls: R. Badaracco, E. Bernhardt, H. Collier, H. Looper, A. Dawson, H. Dawson, M. Galvin, J. Helman, L. Johnson, E. Manning, E. Meyers, M. Myers, R. Meyers M. McGrail, B. Richey, D. Thurber A. Werner, B. Wallace.

The Advisory Council for next year was named, including all members who attained an individual score of ten points or more in the class competition based on scholarships, attendance, and athletics. Points are scored as follows:

First Honor Roll (one quarter)—4 points.

Second Honor Roll (one quarter)—2 points.

Athletics—class team—1 point; varsity team—3 points.

1st five places on each class spelling team—2 points.

Every failing subject (one quarter)—1 point.

The Council usually meets once a month to discuss matters referred to it by the Executive Board and to suggest new plans to the Executive Board for action. It should be one of the most valuable committees of the League.

Before reading the list of Senior and Junior Advisers for next year, Miss Sawyer explained the basis of choice and added that the list as read was tentative. Some names may be dropped, and others will certainly be added. Girls are chosen who have so far seemed to make a success of their high school course and have the right attitude toward school. Those who seem likely to make friends easily with the freshmen and who are willing to take time to help them are preferred to more self-centered girls.

Appointment is a very high, honor, but it is also a great reponsibility. The chairman will be elected soon by the advisers themselves, and the groups will begin work under her direction next September.

The girls who have been selected are:

Juniors, Ethel Agoos, Janet Alexander, Dorothy Alter, Norma Berlow, Barbara Burt, Hannah Cauman, Bernice Cohen, Elsa Cohen, Helen Cooper, Ruth Creelman Ruth Cushman, Harriet Dangel Alice Dawson, Marjorie Delle, Jane Dumont, Edna Friedman, Bernice Gordon, Marjorie Greene, Mary Guise Margaret Hogan, Gloria Housen, Lola Johnson, Bernice Kershen, Norma Knight, Martha Lewis, Rosemary Loeser, Madeline Marsh, Anne Martin, Marguerite McDonough, Elizabeth Miller, Marjorie Mills, Leona Moss, Esther Muldowney, Marion Myers, Ruth Myers, Mary Niland, Mary Caroline Orr, Elinor Pike, Virginia Price, Eileen Reid, Ruth Reimer, Betty Richey, Eleanor Ronimus, Claire Sibley, Blanche Spencer, Marion Stanford, Evelyn Tannen, Blanche Taylor Eleanor Thomas, Darleen Thurber, Marion Wilband; Sophomores, Josephine Blatt, Florence Dawson, Helene Dawson, Florence Freedman, Jean Goodale, Phyllis Green, Elizabeth Greenleaf, Margaret Holt, Alice Werner.

Refreshments were then served in the lunch room.

ADVISORY COUNCIL

Seniors, Alice Colby with points 14, Helen Finnerty 10, Edith Greenleaf 10, Mary Johnson 10, Gertrude Lakson 14, Margaret MacKenzie 12, Mary I. McGrail 12, Margaret Stein 12, Barbara Wallace 12, Cynthia Wart 10; Juniors, Barbara Burt 14, Alice Dawson 11, Lola Johnson 17, Eileen Manning 10 Madeline Marsh 10, Anne Martin 11, Leona Moss 12, Elizabeth Myers 10, Marion Myers 15, Ruth Myers 12, Miriam Naigles 12, Mary Niland 12, Betty Richey 28, Helen Shooshan 11; Sophomores, Agatha Barron 14, Josephine Blatt 14, Helen Collier 10, Barbara Frank 11, Jean Goodale 7, Elizabeth Greenleaf 13, Margaret Holt 15, Maxine Levine 10, Dorothy Manning 10, Helen MacIndoe 14, Ruth Nelson 16, Audrey Price 11, Marion Wiggin 11, Helen Gaulin 10, Flora Mastronimo 10; Freshmen, Charlotte Alm 10, Esther Byer 12, Mary Clark 11, Elizabeth Cusick 10, Helen Macleod 10, Mary McPhee 10, Carola Nasmyth 18, Gladys Norris 10, Esther Peterson 10 Sylvia Simmers 12, Ruth Sischendort 12.

BROOKLINE DEFEATS EVERETT

(Continued from page 1)

drove them both home with a safe infield grounder. Lebowitch continued with another hit, letting Larkin who had stolen second cross the plate with another run. Tomy Noonan also hit a single scoring Lebowich.

Murphy rapped a safe hit through the infield, but after that Brookline was retired; after making seven hits and five runs. During the remainder of the game, Everett was held in check, although they managed to make three more runs before the end of the game.

This was the first time that Brookline showed the hitting strength which Coach Fitzgerald had spoken of before. The team also showed greater ability in fielding than in any previous game.

ASSEMBLY

A Junior Assembly was called by Mr. Akers on Thursday, May 2, concerning the electives for next year. The points he emphasized were: that pupils should be sure they will have enough points to graduate at the end of next year; that they are taking the subjects necessary for admission to the schools for which they are preparing; that pupils should not elect superficially in several lines but should continue in one course of study.

CHIEF OF POLICE RUTHERFORD TALKS AT ASSEMBLY

The first part of the assembly on May 14th was given over to the warding of honors to the swimming team. After a few words of commendation both of the team and the coach, Mr. Akers presented a special trophy to Mr. McNamara as the gift of the Athletic Association.

For the remainder of the assembly period, Chief of Police Rutherford spoke on Safety. In 1928 Brookline made an unusually good record, having had no fatalities due to automobile accidents throughout the entire year, although over 550 were injured. Unfortunately, we have not maintained this fine standard, as one person, a four year old boy, has already been killed this year. Chief Rutherford declared that one of the greatest menaces is the hit-and-run driver. He also said that a large number of accidents were due to the carelessness of driver or pedestrian; jay walkers are too numerous.

He closed his address by asking us to adopt as our motto the A B C of safety: "Always Be Careful."

BROOKLINE WINS OVER NEWTON

(Continued from Page 1)

ton, and Adams of Newton finished in that order. The two-twenty yard dash was won by Captain Reynolds of Newton with Captain Badarracco of Brookline trailing him and Hartigan, also of Broowline, picking up the odd point.

Captain "Baddy" of Brookline was the high scorer of the day, getting eleven points to Ewing's ten. This win is a fitting end to Brookline's successful season of indoor and outdoor track.

Einstein Might fix it! A man could marry his second wife first.

* * *

He: I guess you don't like me!!

She: If I could guess as good as that, I'd do nothing but play the horses.

* * *

Lieutenant—Excellency, the mountains are impregnable.

Russian War Lord—By God, we shall have to begin taking Steppes!

BROOKLINE NINE DEFEATS CAMBRIDGE LATIN 8-4

On May 15, Brookline defeated Cambridge Latin, 8-4 at Brookline.

Andy Madden pitched the best game of his varsity career when he allowed his opponents only five hits. Brookline made eight hits off Lekakas, Cambridge Latin's twirler, one of them a triple by Larkin.

A JUNIOR OR A SENIOR COMMITTEE

To the Editor of "The Sagamore"

Dear Sir:—

At a recent Junior Class meeting, a motion was passed concerning the appointment of a Picture Committee for the 1930 Year Book by the Junior Class president. It was also decided that the Junior Class vote this year on their class photographer.

I have always been under the impression that all Senior committees were chosen by the president of the Senior class.

As the motion has already been passed, one may now say that the Picture Committee is a Junior one, but as this has not been voted upon the fact remains that this committee DOES belong to the Senior class.

Is it right, then, to have the president of the Junior class choosen in 1929, a Senior committee?

It is also customary for students in the graduating class to hand their name, together with the committee they wish to be on, to their class president.

If the present measure of giving the Junior president the right to select the committee in question be adopted, those members of the Junior class who wish to be on the Picture Committee should at least have the privelege of submitting their names for consideration.

I suggest that the above procedure be applied in case this one committee is to be called a Junior Picture Committee.

Sincerely yours,

M. L.

(Ed. Note:—The Sagamore does not necessarily endorse opinions expressed in printed communications. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Ten thousand trees are to be planted in Palestine in honor of Einstein's fiftieth birthday, and all, no doubt, with square roots.

* * *

Lines to Einstein

In intellect you're over us
By something like 1,000,000 and.
You plot your theory and its sequels,
No need to four to peers or ??
And tell professors how you've fared
With 7y or 2x?
While we don't even dare to try
To guess what lights!
We've not the sense to give a hoot
About infinities V
—And yet we hope you won't malign us
Because our intellect is——.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

Published bi-weekly on every Friday (Christmas holidays and school vacations excluded) from October to June by the students in the interests of Brookline High School.

Alumni and undergraduates are heartily invited to contribute to the SAGAMORE. All contributions should be signed by the writer whose name will be withheld if so desired, and deposited in the Sagamore Box in the Library or mailed to the Sagamore Office.

The Sagamore Office is in Room B 2; office hours from 2:00 to 2:30 every school day. No copy accepted later than the Tuesday preceding the day of publication.

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VOL. XXXV MAY 17 NO. 14

SPHINXES AND SKYSCRAPERS

Civilization leaves its impress behind it in finely proportioned masses of concrete, stone and steel. The record of human progress is perpetuated in the specimens of man's architectural genius which have withstood the passing of ages. The time-worn temples and palaces of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; the great Byzantine, Romanesque and Gothic Cathedrals of the Middle Ages, still reflect the color and glory of the past. These are the cenotaphs of civilizations long dead.

The architecture of today expresses the spirit of modern times. Manhattan Island, a long mountain range of stone and steel, has fired the imagination of poets and engaged the speculation of scientists. Millions of people, hurrying through its canyon-like streets, are fascinated and awed by its immensity. In Pittsburg a great university has abandoned the conventional type of low, rambling building and plans to erect an ultra-modern skycraper with laboratories and lecture rooms literally in the clouds. In New York an enterprising congregation, reflecting the spirit of the age, plans a skyscraper church towering above the commercial buildings of the vicinity, lifting its lighted cross into the night sky. The modern skyscraper is a distinctly American contribution to the architecture of the world. It's the fruit of the architectural renaissance of the Machine Age which is strangely noted for its love of beauty in buildings.

"Oh, I just hit my crazy bone".

"You poor boy. You must hurt all over".

Cornell Widow

GAINING ATTENTION

Psychologists, within the last few years, have learned facts about thinking and acting which make the matter of influencing others a great deal easier to grasp and use than it was before. There is no walk in life where this is not important; if we can replace indifference or resistance with coöperation we are always the better for it.

The first necessity, of course, is to gain attention. One might as well talk to an exhibit of statuary or a dormitory of sound sleepers as to an audience which is listless and indifferent. Whether the audience is a three-year-old child who is being taught to share toys, or a lecture group of several hundred members, till attention is gained we are wasting our energy and our breath.

There are, of course, many kinds of attention that are worthless. If attention itself were all that were necessary for success, a lecturer might adopt the wearing of an Indian headdress with conventional clothes and have the eyes of every member of his audience. But our attention-getters must be our ideas, our words, our manner.

In every day there comes a time when we must tactfully gain the coöperation of others to perform some task or attain some desired end. Then we are confronted with the problem of influencing the thoughts and conduct of others.

"Get out of town or we'll tar and feather you!"

"Oh, dear, and feathers are so unbecoming to me!"

Rutger Chanticleer

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

A WINTERS TALE

By Kenneth Goodyear

We were sitting huddled around the fire. It was cold, bitterly cold, and the wind roared through the pines and beat the snow and sleet against the windows with such force that is seemed almost impossible for them to resist it longer. It was lonely and desolate here in the midst of the Canadian forests, far from any human habitation. We four men, as we sat there before the roaring fire in our small cabin, felt somehow that we were far from home and far from the usual haunts of men. We all sat there stairing at the fire and thinking of our homes and families. No one spoke and the silence was broken only by the roaring storm without. Suddenly George Hammet raised his head and said, "Boys, did I ever tell you about the trip I made with Bud Wade through this country?" He stopped and looked at our faces but no one answered and, taking our silence as permission to continue, he proceeded in his low though distinct voice.

"It was fourteen years ago, my first trip with the mail. Bud had had the route for six years and was considered one of the best dog men in the north. His regular assistant was laid up with a broken leg and, although he might have gotten through alone, he took me along.

"We started out early in the morning with three sacks of mail on the sled and made forty miles before dark. That night we had just such a storm as this. It snowed about four feet during the night and the next morning we had to spend about twenty minutes digging out the sled. All morning we took turns tramping along on snow shoes in front of the dogs to break out the trail. This was heart breaking work and by noon I was so tired and stiff that I could hardly stand. From then on, Bud made me ride and I was so worn out that I fell asleep almost immediately.

"When I awoke it was dark and a large fire cast a ruddy glow over the snow.

"'Darn you Bud, what did you let me sleep so long for?, I growled, You must be almost dead'. I waited a moment still lying there on the sled but, when I heard no answer, I turned over. Bud was not there! And then I saw his footprints going off into the darkness.

" Hey you, where are you? Bud! Then I happened to glance down at the sled where I saw a note pinned to one of the blankets.

Lost a mail bag somewhere. Have gone back after it.. Wait where you are until I come back.

Bud.

(Continued from page 6)

SYNOPSIS

By James Boston

Although an avowed sceptic on the subject of ghosts and spiritualisim in general I became very nervcous when, found myself lost in the woods while searching for the lodge of a friend. I was forced to take shelter in an old deserted mansion.

through the windows, forming little pools on the floor. However, the wind still continued unabated. Doors creaked, blinds slammed and its mournful sighing in the chimney, together with the opaque blackness of the further reaches of the room, made my forced abode a house of horror. Dragging a rocking chair to the lightest window, I reposed myself in it, determined to forget my troubles in sleep. In the east, the moon was breaking through the scudding masses of cottony clouds that sailed across its face. My thoughts pictured them as white robed spirits; the dead of bygone centuries, marching on and on to the halls of the departed beyond the dark forbidding western skies.

It was about one o'clock when I fell asleep and, although I have a reputation as an unusually heavy sleeper, never having nightmares or walking in my sleep, I suddenly leaped from my chair and landed, sprawling, in the center of the room. Under the impression that I had been attacked, by some prowling ruffian or beggar, I grabbed a pair of iron tongs from the rack by the fireplace and turned to meet my aggressor. Imagine my surprise at seeing no one there. Nothing had been displaced. Everything was as quiet as the grace and the pale rays of the moon, filtering through the trees, revealed to me the room as set and solid as a picture. This awful quietness set my heart to palpitating and sent an icy thrill of fear rushing through my veins. Retaining the fire tongs, I resumed my seat. True, not with the expectation of sleeping, but to wait for something to happen, for this ominous silence to break as the calm that precedes a West Indian hurricane. In this respect I was not disappointed, for suddenly, in the distance, I heard the tramping of feet, nearing it could be discerned as that of two men. Nerves taut and breathing in gasps, I tiptoed to the window and crouching low peered out. Nothing moving was in sight, but the sound of the footsteps drew steadily nearer, until, at last, they were right under the window. Still nothing could be seen of the men. I heard the gravel scuffed, a heavy tread on the back door-step, and then saw the back door, ap-

(Continued on next page)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

parently under its own animation swing open and then slam shut. Something came to my mind then which, when I had read it, had seemed the purest essence of nonsense. It was mainly this,—that when spirits were heard they could not be seen and that when they were seen they could not be heard. I applied this opinion to my own case and was duly rewarded with such an attack of fright that, slumping from my chair, half walking and half crawling, I reached the roll top desk and stationed myself beneath it. I was completely invisible from without, sitting huddled together with my knees under my chin, shaking and trembling, as if a victim of palsy.

Slowly the footsteps mounted the stairs then, reaching the landing, stomped along the hall to my door and stopped. For a moment silence prevailed, then the knob was softly turned. The door swung slowly open and two men stalked in. The sound of their footsteps was entirely missing and they stepped as noiselessly as figures in a motion picture, confirming perfectly what I had read. These two men, or rather spirits, for such I was now fully convinced that they were, seated themselves in chairs on opposite sides of the room, gazing silently and rather vacantly at each other. Noting a fancied resemblance to somebody I had seen before in the farthest one from me, I was suddenly startled by the fact that he was the same man whose picture hung on the wall. Even as he sat there, his cane laid across his knee, I detected the same evil appearance that his likeness portrayed. The other individual was quite a contrast to this hard eyed ruffian. He was quite short, thin, dressed in nondescript and ill fitting clothes, nervous acting and although he was wholly deferential to the elder the connection seemed strained. He seemed to be constantly seeking some avenue of escape. One could tell that his presence was due to his own desires but to the influence of the scoundrel seated by the window. My friend of the picture presently rose, stood by the window a moment and then, walking towards a tapestried drapery at the side of the fireplace, situated in such an obscure position that I had overlooked it, motioned the boy to follow. Drawing it aside, he pushed the boy behind its concealing folds. Standing in a tense attitude, as if seeking to detect a sound from outside, he drew from his belt a cheap, dull bladed, hunting knife and thrust it under the bed. All the movements of the phantoms had been noiseless they were as void of sound as shadows, but the most extraordinary confirmation of this fact was at the moment he tossed the knife under the bed. Dropping from his hand it touched the floor, bounded sidewise and then became motionless, there was not the slightest metallic clang or thud. Truly, it was positively uncanny to see a heavy knife dropped with no more sound or ring than a feather. At length he drew forth his watch, stared meditatively at it a moment and then disappeared behind the drapery. Quite unobserved in my grotesque position beneath the desk, which may cause the casual reader to smile, though personally with thoughts far removed from the humorous, I felt heartily thankful for not having seen the hanging draperies, for I surely would have sought refuge behind them.

Buoyed up to a high pitch of terror, contemplating the chances of making a break for the door or a leap from the window, I was fairly overcome with joy at the sound of wagon wheels turning in the driveway. Under the impression that it was my friend who, worried at my not arriving at the appointed time, had surmised that, having lost my way, it was possible that I might have taken shelter in the old mansion, had come in search of me.

The vehicle stopped under the window, someone alighted, opened the back door and as if old and rheumatic, came painfully up the stairs, wheezing and with dragging feet. Dumbfounded at my rudely shattered hopes, I numbly waited for the door to open. What strange visitant would it reveal? Human rescuer or spiritual demon? A click of the latch and slowly, very slowly, the door fell back, revealing a gray haired, elderly gentleman, whose apparel, demeanor and, above all, his suave manner and cool reserved dignity were typical of the English gentleman of the 19th century. Stepping into the room, he turned on his heel and faced the desk. Instantly, I recognized him as the old man I had seen on the tracks and knew he was not of the flesh.

Removing his coat and gloves, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a

(Continued on Page 6)

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Just a reminder that ROGER F. BURKHARDT is your school representative for the READER'S DIGEST which was mailed to you a short while ago.

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A WINTER TALE

(Continued from page 4)

" Then, while I was still gazing at the note, I heard far off in the distance the long drawn out, wavering howl of a hungry wolf; and then across the snow came an answer and then another and another. The wolf pack was hunting and Bud was alone and without a gun, for I saw our only gun still strapped to the sled!

"The dogs whined and slunk closer to the dying fire, and involuntarily I did the same. What could I do? I couldn't follow Bud; his tracks were already almost obliterated and it would be worse than useless to lose myself in the snow with the wolf pack abroad. The best I could do was to keep a bright fire burning and pray that Bud would return before the wolves found his trail.

"I picked up a hatchet and went off to find wood. As I stepped outside of the circle of flickering light cast by the fire, I could see the tall black pines swaying in the wind and above the crunch of the snow under my feet I could hear the cry of the pack growing fainter and fainter in the distance. I finally found a fallen tree and chopped enough wood to last through the night.

"When I returned to the camp, I placed the wood in two piles on opposite sides of the fire and dragged the sled up close so that it formed with the wood three sides of a square of which the fire was the forth side. I then hollowed out a comfortable place in the snow and sat down with my back against the sled and facing the fire. I kept the gun loaded and cocked between my knees, ready for whatever might happen.

"As I settled down to hold my long vigil, I seemed to feel the solitude bearing in on me with an almost tangible pressure. The silence was broken only by the sighing of the wind in the trees, the crackling of the fire and an occasional grunt from one of the dogs. One or twice I thought I could distinguish a faint howl of a hungry wolf coming from far out over the frozen snow. It was cold there, sitting motionless on the ground. It was a sharp penetrating cold which even the fire could not combat. And as I sat there with my face burning hot and my back frozen, the wind died down, the dogs became quiet and even the fire seemed to slumber. There I sat in the somber stillness and waited, but Bud Wade never returned.

"All the next day I searched but found never a trace of him until just as I was looking for a good place to camp for the night I found the spot where Bud had made his last stand. All that remained of him were the remnants of his clothing and a few scattered bones to which clung ragged shreds of flesh, still wet with blood."

George finished and looked around. We were all silent, and then from afar, above the roaring of the storm, came the long, haunting, quivering challenge of the gray timber wolf.

THE END

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from page 5)

large, bulky, folded parchment. From the care with which it was handled, I assumed that it was some important family document or legacy. Plunging his hand again into his pocket, he took out a long sulphur match struck it on his boot and ignited a candle stub from the mantelpiece. Setting the candle on the floor before the drapery he kneeled down and spread out the parchment to its full length. I was about to lean forward to see the character of its contents when, with a loud ripping tear, the drapery was torn from its fastenings and thrown over the old man. It was the cowardly act of the being in the picture and before the old man could disentangle himself from the voluminous folds, he dashed forward and grabbing a chair, brought it down three times upon the prostrate, trembling form. Dropping the chair, he snatched the paper and folding it into a comparatively small space, thrust it under his coat.

Stupified with horror, I gazed fascinated at a long stream of blood, which, coiling from the inert drapery, was slowly making its way toward the candle, which, burnt to the floor, seemed on the point of going out. I watched the crimson stream, vaguely wondering if the candle would burn out, or be snuffed by the ghastly fangs of the glistening red snake of death, even as the life of the old man was snuffed by the cruel monster, Greed. With no signs of fear, outwardly being as calm and unflustered as if he were entirely ignorant of this abhorrent act of violence he had just committed, the murderer pulled from his hip pocket a long barreled army revolver of ancient make and leveled it at the trembling form of the boy, who, since the murder had cowered motionless with fright, in the corner. A tongue of fire, a puff of smoke, but with no report the pistol was fired pointblank at the boy, who struggled to rise, then fell face forward, beside the blood drenched drapery, a lifeless heap.

(Continued on page 7)

BROOKLINE DEFEATED BY NEWTON

(Continued from page 1)

made two errors and hit but one more single than our team. It looks as though Brookline still has a good chance for the pennant in the Suburban League if the team continues to show improvement at the same rapid pace.

EXCHANGES

The "Sagamore" wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers: "Red and Black"—Worcester High for Boys. "The Shuttle"—H. S. of Practical Arts, Boston. "Blue and Gold"—East H. S., Cleveland, Ohio. "Lighthouse"—Port Huron H. S., Michigan. "Index"—South H. S., Worcester, Mass. "Semaphore"—Stoughton H. S., Stoughton, Mass. "Trade Winds"—Worcester Boys' Trade School. "Imp"—Brighton H. S. Brighton, Mass. "Record"—North H. S., Worcester, Mass. "Newtonite"—Newton H. S. "Clark News"—Clark U.—Worcester, Mass. "Buzzer"—Baton Rouge H. S., Baton Rouge, La. "Star of the North"— Virginia, Minnesota.

"Who is this girl Logarithms I hear so much about?"

"Oh, she's a good number."

"Say, who do you think you're pushing?"

"How many guesses do I get?"

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THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from page 6)

Seething with burning anger, I watched the murderer calmly take from his coat the folded parchment and, slitting an incision in the gilt frame of the portrait of his detestable self, insert it between the painted canvas and wooden back, filling the rest of the opened crevice with his pocket handkerchief. Gripping the iron tongs with fingers of steel, O was about to rush forward and attack the villian, unmindful that he was but an ethereal apparition, when, without warning, the candle went out. Extinguished, yes, but only for an instant for with a burst of ruby brilliance the room was lighted once again! The blood had reached it and welling up the wick, fed the flame, which cast a light so dazzling, so red and so supernaturally frightful, that I was obliged to hide my eyes for fear of being blinded. Gradually, it softened and I could make out the murderer, stooped almost double, hands outstretched clawlike, stealthily walking towards it. His face bore an expression so full of fear and hate that it stands out in bas-relief in my memory today, overshadowing in distinctness and completeness, the faces of those whom I have lived with daily all my life. When nearly upon the flame, his eyes closed, his arms fell and to my undescribable amazement, with knees buckling under, he pitched forward upon it.

An ear splitting crash rent the air, bits of blazing wood flew past me and as if wracked by a mighty explosion I felt the floor rise under my feet, the walls fall together and the ceiling drop upon me. Striving to catch myself I threw up my arms and was about to grasp for a support, when, as if suffocated by the fumes of a powerful drug, my senses fled and I dropped into oblivion.

Lurid flashes of piercing light, the mighty roaring on an unquenchable incombined with the dash of icy rain across my face forced me to consciousness. I found myself lying in the midst of a clump of bushes facing the scene of my horrors. The house was burning. Hissing pillars of fire leapt from the gaping windows of the very room in which I had seen the hideous tragedy enacted by those unhappy spirits, who knew not the peace and rest of the grave. In a state of semi-torpor, I lay watching the hungry flames eat their way through and through the entire frame, the walls quake and then crumble into clouds of black billowy smoke, which, rolling across the treetops, mingled with the low hanging clouds. The rain poured down, forked, jagged lightning illumined the entire sky and deep growling peals of thunder, in unison with the wind's incessant shrieking, seemed to be rejoicing in the destruction of an abode of evil beings and evil memories.

To Be Concluded

"Why such a hurry?"
"I have a terrible lot of work to do and nobody to help me."
"What about the little girl you used to have in the office."
"She is not able to work any more."
"How is that?"
"She is married now."
"Really? To Whom?"
"To me."

* * *

It's different now: Remember when this used to be a dirty crack? "With a voice like yours, you ought to be in the movies?"

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"Can you fix this fender so my husband won't know it was bent?"

The mechanic looked at the bent fender and then at her and said:

"No lady, I can't. But I tell you what I can do. I can fix it up so that in a few days you can ask your husband how he bent it."

* * *

"You ought to do something to improve that cough."

"I thought it was practically perfect."

* * *

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* * *

"I want a smart hat, but it must be in the latest style."

"Take a seat, madam; the fashion is just changing."

* * *

Custom officer: "Shame on you, smuggling in that European liquor. Have you no patriotism? Don't you want to see our home industries protected?"

* * *

Teacher: "Fritz, your essay on 'My Mother' was just the same as your brother's."

Fritz: "Yes, sir, we have the same mother."

And now we have the absent-minded professor who stepped on his wife, kissed his starter, patted the car on the head and drove his children to school.

* * *

Commenting upon Lindy's engagement we merely remark, "Here today; gone to Morrow!"

* * *

"I caught Bridget lighting the fire with kerosene this morning."

"What did you say to her?"

"I reminded her of her solemn promise to give us a week's notice before leaving."

* * *

"My father's a professor."

"Oh, yeh?"

"Yeh!"

"And what does he do for a living?"

* * *

She: I am a little hoarse.

He: I knew you wasn't a lady.

* * *

She: "She hasn't been sick a day in her life."

Her: "Gracious! Whaever does she talk about?"

* * *

* * *

"How did your new car behave on your trip?"

"Splendidly! We averaged five antique shops to the gallon."

* * *

Ethyl—What a lovely fur coat you have on. Your husband must have a better job.

Methyl—No, I have a better husband.

* * *

"I wonder what makes all Scotchmen reach humorists?

"It must be a gift."

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THE SAGAMORE

"There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River."—Winthrop's Journal

VOL. XXXV, NO. 15 BROOKLINE, MASS., JUNE 7, 1929 TEN CENTS

1600 Take Part in Huge Class Day Pageant

NEWTON CRUSHES BROOKLINE 12-4

Brookline Loses Possible Chance For Suburban League Title

On Wednesday, May 29, Brookline lost her second Suburban League game to Newton 12-4. This game was one of the most important of the season since Brookline had climbed from the bottom of the League up to second place and needed one more victory to tie with Newton for first place.

Although our team did not play as well as it has done before this year, it made as many hits as Newton; but since only one or two were made an inning, they were not as effective as they should have been.

Larkin, Brookline's best slugger, came through with four hits, one of them a double, while Wilson of Newton drove three doubles into left field.

Newton piled up an early lead in the first inning. Barry singled, Wilson made one of his doubles, putting Barry on third, Andres got on first through an error by Dexter which bought Wilson home. Meanwhile Barry had scored on a wild pitch by Andy Madden. Then Annese brought Andres and Fletcher, who had walked, home on a single, making a total of four runs.

In the second inning, Newton increased her lead two runs. Sutherland walked, went to second on a sacrifice, and scored on another double by Wilson who made a run on Fletcher's single. Tommy Noonan went in the

(Continued on Page 5)

GIRLS' PLAY DAY

The second annual girls' play day was held Thursday, May 23 at Newton. The participants were 240 girls, 60 each from Waltham, Watertown, Newton and Brookline High Schools. When the girls assembled, they were divided into four teams, red, blue, green, yellow irrespective of school. Each team took part in every event, each loss or gain being recorded. The highest number of points were gained by the Blue team.

Baseball, track, consisting of running and basketball throws, high jumps, tennis, Liberty Ball, Dodge ball and quoits were the many diverting sports and exercises. At the close of this enjoyable Play Day, ice cream was served to tired but happy enthusiastic athletes.

YEAR BOOK COMES OUT FRIDAY

To whom is the Year Book dedicated? What are the new features? Who is the most popular boy? These interesting and intriguing questions will all be answered Friday immediately after the outdoor exercises, when the Year Book will be distributed in the basement of the old building.

The committee has worked untiringly and has achieved a result worthy of the Class of '29.

The committee wishes to thank the teachers in charge of organizations, the faculty as a whole, and the entire student body for their coöperation. Special praise is due Miss Taft and Mr. Taylor for their unceasing labor in the achievement of the book.

The following are excerpts from the annual report:

In order to relieve the rush that comes in May and June, the Committee went to work three months earlier starting just after Thanksgiving. Immediately we passed the blanks for the Senior statistics and the Class "Who's Who." As these take up most of the time of the Committee we recalled them in February.

(Continued on Page 6)

SOPHOMORE SCHOLARSHIP PLAY EXPOSES REAL TALENT

Saturday evening, the Sophomores in the presentation of "Frenzied Phantoms", an all underclassman production established a precedent.

The initial performance of this play, written for the Repertory Theatre Contest, was enthusiastically received by an appreciably large audience. From this play's reception it is quite apparent that a Brookline audience is not adverse to Mystery-Comedy Thrillers.

Everyone on the stage did his very best and showed the results of weeks of hard training and faithful application.

The three Phantoms, James H. Boston, Lester Popkin and Arthur Stern furnished horrors and surprises plenty. Fed Sherry as a sergeant of the local constabulary, Edna Teitelbaum as a coy maid and Edward Chandler as a Cockney butler kept the audience in laughter. Remarkable characterizations were also offered by Betty Blunt as Mrs. Pentland, Jerome Hopper as Mr. Pentland, Margaret

(Continued on Page 2)

For the 22nd Consecutive Time Brookline Pupils Get Together To Give Seniors Gay Send-Off

RED AND BLUE DEFEATS RINDGE TECH. 5-4

On Saturday, May 25, Brookline continued her winning streak with another victory over Rindge with a score of 5-4. This game put our team only one game from the top of the Suburban League which place is held by Newton. The team again showed its ability to bunch its hits. This Rindge was unable to do, although they scored as many hits as Brookline. Tommy Noonan pitched a steady, dependable game. He struck out five and allowed ten scattered hits. Galligan fanned seven and gave the same number of hits.

Normile of Rindge was the only dangerous batter. He made a single, a double and a triple and scored two of their four runs. No tallies were made until the fourth inning. In that round Rindge made one run when Swansky tripled and came home on Phillip's single.

It was fated, however, that Rindge should not hold the lead long, for Brookline scored three times in her half of the fourth after slamming out five hits. Fleming led off with a single to third. Woodlock advanced him with a safe grounder to short. On a passed ball by Deluise, Rindge's catcher, both

(Continued on page 6)

MR. FITZGERALD TO COACH FOOTBALL TEAM NEXT YEAR

It has recently been announced that the school Committee, at the request of Mr. Hines, has appointed Mr. Fitzgerald coach of our football team for next year. Mr. Hines resigned from his football post in order that he might spend more time as Director of Physical Education in the Brookline Schools. During the five years as coach he has had excellent success. He brought the first Suburban League football championship to Brookline in 1926.

Mr. Fitzgerald came to Brookline after coaching at Stoughton and Lexington high schools. He is a former M. I. T. athlete. As his assitant this year he will have Mr. Ball, who last year coached the freshmen.

It has also been announced that Mr. Connor will take charge of the Freshmen football aspirants this coming season.

5000 Expected To See Regimental Review On Cypress Field

GIRLS IN ENGLISH FOLK DANCES

Today, June seventh, B. H. S. will celebrate its twenty-second annual Class Day. Ever since that day in 1908 when a small but valiant group of Brookline students, in spite of the scepticism of their classmates marched out on the campus to the music of the Waltham Watch Factory Band, Class Day has become more and more recognized as one of the most important functions of Brookline's school year. It is now considered one of the highest honors to be Adjutant on Class Day.

This year, as in other years, the program opens with the parade of the boys down the steps of the Old Building and out onto Cypress field where the regiment is reviewed. At the same time, the girls, in their gaily colored paper costumes, march from the gymnasium and form the class numerals, and the letter "B". This last has not always been done. In 1915 they formed a great revolving star and in 1917 a human flag on the steps of the school. After this, they dance some old English folk dances.

Aero Club

A question heard here and there about the school these days is "What is the Aero Club going to do on Class Day?" Four people know and they're not saying. In a recent interview with President Mason, it was learned that "altho the Club will play an important part, I am not at liberty to say what form the demonstration will take." Mr. Mason, however, dropped hints unknown to himself, that we might look to the sky again.

(Continued on Page 2)

BROOKLINE CLINCHES 2ND IN SUBURBAN LEAGUE RACE BY 8-4 WIN OVER SOMERVILLE

On May 22 Brookline emerged successfully from a triple tie for second place in the Suburban League to become undisputed holder of that position when she defeated Somerville 8-4 at Dilboy Field. Brookline was behind one run in the 8th inning but after a

(Continued on Page 3)

R Colyum

At Class Day, if the boys wear fluff-hats and aprons, it will look like a chefs' convention.

* * *

We wonder what the girls do with the rubber balls after the Roamin' Dances.

* * *

Do you know that Miss Borden tried to stop the fire-chief's car the other day—she thought it was a Red Cab.

* * *

The big question in 419 is: Have you had your irony today?

* * *

In a personal interview, Mr. Nayor, of the Art Department says that his future is wrapped up in his art.

* * *

Miss Liden speaks French now. . . . She said "Perk up" the other day and Burkhardt answered—We guess it's her foreign accent.

* * *

Besides following in the footsteps of Lindbergh, Art Horn is also an expert in domestic science.

* * *

Nobody has noticed it, but the editor's moustache is gone.

* * *

We wonder if Alice Werner would like to earn another nickel.

* * *

Fred Glover is wearing ducoed shoes just to break into this column, so we don't want to disappoint him.

* * *

Allan Bennett explodes the theory that an artist can't play baseball—he is a veritable demon at the national pass-time.

* * *

James Boston is looking for a fist-fight—all applicants apply to the Sag Room any day at 2 o'clock.

* * *

We bet that Eddie Fineberg's mother never expected her little man to grow up to be a major.

* * *

Joe Weisberg's blazer looks like a stick of candy. He won't have to carry a flag class day—the blazer makes a fine one.

* * *

As parting advice we want to caution all the little boys and girls not to play with matches.

* * *

Joe Melhado is broken-hearted to leave after 20 years of hard labor—he is just getting acquainted.

* * *

Esther Berger is going to be a nurse next year and Bernie Hootstein is sick already.

* * *

We think it is down-right irreverent the way Joe O'Brien jazzes To the Colors.

* * *

We want to congratulate Bunkie Fox, the only freshman adjutant in the history of the school.

* * *

Although this doesn't belong in our column, we think it is absolutely shameful to make us march out there in the nasty dust every morning when we might be inside studying.

22nd ANNUAL CLASS DAY

(Continued from Page 1)

At the conclusion of the spectacle on the campus, the whole school, girls and boys, form on the steps of the Old building and there. with the flower covered letters "B. H. S." and the numerals "29" swinging above their heads, they give one last cheer for the class of 1929.

Now comes the part of the program in which a certain number of the boys ruin perfectly good white ducks, namely, the Tug-of-War. The winner of this event is never known until the very end, but it is suspected that it will not be the freshmen. Next comes the relay race with a probable victory in view for the seniors, however, this is by no means certain.

Over 275 red and blue balloons sail away on the wind to remind people that Brookline High is still alive. 275 red and blue balloons each carrying a message requesting its return by the finder. After this demonstration the seniors and those who are lucky enough to obtain tickets repair to the Auditorium to hear the completion of the exercises.

The indoor program is conducted solely by and for the Seniors. After a short address of welcome by the president, Chandler Hagen-Burger, Arthur Stern will dedicate the year book to . . . whom? Get your Year Book and find out.

The class oration and poem will then be delivered followed by the Prophecy and will. The colors are handed down from Seniors to Freshmen, and the festival is ended by the singing of the class song.

Regimental Officers

Commander - in - - chief, Chandler Hagen-Burger; Adjutant, Harry Fink; Aid to Mr. Hines, Capt. Lawrence Walsh; Color Bearers, John Coutts, Joseph Donahue; Color Guards, Brydon Green, Joseph Weisberg.

1st Battalion

Major Edward Feinberg: Company A, Captain D. Daine, 1st Lieut. J. Drum; 2nd Lieut. A. Hatch; Company B, Captain E. Lebowich; 1st Lieut. E. Hannon; 2nd Lieut. L. Robart. Company C, Capt. P. Bencks; 1st Lieut. W. Longmoore; 2nd Lieut. W. Lothrop. Company D, Captain J. Hurley; 1st Lieut. A. Silverman; 2nd Lieut. R. Still. Comany E, Captain H. Redmond; 1st Lieut. C. Record; 2nd Lieut. M. Mickelson. Company F, Capt. F. Stitt; 1st Lieut. W. Goodwin; 2nd Lieut. K. Wedlock.

2nd Battalion

Major Francis Hall Company A, Captain C. Jerome; 1st Lieut. A. Anderson; 2nd Lieut. A. Spencer. Company B, Capt. M. Anshen; 1st Lieut. A. Lewis; 2nd Lieut. M. Wright; Company C, Capt. M. O'Neil; 1st Lieut. I. Paisner; 2nd Lieut. R. Haynes. Company D, Capt. R. Cavanaugh; 1st Lieut. A. Stitt; 2nd Lieut. M. Levin Company E, Capt. A. Conway; 1st Lieut. R. Golden; 2nd Lieut. C. Rozantes. Company F, Capt. R. Robinson; 1st Lieut. W. Murphy; 2nd Lieut. L. Cohen

3rd Battalion

Major John Badaracco. Company A, Captain J. Steele; 1st Lieut. E. Hurwitz; 2nd Lieut. S. Lemberger. Company B, Capt. M. Ford; 1st Lieut. J. Lewis; 2nd Lieut. F Fancy. Company C, Capt. R. Levi; 1st Lieut. N. Larkin; 2nd Lieut. S. Jacobs. Company D, Capt. E. Duane; 1st Lieut. R. Shikes; 2nd Lieut. McNiff. Company E; Capt. H. Humphrey; 1st Lieut. C. Fink; 2nd Lieut. A. Price.

Color Bearers

The girls who have been chosen by the various classes to carry the Banners on Class Day are:

Seniors—Edith Greenleaf, Jacquelyn Densten, Betty Gustafson; Juniors—Esther Muldowney, Betty Richey, Lola Johnson; Sophomores— Alice Werner, Betty Greenleaf, Rosalind Badaracco; Freshman—Jane Miller, Sylvia Simmers, Anne Delano.

Marshals and Aides

The Marshals and Aides, who because of their scholarship, personality and general attitude, have been selected to aid the Seniors on the field, Class Day are: E. Ronimus, Head Marshal; E. Myers, L. Johnson, D. Thurber, A. Martin, M. Myers, E. McPhee, E. Pike, E. Manning, E. Miller, M. Guise, M. Marsh, H. Dangel, H. Cooper, M. Mills, M. Lewis, E. Perry, R. Brettler, S. Freyberg, V. Price, B. Richey, Ruth Meyers, Head Aide; R. Loesier, I. Johnson, G. Hausen, M. Wilband, P. Perry, M. Allen, E. Fowler, B. Trott, B. Gordon, H. Cauman, R. Cushman, H. Feingold, P. Likley, E. Saxe, N. Magee, R. Tannen, M. Blackwood M Lourie, B. Taylor, I. Corp, Lanagan E. Friedman, R. Roseir.

HESTER BLATT WINS FRENCH PRIZE

Hester Blatt, '29, won second prize in the Concours Oratoire held at Boston University several weeks ago. Miss Blatt delivered an original talk on "Les Idées Pédagogique d'Anatole France."

Those book-posters exhibited outside the library were done by Gladys Brightman, Andrew Farnsworth, and Barbara King.

Many people want to know how many books there are in our school library. Mrs. Siebens tells us there are 3600!

No books may be taken out after the seventh of June. See if you can find any library books about which you've forgotten. You know that the library might be able to buy more new books if they didn't have to spend so much money replacing old books.

Gelson—"White Cockade"—A story of the French Revolution.

Hazzard—"King Soloman's Gold Mines"

Cather—"My Antonia"

Youge—"Dove in the Eagle's Nest"

Adams—"Red Caps and Lilies"

FRENZIED PHANTOMS

(Continued from Page 1)

Holt as Dorothy Pentland, and Maxine Levin as the debutante daughter of this large family of Pentlands. The juvenile roles portrayed by George Mercer as Charles Pentland, and Martha and Barbara Pentland as asumed by Martha Dodge and Barbara King were very aptly interpreted.

The popular "Rhythm Kings" under the leadership of Samson Price furnished the musical score together with Dorothea MacMillan, piano soloist.

The play cleared about $75 for the Scholarship Fund.

The management of "Frenzied Phantoms", James Boston and Fred Sherry, desires to thank all those connected with the preparation and production of this play for their splendid work.

Great credit is due especially the company itself which labored under very great difficulties occasioned both by the lack of proper facilities for rehearsing and the arduous grind of merciless coaching. Certainly a more aimiable and talented cast could hardly have been picked from any other class in the school.

Dorothea Macmillan is to be complimented for her splendid rendition of several classical selections on the piano. Geraldine Chandler deserves much credit for her invaluable aid as critic and art assistant and Ruth Reimer, Margaret Holt and Andrew Farnsworth merit much praise for their achievements along the artistic lines of the production. Great co-operation and assistance was cheerfully rendered by James Eadie and his staff from the stage.

Surely an "All Student Production" is a hit out of the ordinary for a high school and for Sophomores at that.

THE BAND

Today when the white-clad groups of eight march down the stairs, they will keep step to a better band than Brookline has ever before known.

This organization has assumed very large proportions. In fact, there are to be fifty members. For the first time there will be a uniform, consisting of red coats, white yachting caps, and white ducks.

Carol Orr will wield the baton, and Happy Small has charge of the big drum.

They have added to their repertoire about fifteen new marches, which means that the old ones will not be in such prominence. They will play also for the English dances to be presented by the girls under the direction of Miss Kelley.

Mr. White, the conductor wishes to add that the band has rounded up well since its first meeting. They marched on Memorial Day. Mr. White hopes that he will accomplish very much more next year and has made plans for a varied program.

FRESHMEN BASEBALL

Coach "Rhody" Connors, with aid of Captain Becker has succeeded in rounding out a fairly good team. With Gleason as the mainstay of the pitching staff, and Captain Becker assisting him, the team has performed very creditably all year.

The first game at Watertown was in the bag for Brookline up to the ninth inning when they scored ten runs in a last inning rally. This was the onlly Freshman game of the season as all the rest were against Sophomores and Juniors. The next game at Boston College High showed Gleason as a comer, for he struck out twelve men. Gleason is an exception to the old adage, "Pitchers are usually poor hitters." In the Newton game Gleason again showed his worth, this time retiring fifteen men via the strike-out route. Brookline won this game by the score of 7 to 3.

As the team gets more practice they improve greatly. Quinn at second base is the smartest infielder on the team, and is a very promising player. Leventhal at third base is another one of those infant prodigies which are very rarely discovered. He is an aggressive fielder, a good hitter, and a general all-round man. Hall is good; Hanson will pobably make a good hitter and catcher. There are twenty in the squad and they are all very promising. Blatt and Quinn cause the pitchers much anxiety, for they are always getting a pass because of their littleness.

There are two games to come, those with Newton, our ancient rival, and with Watertown. Let us hope and pray for two more victories.

CLASS DAY PROGRAM

I

1. At two o'clock the school marches to the playground.
2. Senior girls decorate letters and form numerals.
3. Senior girls form B.
4. Boys' regimental review.
5. Saluting the colors (by school and audience).
6. Numerals and letters placed upon school building.
7. Entire school in formation upon steps of the school.

II

8. Formation of horseshoe at further end of the running track in order of classes, seniors on Davis Avenue side.
9. Tug-of-War (Seniors and Juniors).
10. Tug-of-War (Sophomores and Freshmen).
11. Final Tug-of-War.
12. Relay race of class teams.
13. Parade of the classes. The three lower classes form along track (gymnasium side), Seniors within the school building.
14. Final march of Seniors.

III

15. Indoor Exercises. (Entrance in Tappan Street side.) First part of Brookline Aero Club demonstration will be presented during Part I and concluded during Part III.

1. Processional of the Class of 1929
2. Address of Welcome
   Chandler Hagen-Burger, President of class
3. Dedication — Arthur Stern
4. Class History — Henry Humphries
5. Class Oration — Robert Levi
6. Class Poem — Melvin Anshen
7. Selection — High School Band
8. Class Prophecy — Josiah Lewis, Jacquelyn Densten
9. Class Will — Eliott Hurwitz
10. Handing down the colors.
11. Presentation by the Brookline Areo Club — George Mason, Arthur Horn, Alfred Lo Cascio
12. Class Song Words by Ruth Quimby, Music by Margurite Stein

NEWTON WINS IN TENNIS

Newton High defeated Brookline in tennis on the Dean Rd. courts, Friday May 17, by the score of 6½ to 1½. The only winner for Brookline was J. Mackenzie who defeated Giddings (N); the score 6-4, 6-1. J. M. Glynn (B) accounted for the other ½ point by tying Walker (N) in a very hard fought battle; the score: 4-6, 6-1, 7-7. Another closely contested match was that between L. Robart (B) and Naylor (N), the latter winning in three sets: 6-4, 5-7 6-2.

The summary:

Singles

(1) Noble, Newton, defeated Blunt, (B), 6-3, 6-1.

(2) Harris, Newton, defeated Arnold, (B), 6-1, 6-4.

(3) Naylor, Newton, defeated Robart (B) 6-4, 5-7, 6-2.

(4) McGlynn (B), and Walker, Newton, tied, 4-6, 6-1, 7-7.

(5) Jarrel, Newton, defeated Andrews (B), 6-3, 6-4.

(6) MacKenzie (B), defeated Giddings, Newton, 6-4, 6-1.

Doubles

Noble and Chase (N) defeated Arnold and Andrews (B), 6-0, 6-1.

Brown and Dunnel (N) defeated Robart and McGlynn (B), 7-5, 6-4.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Miss Ruth Thomas '24 was married June 1st to Joseph Burley of Brookline.

Miss Grace Adelman '26 is working in the Land Court of Boston.

Miss Eleanor Fayerweather '24, assisted in a presentation of living pictures at All Saints' Church.

BROOKLINE NINE DEFEATS LYNN CLASSICAL 10-7

On Saturday, May 18, Brookline High's baseball team upset the dope and won by three runs at Lynn. The big inning was the eighth in which the Red and Blue boys scored six runs, putting them in a lead that they were able to hold easily. Eddie Lebowich doubled in the eighth and scored Dixon and Fleming, who put Brookline in the lead and started the big parade. Larkin was the clouter of the day for Brookline as he make three hits, one of which was a triple; Sampson of Lynn hit a double and a home run. O'Neil pitched the whole game for Brookline and made six strike outs whereas each of the opponent's pitchers fanned three. On the whole the game was very good.

CLASS DAY ASSEMBLY

The long-awaited Class Day assembly was held May 21. The band, which will be led by Carol Orr on Class Day, gave us some unusually fine music for the first part of the program; after which Miss Barnes read the list of aides and marshals.

Barrett Roberts, chairman of the Class Day committee, asked for our co-operation. Although Class Day is primarily for the Seniors, it could never succeed without the help of the lower classes. For this reason, both Mr. Hines and Barrett Roberts asked that everyone be present in correct uniform.

Again the boys were asked to help the veterans on Memorial Day and march in the annual parade. Mr. Hines made a special plea that everyone who could possibly be there would do so.

Animal Posters

Annually "The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" holds a national and international "Be Kind to Animals Week" which is observed in part by the poster contest. Brookline is fortunate in having eight first prize winners, five second prize winners, and two honorable mention.

N. Dietrich, D. Delory, M. Bolger, A. Gould, Irene Henry, E. Friedman, D. Taylor, and E. Thomas won first prizes; R. Mahler O. Armington, V. Lowell, J. Blatt, R. Reimer, second prizes; M. Ryan, M. French, Honorable Mentions.

SOMERVILLE BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 1)

beautiful rally, not only tied the score, but piled up a lead of four runs.

Andy Madden pitched another excellent game, holding Somerville to six hits and fanning ten. Hall, who was on the mound for Somerville, struck out nine but was batted for nine hits. Since this game was supposed to be a Brookline home game, our team batted last, although it was playing on an out-of-town field.

Brookline first scored in the second inning. Larkin reached first on an error. "Red" Fleming singled, advancing Larkin who came home when Preston Woodlock's sacrifice bunt was fumbled by Somerville's first baseman.

Then "Red" brought in another run on a catcher's error. Although numerous singles were made, there were no more runs until the sixth when Someville tallied once. Vitello walked, was forced to second when Hogan was hit by a pitched ball; went to third on a fielder's choice, and romped home on a single by Hall.

In the next inning Somerville forged ahead by two runs. Graham walked and scored on some poor fielding by Brookline. The next batter, Tannen, singled. A moment later Vitello drove a long double into center field, but Tannen was held on third by fast fielding. Goguen scored both players by a grounder to Murphy whose throw to first was an instant too slow. In part of the seventh, Brookline scored one run, making the score 4-3 against her.

In the last of the eighth Brookline made one of her frequent rallies. Micky O'Neil was passed and Max Dexter reached first on an error by the first baseman. Then the next two batters were put out and it seemed as if both men would be left on base.

Preston Woodlock, the next batter, saved the game and started a long barrage of hits by smashing a hard scoring both O'Neil and Dexter. Longliner into center field for a single, thus more, Noonan, and Madden all singled for a total of three more runs which put the game on ice since Somerville was held powerless in the ninth.

THE SAGAMORE

FOUNDED IN 1893

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CLASS DAY

A Lilac Day celebration, presented in the form of a pageant by the girls of the Freshmen Class, gave to our beloved late Dr. Roberts the vision of a great annual festival in which every member of the school might take part, especial prominence being given to the Senior Class. As a result of this splendid idea came the first Class Day, held in 1908.

At the first celebration, as at the beginning of all great things, the majority had to be shown before contributing their bit. Most students wished to view a Class Day prior to their answer of the call to show their school spirit. But today, it is, indeed, a very different story. Every boy and girl is eager to take part in the Class Day exercises.

To all of the teachers and to the members of the Physical training department, through whose faithful and untiring efforts the Class Day exercises, both in and out, have been brought to its present development, tribute is due: but especially to him whose memory we honor today—Dr. Arthur W. Roberts. Our admiration for him was wakened by his imagination, by his attention to detail, by his organizing power; our love for him has been won by his patience, his genial humor, and his courtesy.

NOT THE KIND MOTHER MADE!
Drowned trying to break log jam.

HIS INTENTION WAS BAD!
Drowns trying to shoot river rapids.

BAD NEWS FOR CROOKS
New machine may cut bank workers.

COLLEGE BOARDS AND FINALS

June—the month of roses, blue skies, College Boards, and Finals! The Freshmen and Sophomores are not yet downcast by the impending College Boards but they are worrying about finals. To the Freshmen in particular, who are having their first experience with finals this year, we say: There is no finer practice for examinations than examinations themselves. Take advantage of this opportunity to find out whether you can face an examination cooly and do yourselves credit. College Boards seem a long way off now, but they'll be with you before you know it.

To the Sophomores: You are a year nearer your College Boards. Verbum sap.—

To the Juniors: Many of you are facing College Boards this June. College entrance is an important question in your lives. Your marks this year are not irrevocable; you have one more chance, but only one.

To the Seniors: Some of you are facing College Boards for the first time; some of you took them last year. In either case, the issue is most important to you. You must face them clear-headedly and seriously.

To you all: Best wishes!

ALUMNI NOTES

Maurice Goudey '25, will be graduated from Dartmouth College this coming June. Goudey has been active in musical organizations during his college career.

SAGAMORE SHORT STORIES

BENEATH THE FOG

By Herbert L. Fox

It is Sunday night in the city—a fact in no way remarkable, to be sure—but a fog has settled down such as is often read about, but seldom experienced. Here and there may be distinguished the dim blurs of street-lamp or a shop window which is lighted to display its wares to passers-by who do not appear; for people are fain to venture out when everything is blanketed in fog and wetted down by a cold drizzle. On such a night, one's hearth is much more inviting than the street. Now and then is the gloom pierced by the powerful lights of a passing automobile the form of which is only vaguely discernible. In the distance can be heard the shrill of a police whistle directing traffic uptown, and from down the harbour the din of a fog horn wafts its way through the air. At intervals the sound of feet shuffling and groping along the pavement breaks the damp stillness of the vicinity, and then all is still again—all but the distant fog horns and police whistles.

To trace the fog is to go down to the sea from whence it rises. Here there are no lights which break the dense impenetrable mist. The smoke from the stack of a passing steamer does not drift over the horizon, as on clear nights, for there is no horizon—all is one vague nothingness. And few are the ships that dare weigh anchor in a night like this—only those manned by the foolhardy and the desperate.

Blending with the silent darkness, the sad murmur of the rippling sea, calmed by the heavy fog, drifts over the sand; and then a foreign sound enters itself into the music of the sea—the irregular cadence of the tools of man—the dipping and the dripping of oars, oars in the hands of the desperate, covered by the fog and mists which, like the rains, settle upon the just and unjust alike. There is a muffled scraping sound, the grating of a keey against the sand, and a dinghy, in whose hull are crouched obscure figures, rides on the last gentle billow to a stop. There follows the swishing of boots in the water and these same figures, now slightly more distinguishable as the night dies, burdened by some mysterious cargo, may be observed advancing up the beach with a nervous, hurried gait, to disappear among the black pines beyond. There is a lone flash of light from some place in the distance, the dinghy pushes off to be swallowed by the fog; and all is still once more—all but the melancholy murmur of the sea.

The night of that moisture laden

(Continued on next page)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

By James Boston

Synopsis

Having had a most terrifying experience in which I saw a murder performed by ghostly actors and followed by a great explosion, I found myself once again in the house of my friend.

Three weeks later, as I sat by the warm cheery fireplace of my friend's camp, recalling my awful experiences and how I had been found in the morning, lying ucoonscious by the smoldering ruins of the old house, which, as reports would have it was burnt by lightning, a stranger entered. He informed us that he was an old logman from the other side of the mountains and asked, having heard of my harrowing adventure, if I would care to hear the story of the Old Griften House, as he called it. At our hearty, affirmative response, the old fellow lighted his pipe and spun the following yarn.

"When I was a boy, I often heard my father tell of the murder of old Josiah Griften by his stable boy. It seems that about the time of the Civil War he had earned quite a sizeable fortune from his lumber interests. You know, during the war, lumber was pretty scarce and the government paid a good price for the excellent lumber Griften handled, using it for planking vessels, masts and suchlike. The war ended, he decided to build a fine mansion near the scene of his prosperity, the very house that was but just burnt down. Though he still carried on with his lumber business, it gradually dwindled, until, in desperation, he shut down and released all hands. As is common with some men in great financial reverses, he grew miserly, disinherited his son and, drawing all his money from the banks hid it, the Lord only knows where!

He lived alone in the house for years, with only one servant; a half witted stable boy, whom it was not necessary to pay. Visitors were unwelcome and he practically cut all bonds connecting himself with the human race, subsisting on the scanty sustenance that his kitchen garden afforded.

One day his son visited him, stayed over night and then disappeared. He was never seen again, but it is thought that he went West and was killed in some Indian massacre. Be that as it may, a few days later a party, who were caught in a terrific rainstorm, not knowing the reputation of old Griften, knocked and receiving no reply, entered the house. They went up the stairs and walked toward a room in the rear hall, which seemed lighter than the others." At this junction I

(Continued on Page 5)

THE OLD GRIFTEN HOUSE

(Continued from Page 4)

could scarcely repress a cry at the vividly painted picture of my own entrance to the place. "Entering the room they found old Griften entangled in a drapery, which had been hung on the wall. Investigation showed that his head had been beaten in, presumably with a chair, which bore bloody stains on its legs. Beside him on the floor was a candle stub, which had been extinguished by his own blood coursing from the wound. In a corner, the stable boy was found dead, with a bullet through his heart and, the fact that Griften's corpse clutched a revolver, identified his murderer for the coroner. On the other hand, who murdered Griften? Some say, because the stable boy's knife was found under the bed, that he had attempted to murder his master with it but having failed by that source, had used a chair, only to be killed himself in return. Commonsense teaches, though, that one cannot fight with a bullet through his heart and that it is equally impossible for a man with his head crushed in to fire a revolver.

No one had since lived in the house, it being too far removed from the village and in a most wretched state of repair.

Gossip says that he always carried a paper with him on which was written the location of his numerous money caches. This paper was never found, although several inspirited treasure seekers searched the house from top to bottom, hunting behind pictures, under carpets and even tearing the shingles from the roof.

To my way of thinking there never was such a paper and probably, having hidden his money in as many outlandish places as popped into his head, he promptly forgot their location, much as a squirrel that buries its nuts never finds them again."

The old lumberman finished his story, branched off into different subjects and, having completed his visit, rose and left.

As I stood by the door letting my eyes wander up the tracks toward the old Griften House's ruins, I realized that I was the only human being who knew the truth of this mountain tragedy, knew where this much disputed paper had been hidden and knew the awful penance that those unhappy souls were forced to undergo.

Trembling and with nervous hands, I made out a bent figure standing motionless on the tracks. At its raised its hand and beckoned me to follow, I saw that it was enveloped in a long, flowing, blood drenched drapery which shone with a sulphurous, ruby glow. Slamming shut the door I realized that the prophecy of my spirit believing friend had come only too true.

The End

ECONOMIC EDUCATION IN THE BROOKLINE SCHOOLS

Since Brookline has been a pioneer in introducing Money Management as a definite subject into its School, it may be of interest to know a few of the results of one year's experiment.

From some of the schools it is reported that candy and gum have almost entirely disappeared where they were formerly much in evidence. The children are evidently finding better uses for their money.

Hundreds of pupils have had regular allowances this year for the first time, thereby becoming responsible for the management of their own finances.

Although the idea of "giving" and "having" has been stressed as much as "saving" among all the pupils in the Elementary Schools and as many of the High School students as could be reached within the time limits, the amount of money saved this year has more than doubled that of any previous year.

But the amount saved is not so impressive as the growing percentage in the number of savers in the grades, and the encouraging start in the number of depositors in the High School. Beginning with a low percentage in many of the rooms in the grades last September, the last report shows that eight of the thirteen Elementary Schools now have a percentage of depositors well over 90 per cent. One of the largest schools was able to report a 100 per cent record for the entire school this last month. In the High School 815 depositors have been enrolled, or 51.5 per cent of the membership. In the 10 depositing days $4454.52 has been put to work at compound interest.

Perhaps the most significant gain of all is the very large number of pupils who are becoming interested in earning. This means putting time that might otherwise be wasted to valuable use, and helps any student to understand the value of money better than it can be learned in any other way.

Brookline's experiment is givnng to its students a true perspective about the all-round economic experience in life. It has marked a departure from the haphazard usage of money, resulting in incalculable waste and want in the past, and has started the pupils in its schools on the road to a scientific management of money in the future. When the advantages of a balanced apportionment of any income come to be generally understood, it cannot fail to result in greater success and happiness for the individual and in increased prosperity for the State and the Nation.

TENS OF THOUSANDS OF YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

have been trained for business at the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School, and through its Employment Department have been placed in excellent positions in which they have made wonderful advancement.

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YOUNG WOMEN

with Secretarial, Stenographic, or General Business training, have been placed in desirable and remunerative positions, and today are Executives in banking and business houses and organizations and in educational institutions; valued Secretaries to Presidents and Executives of business concerns, or engaged in decidedly interesting work as Private Secretaries; while some are in prominent positions as Advertising Managers, Comptrollers or Bookkeepers.

THE METHOD OF INDIVIDUAL ADVANCEMENT

enables the student to secure a thorough training in the shortest possible time and with the least possible cost. Students who have taken commercial training in High School will be given advanced standing according to ability.

As this school does not employ solicitors or agents, a visit to the School is suggested.

Interesting literature will be sent upon request.

J. W. BLAISDELL, Principal.

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BOYS' GUIDANCE CAMP

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BENEATH THE FOG

(Continued from Page 24)

Sabbath is gone, gone to the crypt where lies time forgotten. It has rained all day and the wetness is gone from above. Induced by the generally opened sources of amusement, by the more inviting weather and by the increased tolerance of the law with the passing of the Sabbath, the crowd has ventured forth. There is no hollow, monotonous cry of a foghorn tonight and vehicles and people no longer pass unseen. But still there are buildings whose walls withhold even better than the fog, the secrets of man and his mad demeanors.

From some place below the street the sound of an orchestra barely finds its way to the surface. If one is "in the know with the gang," he may go down to the source of this sound. Here is more fog, fog of a different sort: din, noise, frenzy, befogged brains, and staggering forms. In this haze a wildly gestulating form with bow in hand leads the play; in the mist slowly swaying couples are dancing, dancing to a mad, irregular cadence—but, they are drunk. . . .

The Fog has done its work.

BROOKLINE-NEWTON BASEBALL

(Continued from Page 1)

box in the latter part of this inning and pitched the remainder of the game. He struck out six and allowed seven hits. Nichols, on the mound for Newton fanned nine and was good for twelve hits.

In the fourth Newton scored another run when Sutherland singled, advanced to second on a sacrifice and came home when Andres hit to left field.

Brookline tallied for the first time in the last half of this inning. Dexter walked and Larkin brought him home on a double. In the fifth inning our team again scored. Noonan reached first on an error, Murphy singled, puting him on second, and he came home when Morgan O'Neil got to first on increased her lead with another run an error. In the next round, Newton when Nichols smashed a liner far into right field thus scoring Fletcher, who had again walked.

In the seventh Brookline rallied for a short time. Noonan passed O'Neil doubled, advancing him to third and Dexter brought him home with a single. Meanwhile, O'Neil was thrown out at home by a long peg from center field. Then Dexter scored on one of Larkin's singles.

Newton, not content with her lead, added four more runs to it in the eighth through a base on balls and three hits. Brookline was unable to score in the last two frames. Although our team will probably not end in first place because of this defeat there is still no reason why it should not clinch second.

ASSEMBLY MAY 28

A short but absorbing talk was delivered by Major Fogorty at Wednesday's Assembly, May 28.

He spoke of the necessity of patriotism for a country's welfare as a predominant power, and stressed the urgent need of more thought of America's future by the youth of America. He attributed the preservation and maintenance of the United States as a union to the fact that the young blood of the land have always fought against autocracy and the imolation of the Constitution.

Both Mr. Akers and Major Fogorty urged the boys to show their patriotisim and respect to the veterans of former wars by turning out as a body for the Memorial Day parade.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING FOR THE SUMMER?"

For the relief of the interested, curious or bashful student, the Sagamore is publishing a list of the places where the different teachers desire, hope, or expect to spend the summer.

Miss O'Brien, of the French department, is planning to teach at Middlebury College, a French School in Middlebury, Vermont, until the middle of July. From here, she hopes to go to Ecole Normale, in Angers, France. Miss Ricker, also of the French department, is going to spend the summer in Maine. Miss Horne and Miss Parker of the Art Room, are as yet undecided but the former expects to spend part of the time in New Hampshire, the later in Northfield. Mrs. Thurston expects to spend the summer in Gloucester, but hopes to go to Brittany. Miss La France, of the French department, is planning to go to Central Village, Connecticut; Miss Paine hopes to go to Foxcroft, Maine. Miss Wood and Miss Bancroft have not as yet made any definite plans. Miss Allen is expecting to go to Maine. (This state seems to be rather popular.) Mr. Kepner will teach at Boston university. Mr. Atticks gives as his summer address 51 Daniel St., Newton Centre.

YEAR BOOK

(Continued from Page 1)

At an early meeting, the Class voted to continue the hard leather covers. In accordance with this the Committee decided to use the same cut made by the Class of '28 and to adopt green and silver, the class colors, as the background for the cover.

The subscriptions this year have equaled those of any previous year. Although the Seniors did not subscribe one hundred per cent, the school spirit prevailed and the under classmen brought the total subscription up to 900. This is composed of 300 with the leather covers and 600 with the paper covers.

The Committee this year has finally carried out a policy which has been undertaken before by other classes. We decided that before any group pictures went into the book they must be paid for. We are glad to acknowledge now that all have done so. This has not discriminated or left out any branch of the school. For the first time in three years the Athletic Council has paid for their pictures, not only the boys' teams but also the three major girls' teams.

The picture committee reported in February that the Class had chosen Warren Kay Studio as the Class photographer. The Seniors were urged to visit the place at once for a sitting. For with 300 Seniors to have their pictures taken, to have a glossy made from their choice and to have a cut made from the glossy takes a considerable amount of time. All but about ten of those graduating had pictures taken for the book.

In April Mr. Vantine from the Studio came out to take the large group pictures. All this was done in two weeks. Again for the first time in three years the Class has succeeded in having a new faculty picture with sixty-two out of the seventy-two teachers co-operating.

The write-ups of the different groups were due on the first of April. We are sorry to say that some held off until the printing day.

At the end of March a special meeting of the Class was called for the purpose of electing the Class Day officers. Josiah Lewis and Jacquelyn Densten were elected Prophet and Prophetess. Robert Levi received the nomination for Class Orator. Henry Humphreys was nominated Historian, and Elliott Hurwitz Class Lawyer.

RINDGE GAME

(Continued from Page 1)

men went ahead a base. Then Lebowich beat out a grounder to first. Racheotes brought the first two men home on a single. Noonan advanced him to second and Murphy scored him by a scrifice bunt. Rindge scored one run again in the fifth, but in the seventh inning Brookline further increased her lead with two more runs. Murphy was hit by a pitched ball. Micky O'Neil singled puting Murphy on second. Soon after Murphy scored on a error by Phillips, Rindge's third baseman. Maxie Dexter made first on an error by the shortstop bringing home Racheotes who was called out because he had not touched third base. Then Larkin scored Dexter on a terrific triple far out to left field.

Rindge made a last desperate raliy in the eighth inning and almost succeeded in tying the score. Normile drove a triple to right field and scored on a sacrifice fly. Saransky walked and scored on singles by Galligan and Phillips. Fortunately, since there were already two out, the side was retired when the next man popped out to Noonan.

BOY GIVES OWN IDEAS ON MODERN MAKE-UP

Rouge, as our French teachers tell us, means red, and we certainly agree that it means that identical thing to the modern girl.

In school, at home and on the street the male orb is ever offended by this most abhorrent color or else by its ghostly contrast, white.

Nothing transforms a girl more than to be garnishly plastered with a profusion of variegated powders and paints. Nothing makes a girl more ludicrous to the observer than this same inane practice.

Beauty is one thing and the makeup of the modern girl is another. Certainly some of the works of physiognominium that greet our eyes daily on the street would enrage even our aboriginal ancestors who hitherto have held the palm for bizarre and eccentric regalia.

We don't wish to suggest anything unpleasant, but we would say that if our painted friends could see the results of their artistic experimentations on themselves as others see on them, they would certainly refrain from further comical cosmetications.

J. B.

PRACTISING FOR CLASS DAY

Oh, hi there, Mamie, hello, Rose,
(Column left, and right dress)
(Right—left—point your toes,)
I'm all of a doodle, no less.

You know that Garbo-Gilbert stuff
(Somebody fill that empty space,)
The papers say it was just a bluff
(Mark time and about face!)

I was reading the "Hollywood Morning Sun"
(Fill up those empty spaces there!)
And what do you think John Gilbert's done?
He went and married Ina Claire!

Not that I, sniffle, care, you know,
(You've got it now, keep up your pep.)
If he isn't the meanest gypper though.
HEY THERE GIRLIE, YOU'RE OUT OF STEP!

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GIRL'S CLASS DAY DANCES

This year the dances which are to be given on Class Day will far surpass any that have been given up to this time. They are not going to be like those of last year, for this year's program will be composed of five English country dances. These dances, which, with their music, have been arranged by Cecil Shark, are called Helston Furry, The Butterfly, Gathering Peascods, Sellinger's Round, and Rufty Tufty.

The dances will afford a very colorful spectacle on Class Day, for all the costumes for this year are going to be of varicolored crepe paper, with the picturesque peasant blouses and bodices. There will be a great many groups, eight each, dressed in rose, deep red, nile green, yellow, and blue—a real rainbow. The costumes are being made under the able direction of a lady from Dennison's.

Miss Kelly and Miss Haskell have found that a great many girls are willing to become dancers, and with the help of these girls, the teachers have assembled a group of dancers who work well and with all that jollity that the English country folk are popularly supposed to show during their festivals.

These dances, in all their colorfulness, are going to be a sight will worthy of being presented on our Class Day, and they will assuredly not be overshadowed by any other part of the program.

B. H. S.-5, BOSTON COLLEGE HIGH-4

Last Saturday on June 1, Brookline gained a victory over Boston College High at Cypress Street Playground. The final score was 5-4. Andy Madden pitched his usual brand of balls, allowing his opponents only six hits. He struck out eleven men.

Our team was held to seven hits but it made better use of them than the vanquished club did. Once again did Brookline prove that she had a fighting team for she went to bat in the ninth inning one run behind. However, through some good hitting and baserunning, she managed not only to tie the score but to pull in the winning run.

SEEN IN THE DAILY PAPER

THESE STRANGE BIRDS
Orioles dance, play whist

WHICH END?
Today may see end of book-case.

NOT TOO HIGH, PLEASE!
New silhouettes favor a higher waistline.

AH, THOSE FLOODS!
Last two dry provinces in Canada may go wet.

THAT ETERNAL TRIANGLE!
See rise of a wet, third party.

TWO OF THEM!! THE NAME,—BILLY
Norfolk is winner of twin bill

A WOMAN SAID THIS:—
"I am so sorry, I have nothing to say." (She must have been sorry.)

THIS WONDERFUL WORLD!
Radio pastor to new field.

OH, WELL, THEY USUALLY DO!
Bishop starts trouble.

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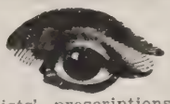
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Mr. Bigsbee (trying to appear elegant): "Oh, yaws, we were invited to king's incarnation."

Mrs. Bigsbee (profoundly ashamed of her husband's ignorance): "Shh, my dear, you mean incarceration."

* * *

Editor: But these jokes aren't funny.

Contributor: I know that, but I've just been reading over some back copies of your magazine, and I thought that you might think they were.

Penn. Punch Bowl

* * *

Lotta: I went window shopping.

Crust: How silly! No one ever gives windows any more.

* * *

"What about our foreign relations?" roared the candidate for senator.

"My poor relations trouble me enough as it is," replied the meek little man in the back row.

Wisconsin Octopus

* * *

"Oh, Mr. Laurebrane, you have egg spilled all over the front of your coat."

"That's all right. I look well in anything I eat."

West Point Pointes

* * *

A well-dressed college man's shirts got too small for him, so he began to wear them unbuttoned at the neck, and thousands of prep school boys thought it style!

California Pelican

* * *

"Did you know that Bob nearly drowned last week?"

"How was that?"

"He flunked out of the Floating University"

Wisconsin Octopus

HAVE YOU HEARD

(The following have been taken directly from Boston newspapers within the past week.)

OU!

23,00 see Sox beaten or even better 23,000 at game lost by Red Sox.

PLEASE RETURN!

WHERE TO!

Thousands encounter rain on return trip

ONE FOR ME, THANK YOU

Cape cranberry men plan May Day Party. Growers expect 1000 at event.

ONE, TWO, MANY!

About 500 daughters of Isabella attended the affair.

AND FOR NOTHING!!

Sagging springs give Dorchester man away.

HOW IMPOSSIBLE THIS ONE IS!

No new cases found by health officials.

EVEN THE ANIMALS HAVE THEIR TROUBLES

Larkin installed as Moose dictator.

JUST A LITTLE BEFORE SEASON

Committee vote upon Mellon today.

YUM!

Great Sunday jam at Cottage Farm.

RIGHT OF WAY!

Gillis has way on Elm trees.

STUBBORN!

Liquor won't drift ashore.

Marguerite
Extends an Invitation to the Girls of Brookline High to visit a showing of the
LATEST MODES IN DRESSES
Priced from
$5.90* to *$16.50
at her new shop
393 WASHINGTON ST., Cor. CYPRESS ST.
Real values in Lingerie and hosiery $1.55 and $1.65

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